FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING

SMITH, ELDER & Co. CORNHILL, LONDON.

FRIENDSHIP'S

OFFERING.

London.

MDCCCXXXVII

820 B
F91

Drawn by F. Corbaux.

Engraved by C. A. Periam.

THE SECRET.

Published by Smith, Elder & Co. 65, Cornhill.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

A Literary Album

and

ANNUAL REMEMBRANCER.

"This is Affection's Tribute - Friendship's Offering:
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says — Forget me not!"

H. Corbould, del. LONDON: SMITH ELDER & Co. 65, CORNHILL. J.W. Cook, sculp.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING;

AND

Winter's Wreath:

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXXXVII.

"This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering,
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith, and truth in absence,
And says — Forget me not!"

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL:
AND
WILLIAM JACKSON, 53, CEDAR-STREET, NEW YORK.

1837.

LONDON:
Printed by Stewart and Co., 15, Old Bailey.

TO

THE QUEEN'S MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

This Work

IS, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

THE proverb, "there is nothing new under the sun," applicable, as it is, to Prefaces in general, is especially true of those to a work, which, like "FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING," has had the good fortune to extend to so many volumes, each requiring, on the score of courtesy as well as custom, a few preliminary words.

A continuance of public favour naturally calls forth a reiteration of acknowledgments, which are most gratefully offered on this occasion; while it is hoped, that the care and cost bestowed on the present addition to the series, will secure for it the patronage enjoyed by its predecessors.

The feelings with which the present Editor comes, for the second time, to his office, are, unhappily, not without the alloy of regret. Two

5163

gifted beings, whose talents have graced his pages, will adorn them no more!

William Pitt Scargill, the Author of "*Trials and Triumphs*," and "*Truckleborough Hall*," whose quaint and quiet humour, and faithful delineation of character, won for his productions so many, and such warm admirers, is gone down to the grave, with the but too common wages of the literary labourer,—poverty, and neglect.*

Frances Maclellan, the Author of "*Sketches of Corfu*," and "*Evenings Abroad*," whose writings exhibit the rare combination of delicacy and pathos with playfulness and graphic vigour, has, after sustaining the severest of domestic bereavements, been cut off, at the age of seven-and-twenty, by a malady acutely painful in its nature, and lingering in its duration.

A manuscript, which, by her desire, was placed in the hands of the Editor, a short period before her death, is inserted in this volume; and, while it will be read with interest, and, it is hoped, profit, by all, will prove a source of consolation to

* A Collection of his Contributions to this Work and other periodicals, is about to be published for the benefit of his Widow and Family.

her friends; indicating, as it does, the "sure and certain hope" that is anchored beyond the grave.

Among the gratifications derived by the Editor from his labours, the most enduring is the reflection that "FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING" was the means of rescuing from obscurity, and placing in the full eye of the world, the genius of THOMAS MILLER, the Author of "*A Day in the Woods*," whose reception by the public has confirmed the estimate of his talents promulged in the volume of this work for 1836.

Acknowledgments to Contributors may be deemed to have much of the staleness of a "thrice told tale," but, the occasion having recurred, the Editor sees as little reason for omitting them, as the circumstance of his having dined yesterday would supply for his not dining to-day. To those, therefore, to whose kind and efficient aid he owes a volume of which he is very proud, he offers the honest tribute of his gratitude; and hoping, for their sakes, the sake of literature, and his own, that he shall meet them another year, he now respectfully bids them adieu!

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Bridal of Gertrude. By G. P. R. James.	1
Life. By Thomas Miller.	26
The Nurture of Genius. By the Author of "The Rival Sisters."	27
Donna Elena. A Sicilian Tale.	28
Parting Words. By L. E. L.	71
The Lord of the Passes. A Tale of Rajast'han. By J. A. St. John.	73
The Last Smile. (J. R.)	102
Westminster Abbey. By Thomas Miller.	103
Fallen Grandeur. By T. Greenaway.	107
The Weary Watcher. By Thomas Haynes Bayly	108
View of the Thames from Wandsworth. By C. Webbe..	110
Louise of Lorraine. A Tale of the French Chronicles. By Agnes Strickland.	111

Page
A Farewell to Home. 133
The First Stage; or, The Drive to the Steamer. By a Wanderer in Search of Health. 136
Milton. (T. M.) 143
The Early Dead. By Eliza Walker. 144
The Maiden's Vow. By Sarah Stickney. 145
My Daughter. By Thomas Miller. 166
The Pearl Fishers of Ceylon. By E. Rawdon Power. .. 169
The Violet. (T. M.) 176
The Day of Life. By the Author of "The Provost of Bruges." 177
The Bridal Day. By L. E. L. 181
The Misletoe Bough. By T. Crofton Croker. 183
Il Penseroso and L'Allegro. By Barry Cornwall. 203
Books and the Lovers of them. By the Author of "Sketches of Corfu," "Evenings Abroad," &c. 206
The Poet's Grave. A Tribute to the Memory of the Author of "Sketches of Corfu." By T. Miller. 216
Leoni. A Legend of Italy. (J. R.) 217
The Earl's Daughter. By the Hon. Mrs. Erskine Norton. 227
Bachelor Smith. By W. H. Harrison. 235
To Henry Howard, Esq. R.A. By T. K. Hervey. 246
Jenny's First Love Letter. By Allan Cunningham. 253
The Penitent. By W. H. Harrison. 263
The Law Suit. By Edward W. Cox. 264
A Record of Sorrow. (H.) 285
The Call to Battle. By John Francis. 287
Rosolia; an Incident of the Guerilla War. 289
The Prayer of the Contrite. By Richard Johns. 309

Page

The Widow. A Sketch. By the Author of "The Provost of Bruges." 311

The Secret Discovered. By L. E. L. 320

A Letter from Home. By Anne S. Bushby. 325

Hassan Ebn Sabah. A Historical Sketch. By W. C. Taylor, LL.D. 327

The Old Bridge. By T. Miller. 351

The Soul's Disquietude. By Louisa H. Sheridan. 354

An Adventure with an American. By W. H. Harrison. . 355

The Two Streams. By Henry W. Challis. 381

Spring. (R.) 383

To Solitude. By C. Webbe..... 384

LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

I.—THE SECRET. Engraved by C. A. Periam; from a Painting by F. Corbaux ..... *Frontispiece.*

II.—THE PRESENTATION PLATE. Engraved by J. W. Cook, from a Painting by H. Corbould ..... *Title.*

III.—DONNA ELENA. Engraved by R. Staines; from a Painting by W. Penley ..... *Page* 28

IV.—GOURI DESCENDING TO THE LAKE OF OODIPOOR. Engraved by Edward Goodall; from a Drawing by William Purser 73

V.—TRYSTING-TIME; or, the Weary Watcher. Engraved by Charles Rolls; from the Original Portrait by R. Hill. 108

VI.—THE MAIDEN'S VOW. Engraved by W. C. Wrankmore; from a Painting by J. W. Wright 145

Page

VII.—The Bridal Morn. Engraved by Henry Rolls; from a Painting by J. J. Jenkins..... 181

VIII.—Early Morning. Engraved by G. K. Richardson; from a Painting by G. Barret 217

IX.—Jenny's first Love Letter. Engraved by W. H. Simmons; from a Painting by J. Webster 253

X.—Rosolia. Engraved by P. Lightfoot; from a Painting by A. Penley 289

XI.—The Letter from Home. Engraved by R. Easton; from a Drawing by H. Richter 325

THE BRIDAL OF GERTRUDE.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

At the distance of about twelve miles from the point at which the Necker falls into the magnificent Rhine, between the small and beautiful town of Neckersteinach, and the famous city of Heilbron, a deep and narrow gorge, lined with wood, and flanked, on either hand, by rocks, carries down a small and sparkling stream into the wider channel of the Necker. Following the course of that rivulet up towards the mountains of the Odenwald, in which it takes its rise, lies a small village domineered by one of the frowning castles of the ancient feudal lords of Germany. That castle now stands a gray ruin, raising its proud but shattered head in the majesty of desolation, twined with immemorial ivy, and with its aged brow crowned, by the fantastic hand of nature, with rich garlands of wild flowers. Thus have I seen it myself, catching the shadows of the clouds as they flitted across the sky, whilst the humbler village, that has grown up at its

feet, lay smiling in the calm sunshine. But in the days that I speak of, though the lords of that castle dwelt amidst the clouds and storms of ambitious life, yet the light and the sunshine of prosperity was upon those castle walls, and splendour and pageantry, the song, the revel, and the feast, rioted, day after day, within the stately halls. How the means were obtained by which that profuse expenditure was kept up, how often the groaning peasant was forced to yield his hard-earned produce to supply his lord's extravagance, how often the wandering merchant was despoiled of the fruits of his industry, to furnish resources to the idle and the turbulent, how often plunder, massacre and crime were the sources from which that luxury was derived, may easily be divined by all those who know the history of those times, and of that country. For the present our story leads us to the humbler dwellings which lay below.

It was a pretty village, and a peaceful spot, for the inhabitants paid highly for the protection of their lords above, and, in general, obtained it in due measure, so that the evil days they knew were few. Each cottage stood by itself, surrounded by the host of apple trees, which still distinguishes that part of the world: each had its little garden of herbs and fruit; each had its little portion of allotted woodland; and when the lords of Erlach looked out from their stronghold, over the world of forest that lay extended at their feet, they could distinguish their own immediate villages by the glow of the apple blossoms, or the snowy

flowers of the cherry, chequering the darker foliage of the beech and the oak. Little variety existed amongst the houses; some were larger, and some were smaller, but all were built very nearly on the same plan, and the only two which distinguished themselves at all from the rest, were those of the pastor of the place, and of the forester of Count Erlach. The latter was a wealthy man, as the affairs of the village went. He had been a great favourite with his lord, who was one of the best of the nobles of those days; and under him, Müller, the forester, had accumulated no insignificant wealth. On the death of the old lord, some apprehensions had been entertained by the worthy peasant, regarding the duration of his favour with the young count, who had been absent for many years from his paternal home, gracing the Imperial Court, to which the emperor was, at that time, making every effort to draw the young nobility of distant principalities. He was reported to be a gay and gallant youth, somewhat too much addicted to the pleasures of the court, more familiar with the camp, the battle-field, the ball-room, and the capital, than with the sports of rural life, and the usual avocations of a feudal noble: and old Karl Müller shook his head, when the news came that the old count had died in Vienna, whither he had gone to see his son.

The villagers found no difficulty in translating that prophetic shake of the head, easily divining that the worthy forester believed new days and less pleasant ones were about to fall upon them. No immediate

change, however, was perceptible: the forester was continued in all his privileges and charges; all the old servants of the castle were retained and provided for; every month, couriers from Vienna brought the orders of the young count, displaying great care and exactitude in maintaining every thing in the state wherein his father had kept it up. The feudal retainers necessary for the protection of the peasantry, were always held in a due state of preparation and discipline; and so prompt and well judged were all the arrangements of the young lord, that it became a proverb amongst the people of the Odenwald, that Count Wilhelm had a long arm, for it reached from Vienna. The peasantry, however, and the old retainers, the good seneschal of the castle, the lieutenant commanding the soldiers, the forester himself, and even the fool whose jests or nonsense had given amusement to the long dinners of the old count, began to grumble as year after year passed by, and their young lord never made his appearance amongst them.

Our tale, however, refers more immediately to the forester and his family, which consisted of three persons besides himself. His wife had been dead for years, and he had never taken unto himself another helpmate, alleging as a reason — though perhaps it was not the true one — that, having noble blood in his veins, being a poor relation of the count himself, he could never hope to find another wife of equal dignity with his last good dame, who, by some very circuitous process, was linked, by a long chain, to the Landschadens

of Neckersteinach. She had left him, however, enough pledges of their love to prevent his home from looking desolate: two sturdy lads, who soon grew up into stout and powerful men; and one fair girl, who, from a pretty child, rose, day by day, into fresh beauties, till she ended in becoming the envy of all the women's hearts, and the admiration of all the men throughout the country round.

The eldest son was called Karl after his father; the second was named Wilhelm from the young count; and the girl had received the name of Gertrude, from the late countess, who had held her at the baptismal font. If the two youths showed forth, in their strong and stalwart limbs, the vigorous formation of their father, and enabled him to say that not a knight in all the emperor's court was better formed than they were, whatever gentle blood the family did really possess, made itself manifest in Gertrude Müller, as she grew up towards womanhood. The fine and delicate features, the graceful and rounded form, the easy and dignified movements, the bright and thoughtful expression, were all above the ordinary habits and appearance of the people with whom she lived: and, though she mingled amongst them with pleasure, and neither affected nor perceived a difference, yet they themselves discovered it; and while a few who, could not understand or appreciate her worth, felt angry at the superiority they were unwilling to admit, the rest of the peasantry paid her the tacit tribute of admiration and respect.

And now it was Gertrude Müller's bridal morning, and though, amongst the youths of the villages round about, there might be, here or there, a sore heart, no one was unwise enough to show his disappointment. Every girl, throughout ten miles of the Odenwald, was glad; for some knew Gertrude, and loved her; and many who loved her not, thought it quite as well that her fair face should be one out of the way, and her sweet voice sound no longer in the ears of the young men of the neighbourhood. In short, all the youth of her native kreis wished her happiness and the matron's coif, as soon as might be; but many of the elder part of the community shook the wise head, and thought that both old Karl Müller and his daughter were doing an unwise thing. In the first place, they urged that she was very young, too young to take upon her the serious duties of a wife. But Karl said not a whit; her mother had been his wife at the same age. Besides that cogent reason for her marrying soon, he had one which was more powerful still. Three weeks before, a youth, with several gallants in his train, had ridden up to the castle of Erlach, demanding to see its lord, though all the world knew, Karl observed, that the count was absent. This same gay young noble, however, after reposing for a time at the castle, had made an excuse to go down to the forester's house, and had remained there longer than old Karl liked. He had since returned twice alone, and sought by many a wile to speak to Gertrude in private. "And I have great reason to believe," the forester added, "that he is the

young Landschaden of Neckersteinach, who halts at no step which may gain his own purposes. So if the girl is in love, and likes to marry, why let her marry at once, in God's name."

Such was the answer of old Karl Müller to the first objection of those who had laid their remonstrances before him in form. But the second objection was more formidable. "Why, Karl," they said, "you are going to marry your daughter out of the Odenwald, when there are so many young men who would have given their right hand to have had her, and would have kept her with us always: you are going to give her to a citizen whom she has not known above a year!"

Now to whom was Gertrude Müller about to be wedded? the reader may be inclined to ask; and did her heart go with the hand she was to give? The answer to these two questions shall be both full and satisfactory. A little more than a year before, he to whom she was that day to bind herself, by ties indissoluble, first came to the village from the town of Heilbron, of which, it appears, he was a burgher; and his coming, or rather the motive thereof, made old Karl Müller, as well as many another old retainer of the house of Erlach, very angry. He came there to buy timber for a mercantile house, at Heilbron, and of course, in the first instance, alighted at the house of the forester. Old Karl bluffly told him that the count never sold his timber; but thereupon the burgher produced from his pocket the order of the young lord himself, for the sale of so many thousand trees, which the

merchant was to choose at will, and to superintend in person the cutting down and removing them. This was a treble mortification to Karl Müller. In the first place, it confirmed a belief, which he had long entertained, that his young lord was ruining himself at Vienna. In the next place, he could not bear to see the trees cut down at all; and, in the third place, the count gave the young Jackanapes, as Karl did not scruple to call the citizen, authority which strongly trenched upon the privileges of the forester. He was very much inclined to be both refractory and uncivil; but Wilhelm Franz, for so the stranger was called, gave him so little cause for wrath and indignation, heard him with so much good humour, and soothed him with such well-applied courtesies, that the old man ended by assuring him that it was with the count he was angry, not with him; and then, as in duty bound, asked him to take up his abode at the forester's house. Wilhelm Franz accepted his invitation frankly; and now came out so many good points in the young citizen's character, that he conquered all prejudices, and won the regard both of the old man and his two sons. He was a very handsome youth, though his face was rather bronzed by the sun, in travelling hither and thither on the business of the house; and his dark black hair, though cut somewhat short before, which the people of Erlach did not approve of, curled in rich masses over the rest of his head. His hand, the good people laughed at, because it was as white as a woman's, and they asserted that it was fit for nothing but

to hold a pen behind a desk. In some of their rough sports upon the green, however, he soon proved that it would give a buffet which would stretch the strongest of them prostrate, so that nobody laughed at the white hand afterwards. Though, as a citizen well might be, he was, in some respects, more slightly made than the villagers, yet his limbs would bear even more fatigue, and occasionally displayed greater strength than theirs; and as they had at Heilbron their constant trials of skill in the market-place, he far excelled them in all manly sports and pastimes. Every thing, however, that he did, was done with so much good nature, that no one was offended, and Wilhelm Franz became a general favourite.

At first, spending the greater part of the day in the woods, with a number of workmen, some of whom he brought with him from Heilbron, and the rest of whom he engaged in the neighbourhood, he saw but little of Gertrude; but the timber was a long time in cutting, and as the days drew in, and the evenings grew long, they were brought more frequently together. All that passed between them, at first, was a gay word from the handsome young citizen, to the beautiful country girl: but some of Gertrude's mischievous young friends began to jest her about Wilhelm Franz, so that, after a time, she would blush a little,—a very little,—when he spoke to her. Some change gradually took place in his manner, also. When her eyes were busy in some other direction, his would turn towards her, and gaze upon her, for many a minute, not with boorish

rudeness, not with libertine scrutiny, but with a calm, grave, thoughtful expression, which was strange in a young man, looking upon such loveliness. Sometimes his reveries would end with a sigh, but yet he spoke no word of love; and even at night, when he might have sat beside her, over the blazing fire, saying all those little gallantries wherewithal gay youths bribe vanity to let them in, by a wrong entrance, into a maiden's heart, he would lean back from the blaze, and amuse the forester and his sons by many a tale of distant cities and lands they had never seen. One day, about the hour of dinner, a minstrel visited the cottage, bringing his cithern with him, and, in recompense for a hearty welcome, he played and sang to them some of his most famous airs. When he had done, Wilhelm Franz, somewhat to the minstrel's dismay, took up the instrument of sweet sounds, and seemed to examine it curiously.

"Take care!" exclaimed the singer, seeing him about to apply his hand to the strings; "you will put it out of tune, good youth."

Wilhelm Franz smiled, and swept the strings with his hand; but it was no discordant sound that he produced. Rich, and full, such as that minstrel's own hand had never brought forth from the instrument, were the tones that issued from the strings, and Gertrude looked up in wonder. Her eyes met those of the young Heilbronner, and a mutual light seemed to pass into both their souls. Suddenly adding the full round tones of his musical voice to the instrument, he sang:

SONG.

"From a court, and a camp, and a lady's bower,
Three pilgrims took their way,
And each in his cap wore a faded flower,
And each, I heard him say:—

"'Where art thou, Truth, immortal Truth?
We have sought thee far, in vain,
In the brain of age, in the breast of youth,
In city, and tent, and plain.'

"One had sought truth in a gallant knight,
Gallant, and good, and gay;
But he trusted that knight with his lady bright,
And the knight has stolen her away.

"From courtiers, and kings, and ministers wise,
The other returns, forlorn;
He has asked for truth!—they have given him lies!
And hark, how they laugh for scorn!

"The other sought truth in a lady's heart,
A lady sweet and fair;
He found vanity, passion, caprice and art,
But truth!—no truth was there."

"He should have come to Gertrude Müller," said the forester, "for if there be truth in the whole world, it is in her little heart." The colour in Gertrude's

cheek grew very deep; but Wilhelm Franz laid down the instrument, and fell into a fit of musing. The day that followed was a bright and sunshiny one, and the Heilbronner, with the old forester, went forth into the woods to superintend the work that was going on; while Gertrude took her way up the steep hill towards the castle, where she was sure of a kind reception from many of the old servants who still dwelt therein. The truth was, a rumour had spread that the young count was coming down, and her father sent her to seek tidings. Gertrude tripped away gaily enough; but when she was half way up the hill, she paused in the wooded path that she was pursuing, and walked slowly on, fallen into deep thought. What was the subject of her meditations matters not; they were apparently sad and moving, for, ere she reached the castle, she sat down upon one of the fragments of gray stone and wept. Remembering, however, that tears would leave traces, and traces would be remarked, she wiped them quickly away, and wandered about in the wood till she judged that the marks of her sadder employment must be effaced. She then climbed the steep ascent without farther delay, and, passing unquestioned through the gateway with but a "good morrow" from one of the armed men who sat in the porch, she proceeded to seek the old seneschal's good dame. Learning in the outer hall, however, that the tidings were true, and that letters, announcing his speedy coming, had been received from the young noble, she crossed the court, ascended the great staircase, and, finding the

door of one of the chief saloons open, she went in, for she had not seen it since she was a child.

There was a wide antique casement in a niche, and through it was streaming the sunshine and the sweet air of spring; and Gertrude went and gazed out thoughtfully. High up amidst the clouds of heaven, the castle, like an eagle on a rock, looked over the whole scene below; and there, beneath the fair girl's eye, lay all the brown world of the Odenwald, an interminable ocean of waving boughs, with the lights and shades from the flitting clouds, resting like the stains of gold and blue upon the wings of a butterfly, on the undulating surface of the hills. Around her hung the monuments of feudal state, banners and pennons, and costly arms, and rich arras, and ornaments of silver and of gold; but it was not on those she looked, but upon the prospect; and as she looked, she sighed, not that the sight was any thing but fair, for few lovelier scenes ever met the human eye than that in its particular kind; but there was about it that vague, boundless, indefinite uncertainty, which has something akin with the feelings of the youthful heart, when some doubt or some fear, some new-born apprehension, some warning suspicion that life is not all so bright as we have dreamed it, causes us to pause and gaze over the misty future, and endeavour to scan more accurately the true nature of the objects which lie grouped together in the golden indistinctness of distance.

She sighed as she stood in that deep recess and gazed forth from the open casement. There was a

sigh near her that answered hers, and, turning round with a slight exclamation of surprise, she beheld one who was certainly in her thoughts at that moment. She blushed a good deal, and then she turned pale; but Wilhelm advanced towards her, and gliding his arm round her waist, took her hand in his, and gazed into the eyes that she raised imploringly, almost fearfully to his. "Gertrude!" he said, "Gertrude!" She answered not; but in that old hall, and in that sunshiny hour, fair Gertrude Müller was wooed and won.

"There were tears in your eyes before I came, dear girl," he said, as he led her back down the hill, his promised bride. "Why had my Gertrude been weeping?"

"Because I thought," she replied, "that if it were so difficult for a man to find truth, as your song said, a woman could never hope to meet with it at all."

"And dares my Gertrude then trust me?" demanded Wilhelm.

"It is our nature to trust!" replied Gertrude, "and I think you would not deceive me."

"Not for an empire!" answered the youth, and lifting his eyes towards the sky, his lips moved, as if registering the promise on high.

* * * * *

And it was Gertrude Müller's bridal day, and the sun had shone upon the bride and bridegroom as they went to, and came from the little village church. The blessing had been spoken, the festivities had begun, and modesty and love wound a sweeter garland round

the temples of that fair bride, than the richest orange-flower that ever decorated the favourite of courts. Wilhelm trod proudly, and as he looked up to the lordly towers of the castle, rising haughtily above his Gertrude's humble home, his glance seemed to say, I envy not the lord of those high halls! My heart has found a happier resting-place.

When they had entered the cottage, however, and he was taking his seat by her side, one of the stout soldiers from the castle came down, and said that the old seneschal had just received letters from his lord at Vienna, and that Master Wilhelm Franz must even leave his fair bride for half an hour, and come up to speak about the cutting of the wood.

"I will come by and by," said Wilhelm, smiling good-humouredly.

The man hesitated, but Gertrude whispered, "Better go at once, Wilhelm, if you must go!" and he went; but, at the end of half an hour, he returned not, and the bridal party went out upon the green, beneath the apple-trees, to wait for his coming, ere they began the dance. Scarcely were they there, and Gertrude's heart was beating unquietly, when there came bursts of laughter through the trees, and the sound of cantering horses, and up rode a gay party of armed cavaliers, headed by him who had somewhat persecuted the sweet girl already.

"Are we in time for the wedding, boors?" he cried, laughing loud, "are we in time for the wedding?"

"Too late!" replied old Karl Müller, surlily.

"Too late!" answered Karl, his eldest son, with his eyes flashing fire.

"Nay, then I must e'en kiss the bride and depart!" said the cavalier springing to the ground, and, advancing with haughty boldness, but not without grace, he approached Gertrude, who blushed and trembled. "Wishing you all happiness, fair bride," he said, as he bent apparently to kiss her cheek. But, as he stooped, he threw his right arm round her waist, set his foot in the stirrup, sprang into the saddle, and, with the ease of one performing some long practised feat of the manége, he placed her on the horse before him, and struck his spurs into the charger's sides. The old man and his sons darted forward, and one got hold for a moment of the bridle rein; but a horseman who followed the other brought the youth to the ground with the blow of a mace, and the whole party rode off at full speed, roaring with laughter at the curses and shouts of the villagers. One long loud shriek was all that the lips of Gertrude uttered; her heart refused to beat, her brain grew giddy, and she fainted as she lay, held on the horse by the firm grasp of the cavalier's arm. After a time consciousness came back, and she opened her eyes; but she saw the brown woods, and the large branches of the trees, and the young green leaves hurrying rapidly before her sight: recollection was too terrible to bear, and she once more fainted. When next she recovered, she was in a large hall, splendidly decorated according to the fashion of that day; and two old women were bending over her,

throwing water in her face ; but, when she raised her eyes, the detested form of him who brought her thither met her sight, and she closed them again with a cold shudder. The women persuaded him to go away, but when he was gone, the words of praise that they bestowed upon him, and the language that they held to persuade the unhappy girl to his purposes, made her weep bitterly. They assured her that he would have gone to seek her a week before, and would have prevented her marriage altogether, had he not been held a prisoner by the Palatine, from whose hands he had only escaped two days.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, "wretch!" But, as she spoke, he again entered the room, and waved the women away. He sat down beside her; he grasped her hand in his ; he used the language of flattery and of corruption to the pure ears of Gertrude Müller. We will not dwell on what he said ; we will not stain this pure page with the words he uttered, and the persuasions he proffered ; but if he thought to light up one unholy feeling in her heart, oh! how far was he mistaken. She thought of him she loved, and of the full but modest joy with which she had but that day bestowed her hand on him. She thought of those dear hopes, now likely to be blasted for ever, for she felt that she was utterly in the power of a libertine and ruthless man; and as she did thus think, the words he uttered scarcely found meaning in her ear, and her eye wandered round the room and to the high oriel window seeking for means of escape. It found none, however ; no object

showed itself through the open lattice, but the mountains that hem in the Necker, and the green waters of that beautiful stream flowing on between its mighty rocks; and the high castle of the Dilsberg crowning the opposite hill. There was no escape, she saw; but a fearful resolution presented itself to her mind. It was evident, from all she beheld, that the hall in which she sat was high up in some tower, built upon the edge of the precipice, and she thought that at least she could die rather than, even by force, wrong the faith she had plighted to him she loved. As she thus thought, and her eye wandered wildly to the casement, she felt the villain's arm seeking to glide round her small waist. With a sudden scream she darted from him, sprang through the casement, and gained the parapet that ran round the tower. Had that parapet not been there, the sudden impulse of fear and desperation might have carried her resolution into effect at once. But there it stood, a barrier, easily overstepped, indeed, but still a barrier between her and that terrible act which she meditated. She paused to gaze! and found that she stood on the extreme verge of a tower, in one out of three castles, that, stretching along the craggy bank of the Necker, overhung the waters at a dizzy height of many hundred feet. She gazed down below! It was a sight to make the brain turn round; the blue thin air beneath, the broken rocks, jagged and sharp, the diminished birds skimming like specks over the surface of the stream. Can we blame her if she paused with a wildly beating heart, if she hesi-

tated till a strong hand grasped her arm, and her power over her own destiny was gone? "Oh God, deliver me!" she cried; but the stranger answered with a laugh.

"Come, come, fair maiden!" he said; "God never delivers from the Landschaden; but I thank you for bringing me here. That idiot wardour has left the gates open, and there is no one in the court. I will nail his ears to the door-post. What if the troops of the Palatine were to know of such careless guard!"

As he spoke, there came the sound of a trumpet from the woods above, and it was echoed from the forest path below. A stronger passion now was roused in the breast of Gertrude's persecutor; and, for the moment, forgetting her existence, he darted away, and his steps clanged quickly through the hall. "Oh God deliver me!" cried Gertrude again; but she now cried so with better hope, and, for a single instant, she strained her eyes upon the part of the wood whence the sound of the trumpet had seemed to come. She caught the sight of arms gleaming through the trees, and she heard from the court below, the shouts of many voices giving loud commands for manning the walls and defending the castle. She could not catch the words, but she guessed their import, and the next moment a loud explosion from the battlements beneath her feet, followed by another and another, told her that the Landschaden had anticipated attack by firing upon the approaching parties. The tower on which she stood seemed to rock with the concussion of the

artillery, and, in a moment after, an answering flash blazed through the opposite wood, and, with a rushing sound, a cannon-ball passed through the air, tipping an angle of the tower as it rushed by, and scattering the masonry far and near. Running round the tower, she now thought only of escape, and gazing into every window which opened on the platform, she at length perceived one that led to a flight of stairs. It opened readily to her hand, and she passed through; and then, running down with a quick step, she only paused when her head became giddy with the incessant turning of the narrow staircase and the deafening roar of the artillery. Once, as she descended, a bright flash burst through one of the narrow loop-holes, and she saw the forms and fierce faces of armed men hurrying about upon one of the battlements hard by. She feared almost to move lest they should see her; but, as the roar of the guns was again heard, she hurried on with a beating heart, till the staircase terminated with a door on either hand. On the one side she heard a multitude of voices as if in eager debate, and, through the keyhole of the other, was pouring a stream of golden sunshine. She tried it and found it locked, but the heavy key was in, and turning it cautiously round, she drew the door back and took a step out into the air. She found herself in a long paved way, leading from the castle to which she had been carried, to another which stood beyond, perched half way up a tremendous rock, like the nest of a swallow, from which it derives its name with the peasantry to this day. The

way was raised upon a high causeway, partly artificial, partly natural, and battlements and embrasures on each side, showed it well calculated for defence. But, though the cannon were still there, the soldiers, all drawn to the side on which the attack began, had left it vacant, and Gertrude hurried on seeking for some way to escape. She could find none; the walls were too high for her to attempt to drop from them, and, though the low sinking sun showed her that but little time yet remained for her to secure her flight, she found herself foiled wherever she turned. She hurried on, however, towards the other castle, gazing up to see if there too were any of those she had to fear, but it seemed, for the time, utterly deserted. No soldiers appeared gazing from the battlements at the distant fight; no head, protruded from the window, announced that any human being was within. Hesitating, trembling, listening, Gertrude entered through the open door, and found the hall vacant, though the remains of a half-finished meal showed that it had not long been so. She then, with better courage, searched round the courts and walls for some means of egress, but every gate was closed with heavy locks, and all the keys were gone. In disappointment, almost in despair, she paused and looked towards the other castle. The battlements were crowded, the roar of war was going on; but suddenly came louder shouts, and she saw some groups upon the very path she had just followed. Where could she fly for concealment? There was a flight of steps led down from one of the remote halls,

apparently, cut through the rock on which the castle stood, and, not without a hope that it might conduct her to some sally-port, Gertrude took her way down, lighted by an occasional loop-hole, though the sun, sinking fast behind the mountains, gave but scanty beams. It led but to a vault, from which there was a door indeed, but it too was locked, and Gertrude sat herself down and wrung her hands in the bitterness of despair. There was a window, but it was too small for human being to pass, and was grated besides with iron bars; and all that it enabled the unhappy girl to do, was to gaze out in the growing twilight, and watch the groups hurrying to and fro upon the walls of the other castle. Soon that twilight faded away, and all that she could see was the form of the tall towers, bursting forth every now and then as the eager flash of the artillery ran along the battlements; but, after a short time the windows seemed to shine forth with an unusual brightness, a glare was seen through the loop-holes, a rolling pile of yellow smoke rose above the white clouds that the artillery had caused below, and on it played a flickering light which was not like the flashing of the cannonade. Then came loud cries and shouts and execrations, borne upon the wind, and the tramp of hurrying crowds, and the sound of the trumpet. Nearer, more near, came the mingled roar along the causeway; and then she heard it in the halls above. All seemed confusion and disarray, till suddenly the roar of the cannon was again heard, and she found that the artillery on the walls above were now

pointed along the causeway, to drive back a pursuing enemy. Trembling, almost fainting, she lay in one corner of the vault, when suddenly steps were heard descending, torches flashed around the walls, and, in a moment after, the voice of her persecutor struck upon her ear, exclaiming "Didst thou think thou hadst escaped me? No, no, fair maiden! you shall live or die with the Landschaden. Throw open the door, Heinrich!" and, catching her up in his arms, he was bearing her forward through the door, which one of those who were with him had unlocked, to a rocky path leading down to the river. The horror of his touch, however, drew a sudden scream from the lips of Gertrude, and, setting her down, he cried with a blasphemous exclamation, "She will draw them hither with her cries! By Heaven I will drive my dagger into her! —Stay," he continued; "let me look out!" and he took two or three steps forth down the hill,—"Fire and blood!" he cried again after a moment's pause, "here is Count Erlach's banner!"

Inspired with instant hope of making herself heard, Gertrude uttered scream on scream; but the fierce Landschaden bounded back towards her with his dagger in his hand, exclaiming "Slay her, slay her! we must fight to the last or die; but she shall not escape!"

A step more would have brought him to the vault; but, at that moment, there was a loud explosion above. The voices of the cannon were unheard in the roar,—the Landschaden looked up towards the blazing walls;

an immense mass of stonework descended through the air, and, striking on his brow and chest, rolled, with his dead body, slowly down the rock. Gertrude darted forward towards a party of men advancing quickly up the steep. There was a knight leading them on, sword in hand, with the banner of her father's lord waving above his head. "Save me! save me! save me!" cried she, and as she reached his knees, and clasped them with her extended arms, sense and thought, terror, and joy, and hope, all passed away at once, and she fell prostrate before Count Erlach's feet.

* * * * *

With the terrible sensation of one waking from a long swoon, Gertrude unclosed her eyes, and gazed around her as some castle clock was striking eleven. There was the light of many tapers in the room, and rich tapestry waved on every side, while hangings of white, and crimson, and gold, surrounded the splendid bed on which she lay. The arms of the Counts of Erlach, emblazoned with rich colouring, ornamented the ceilings, and the furniture, and all around her, was a dream of magnificence, such as she had never seen before. Round a table, in the middle of the room, stood three persons, while several girls, in the garb of waiting-women, appeared at the other side of the room. The first of the nearer three was an old man, in the garb of a physician, pouring some fluid from a phial into a Venice-glass, and his face was turned directly towards Gertrude. On one side of the table, stood an old man, of powerful frame, clad partly in

armour; and Gertrude knew her father. Those two were bareheaded; but on the side nearest to her, with his back towards her, stood one, who wore his crimson bonnet and high plume; beside him lay a pile of armour, cast hastily down, and from his shoulders fell an easy cloak, lined with rich furs, and tied with tassels of gold.

"This, my lord count, will bring her to herself, I will insure," said the leech, as he poured out the medicine; "she does but faint, though the fit is long and terrible!"

"Where can Wilhelm be?" thought Gertrude; but she hastened to relieve her father's fears, exclaiming, in a voice still faint, "My father!"

All started, and turned towards her, at the sound; but it was not old Karl Müller reached her first. That gay and glittering cavalier dropped at once the glass he was taking from the physician, darted forward, caught her in his arms, and pressed her again and again unto his heart. Trembling, fearful, uncertain; yet hoping, thrilling with fancies it seemed madness to believe, she pushed him gently back, and gazed upon his face. "It is! it is!" she cried, casting her arms round his neck, "Wilhelm! dear Wilhelm!" Then, sinking back again, she pointed to the glittering coat of arms that hung above that bridal bed.

"True!" he said, "dear Gertrude, it is all quite true."

"Then I know you, Wilhelm," she said, almost mournfully; "but who am I?"

"Gertrude, Gräfin of Erlach, my own dear wife!" replied the count; "noble both by your father's and your mother's side, and with a dower of beauty and of goodness worth a prince's hand;—you are mine, Gertrude, mine for ever! To-morrow I will tell you more. Now rest, sweet girl,—rest, and recover from all you have suffered. Your lover, your husband, will watch by your side; and, safe in his castle, and guarded by his care, no more such sad scenes shall happen, as those which have chequered Gertrude's bridal-day."

LIFE.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

Life, and friends, like seasons, pass away!—
We stept light-hearted through the blossomed Spring;
But scarcely had begun to laugh and play,
Ere full-leaved Summer leaped into the ring,
And looking round, she deigned no longer stay,
For solemn Autumn came with yellow wing,
And glanced, without a smile, upon our game,
Then fled for aye, and wrinkled Winter came.

THE NURTURE OF GENIUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RIVAL SISTERS."

Sorrow, thou stern preceptress, take the seed,
And cast it, careless, on a rocky bed,
Where no soft dews from smiling skies may feed,
But clouds eternal gather round its head;
Where murmuring billows lash the sounding shore,
Where lightnings flash, and muttering thunders roar.

One dazzling ray, what time the bud appears,
Bright, burning, brief, let parent Phœbus fling;
Then steep the plant for evermore in tears,
And bruise, and crush, and trample it, and wring!
So from that bitter root shall odours rise,
And with immortal fragrance fill the skies!

The Byrons,—Cowpers,—Otways of the earth,
From such cold crushing culture took their birth!

DONNA ELENA.

A Sicilian Tale.

Men change, and even women change; but Nature is more constant, and the sunset on the hills round Palermo at this day, is as golden and vermilion as the sunset half a century ago: thus on this established topic we shall say no more. The Neapolitan frigate, La Santa Vergine, was sweeping, with a full sheet, into the bay, and her guns saluting the batteries, and the batteries returning the honour, had roused every soul in the city and its long-winded suburbs, to see the new spectacle. If the city was in disturbance, the decks of the fine frigate were in at least equal tumult. Nature had never intended Neapolitans for sailors; though for what other occupation she intended them, must be left to those who have the faculty of discovering her deepest secrets. The Bay of Palermo is one of the most beautiful in the Mediterranean: but whether it is, as the Palermitans say, from reverence for the beauties of their island; or as their enemies say, from an incurable

Painted by W. Penley. Engraved by R. Staines.

DONNA ELENA.

Published by Smith, Elder & Cº 65, Cornhill.

love of doing nothing, they have no more thought of making a chart of their harbour, than they would of a seaport in the moon. The consequence was, that the frigate made her way solely under the protection of the Virgin, who glittered, in all the pride of paint and gilding, at her head. A few heaves on and off the shoals at the harbour's mouth, speedily showed that the protection was fully required. The crew were superabundant in faith, and, of course, left the navigation to the little image. The pilot altogether coincided in their opinion, and, at every rub on the sands, ordered half-a-dozen candles additional to be lighted round her. All was tranquillity, with two exceptions; a man of advanced years, but still not beyond the vigour of life, with white locks, but with the bold visage of one who had figured, and deserved to figure, in council and war; and the other, a withered-looking being, the very model of decrepitude, with an eye, or where an eye had been, bound with a ribband, a tawny coloured visage, and a beard that would have been worthy of a Rabbi. Those two were the new governor of Sicily and his secretary. The governor was a Spanish noble, whose services in the wars of Maria Theresa had recommended him to the Neapolitan court, as fittest to curb the rather unruly spirit of the Sicilian nobles, then stimulated by German and French intrigue. The Count Gregorio Silveira, Major-General, and Knight of a dozen orders, had a hundred merits, and but one foible, that of thinking himself always in the right. How his secretary, the Herr Carl Wildebrand,

contrived to remain in his employ a week, or an hour, must have been an inexplicable problem to all who saw merely the infinite repulsion that existed in the sentiments of both.

Yet so it was; they had continued together for not only a week, but a year; that being the period, from the time when the general, having been knocked off his horse in a charge against a division of Zeiten's hussars, saw an enemy's sabre within two inches of his throat, and saw, in the next instant, the hand that held it, spinning away into the air, himself set on his feet, and a fresh horse offered to him by the dragoon who did the deed. This feat probably cheated the general of a part of his glories; for, if he had lain on the bed of honour, he would have had a substitute in brass or marble in some of the squares of Vienna. But he made no complaint on the subject; bore the misfortune, such as it was, with perfect equanimity; merely inquired, as soon as the engagement was fairly over, whether the dragoon could read and write, and made him his orderly for the rest of the campaign. Carl was the dragoon, and the oddest fellow alive. He could do every thing, when he pleased; he could make a meershaum; play on half-a-dozen instruments; talk the native jargon of every barbarian horde in the army, from the Bannat to the "Golden Gates" of the Crim; he could throw a lance, break a horse, or probe the brains of a deserter, with any in the camp. But there were times when he pleased to do none of these things. At those times the high blood of the Traut-

mansdorfs and Lichtensteins was forced to give way, and even the general's only resource was to let him alone. But why not dismiss him at once? The question was asked repeatedly by those who knew the fiery nature of the count. But those who ask such questions should first know how hard it is to find the very man who exactly answers every conceivable want that we have in existence; who even answers our natural *want* of contradiction; whose oddity gives a new stimulus to the dulness of life, even the life of generals and governor-generals; whose notions sometimes keep great men out of the scrapes into which the greatest, now and then, fall by following their own; and whose roughness acts as vinegar and cayenne in the monotonous sweetness of eternal sycophancy. In fact, the Herr Carl had at length become the general's *indispensable*. Promotion followed, and the dragoon received a commission in the count's regiment of Hulans; and, on the transfer of his commander to the Neapolitan service, he accompanied him in the diplomatic office of secretary.

The frigate was still working her way up the harbour when his Excellency, already sufficiently irritated by the bungling of the crew, turned to Herr Wildebrand; "Carl," said he; "those fellows are the greatest blockheads on the face of the earth."

"Your Excellency, always excepting those who trust to their sailorship," said Carl.

A glance from his Excellency's lowering eye showed that he had but little relish for the observation.

Nothing more was said for a while. The secretary flung his cloak about him, made ready a packet of papers which he fastened to his girdle, and stood apart from the crowd. All were now bustling to the forepart of the ship. The night had fallen, and the wind began to blow in those short heavy gusts which presage a southern storm. The general had other sources of anxiety than even those of a governor likely to be shipwrecked in sight of his capital. From the side of the harbour where the frigate lay, alternately touching the rocks and receiving huge sheets of foam on her poop, he could see the lights in the convent of Santa Elena, where his only child was, probably at the moment, singing hymns with her sister boarders, or enjoying her supper. He had sent her, when a girl of ten years old, to the care of her mother's relations in Palermo. His life of campaigning had forbidden his seeing her more than once in the seven years which followed. She had then given promise of beauty, and one of his chief motives for accepting the government was to place her at the head of his household without alienating her from scenes, for which all her letters expressed the impassioned sensibility of an Italian.

His impatience redoubled at the sight of the old frowning towers along whose windows the tapers had begun to pass and gleam. "A hundred pistoles," exclaimed his Excellency, through the roar of the waves; "for the crew, if they bring his Majesty's ship into port before midnight."

"Your Excellency may save your money. Before

the next half hour, we shall be on shore, frigate and all." The voice was Carl's.

The tempest now grew heavier, and the crew became noisier and more helpless. "The boats there!" shouted Carl. The idea seemed not to have struck a soul before. Every boat in the ship was instantly over the side, but one. The indolent had been inspired with sudden activity; three-fourths of the Neapolitans were in them in a moment.

"The treacherous villains," exclaimed his Excellency, rushing to the solitary boat that remained; "let me be their master but a month, and I shall make something of them."

"Would not your Excellency, in the mean time, amuse yourself with quieting these surges, or putting out Ætna?" murmured the intractable secretary at his side.

The count would have flung his councillor into the waves, if a heavy lurch of the frigate had not flung them together into the boat which still lay rolling on the deck. The shock brought him to a sense of the unsuitableness of the time and place for capricious homicide. "At all events," said the count, "assist me to launch this boat, for I see those beasts will let the frigate go down."

"By all means," said Carl, and taking an axe in his hand, meditated a blow apparently at the tackle which still fastened it to the deck. The blow fell obliquely, and the axe went clean through the bottom of the boat. The governor was too much astonished, to utter one of

the pithy exclamations of angry soldiership; but his soul was boiling with the folly, or villany, of his secretary. The remaining group of the crew, who had been waiting only to avail themselves of the success of the operation, were more loud-tongued, and "Siamo perduti!" in a volley of the nervous eloquence of the Italian fishmarket and seaport, poured round his head.

"You have extinguished our last hope, sir," said the general at length, unable to suppress his indignation; "and you must take the consequences."

"Undoubtedly, your Excellency," was the reply. "The consequence to these noisy fools will be, that, instead of taking the chance of drowning in bad company, they will stand by the ship: to your Excellency, that you will not go to the bottom in a boat with twenty, which was made only to hold half the number: and to me, that, sink or swim, I shall have the honour of your Excellency's company, at least, half-an-hour longer."

Still the storm raged, and the lights on the roofs and turrets of the city seemed to have begun an universal dance. By degrees the lights seemed to suffer an eclipse; the roar of the multitude trooping to every point of the shore, sank in the dash of the surges; at length the city itself appeared, after a few plunges, to make one awful dive between two gigantic waves, and rise no more. His Excellency had perhaps given up the affair as hopeless, for some time, and was thinking of that huge bivouack where so many heroes sleep without tents or baggage, and with no attendants but

the shark and the dogfish. He sat silent, with his head on his hand, and his eyes on the deck. A sudden yell of the crew roused him to look round. Carl was in the act of inflicting vengeance on a whole troop of them. He had been at the helm, which he quitted for the moment, merely to kick one, drag another by the hair to handle the ropes, threaten to fling another overboard, and so proceed through the remaining incumbrances of the ship. Having, at length, succeeded in forcing one immense lazzarone, blubbering, and rending his rags, to take the helm in his hand; he went forth, on the principle of general reform, to overthrow the devotions of a knot of brawny worshippers who were crying and clustering round the little wooden Virgin. He jumped down among those untimely religionists with a rope's end in his hand, which he applied to every broad back among them, and with such effect that their little fraternity were instantly scattered. The governor looked with astonishment at the miracle wrought by his emaciated secretary; but, before he could express his wonder, a broad blaze of the deepest crimson shot up from the very bowels of the sea. Whatever the outcry of the unlucky Neapolitans might have been before, it was now ten times worse. It was absolute despair. Even the firmness of the Conde himself was rather perplexed, and, rising from the seat on which he had evidently intended to go, with Spanish gravity, to the bottom, he staggered along the ship's side, in the double alarm of sudden death by water, and of being roasted alive by a conflagration from the clouds.

The Conde reached the helm, at last, but by the most slippery struggle that it had ever been his lot to make. He was drenched from head to foot, bruised by rolling over floating blocks and spars, for the sea was now making a complete breach over the decks every five minutes; and entangled in ropes that seemed to weave themselves on purpose into nets, to entrap the most indignant and bewildered of governors. The Herr Carl stood by the helmsman, giving the wearied giant his orders at the sword's point, a dwarf beside a figure which might have annihilated his apparently exhausted frame. The frigate was now rushing furiously through the foam, and in the direct line of the conflagration. The blaze grew broader, sounds like distant thunder were heard through the roar of the surges, and, from time to time, huge columns of terrific flame sprang up to an immeasurable height, and were lost in the heavens. The Conde had at last found words: —"Villain!" was the first. A succession rapidly followed, of not a much tenderer kind, the burden of which was: "What had become of Palermo? and whither, in the name of all the spirits of lunacy, they were now driving?"

"I am not lunatic enough myself to trouble your Excellency with my opinion on the subject," was the only answer of the imperturbable Carl. At length the source of the flame was discovered. The frigate swept along until she came within sight of an abrupt pyramid of rock rising out of the bosom of the sea. It was black and bare, but the summit made ample amends

for any obscurity that might hang round the base. It looked like a huge cauldron of boiling ore; every colour of every metal burned and blazed round the edge of this immense crucible, and the flashes of light, that shot up into the clouds, turned the horizon into a canopy of fire. "Steer for the port on the lee of the Lipari," was the single order of Carl, to the brawny helmsman. The riddle was now partially solved. The frigate had narrowly escaped being split into fire-wood for the Palermitan fish-women; which she must have been, in five minutes after the shift of the wind in the harbour's mouth, unless she had made the run for the open sea. Still the dignity of a governor, and that governor a Conde, and that Conde a Silveira, was not to be appeased by a simple sense of safety.

"Sir," said he to Carl, "I once owed you an obligation. I repaid it in some degree; but whatever of my debt remained behind is totally cancelled by your conduct this night, marked, as it has been, by insolence, insubordination, and hazard to the lives of his Majesty's subjects." The Conde had seldom made so voluminous a speech, but it seemed thrown away on its hearer. Carl gave a low laugh, turned away, and, with a speaking trumpet, continued manœuvring the frigate. The Conde was doubly wrathful. "Bestia!" was the phrase, "what will be the account that must be given of this business to the king?"

Carl calmly said:—"If it should ever reach his Majesty's ears, your Excellency will probably lose your government; if it should not, the reason will be,

that your Excellency will be beyond all the absurdities of kings and ministers:— Which would your Excellency prefer?"

There was something of humorous effrontery in the look and language of this decrepid being that struck the Conde, and he asked more calmly, "What recompense he expected for the proceedings of the night? For," added he, "as surely as I ever set foot on Sicilian ground, your claims shall be laid before the first tribunal that has any thing to do with the galleys, or deportation to Africa."

"I shall be but too happy to attend the Conde de Silveira *any where*," was the reply.

"Sir, reserve your wit for your defence, on my arrival at Palermo," was the governor's observation.

"Conde, if I should reserve it till then, I should keep it longer than any wit will keep, without evaporation," returned the Herr Wildebrand. "But if we escape this night, which is among the improbabilites of human things, my memorial may tell his Majesty that I saved the last ship in his service; and saved it, too, in defiance of the laziness of his Majesty's liegemen, and the wrath of his Majesty's governor."

"Yes:— by prompting three-fourths of the crew to desert her," growled his Excellency.

"And thus getting rid of a mob of idlers, who knew no more of sailing than of the philosopher's stone, and left us just hands enough to navigate the ship," said Carl.

"What! by destroying the only boat that remained."

"And thereby preventing the rest of the crew, your

Excellency included, from sleeping fifty fathoms deep in the mouth of the harbour."

"Thereby—exposing us all to be burned, blown up, or dashed to pieces on the rocks of this detestable little island."

"No, thereby— escaping our being swamped within fifty yards of the shore, clearing the coast where a fisherman's boat would scarcely find its way, and allowing your Excellency the indulgence of a night view of the most brilliant volcano in the Mediterranean; besides the experience of as showy a piece of seamanship as any within my recollection, and the pleasure of spunging away all your debts of gratitude at a word."

The frigate was now running close in under the shelter of the Lipari. The wind lulled, and the sea grew comparatively smooth. As far as the eye could reach, the horizon was one vast wilderness of mountain waves. But, under the wing of the black promontory, which now hung above their heads, they could see the tunnies glancing with their huge eyes and white backs to the moon. The few half-savage inhabitants of the island, who probably live on pumice stones,—for they are the sole produce,—were clustering on the brow of the precipice, to watch the tardy motions of the gallant ship below. Yet never ship bore less appearance of gallantry, for she came in as ragged as an Algerine, after running the gauntlope of a squadron of Maltese galleys. Sky scrapers, pennants, and top-masts were hanging promiscuously down the rigging; her sides exhibited many a depredation of the heavy surges on

the carved heroes and cherubs with which modern Italian taste loves to load every thing, that can or cannot bear the load; and, sorrow of sorrows! one of the last exploits of the storm was to sweep away the little Virgin herself. She was seen darting over the poop, amid a volume of foam, enough to have made a cathedral for her, if it had been but a little more firm. The crew raised a shout of consternation, as they thus lost their only hope. But the shout was turned into triumph, as they saw their little protectress rising from her plunge, and dancing away on the billows. They screamed out, "A miracle!" perhaps not remembering, nor desiring to remember, that though virgins of flesh and blood might go to the bottom, virgins of wood might swim. The miracle, however, was rivetted by the surprising fact, that the little Virgin, after dancing round the frigate until every eye had been convinced of her identity, suddenly broke off her display, and floated direct for what seemed only a smoking cleft in the precipice.

Carl now spoke, for the first time, since his breach with the Conde. "You see, sir," said he, "that wooden guides are not followed in camps and cabinets alone." He seized the helm, and steered for the fissure, which opened, as they advanced, and within exhibited a tolerable bay. The little Virgin continued bowing and curtseying them onward; they followed: the crew, convinced that they were under the immediate orders of our "Lady of Palermo," Queen of the Skies, and especial Patroness of the Mediterranean, began to haul

with alacrity, and the frigate came, at last, to an anchor, in one of the blackest nights of heaven; but under a blaze that showed every fibre of every visage of a hundred tall fellows, who might have played the cut-throats and conspirators of a melodrame, without the change of a muscle. In the general lull, the Conde recovered the sense of his dignity. He looked round him, but the view of his new territory by no means contributed to satisfy him with his night's adventure. "Herr Wildebrand," said he, in a tone of peculiar loftiness; "this must come to a court-martial, on my arrival in my government."

A slight flush, whether of wrath or ridicule, perhaps of both, threw its tinge across the extreme sallowness of the hearer's cheek. "Just as you please, Conde," was the answer. "But, as the accused, may I take the liberty of inquiring my crime?"

"Mutiny, sir," was the brief reply.

"In other words, the act of saving the ship from being turned into splinters, the crew from being in the jaws of the tunnies, and his Excellency the Conde Gregorio Silveira, from sleeping with his ancestors. Well, I admit, that some of those charges may make a figure in an impeachment of public misdemeanors," calmly said Carl.

"Insolent!" cried the Conde, turning away, "not an hour shall be lost in vindicating the king's commission."

"A great many may be lost," was the reply, "if your Excellency does not expect to reach Palermo by wings. The Liparis are a bad dock-yard." He raised

his feeble form, and pointed to the dismantled state of the masts and shrouds.

The Conde blazed like the volcano. "Chains for this traitor!" was his outcry. Carl was standing beside the helm. At the word, a crowd of the crew hurried forward, to lay hands upon him; he seized the foremost, flung him back with a force unexpected in a being who seemed in the last stage of consumption: and then, suddenly springing over the ship's side, was engulfed in the waves. He was instantly lost to all eyes, though the whole crew hung over the side, to see what had become of him. A few phosphoric sparkles still showed the spot where he had gone down. But nothing more was visible of the unfortunate German.

However, where fact fails, imagination begins. The volcano blazed higher, roared louder, and shot up broader showers of fiery pumice. All this could not be without a reason. It is an old tradition among the Italian sailors, that the Liparis are the actual mouths of that furnace, unnameable to ears polite, where the priests send all heretics, a race too black for purgatory itself. The sailors, of course, fashion the idea in their own style, and send there all captains too fond of the lash; all pursers too fond of their own pockets to have due consideration for sailors' stomachs; all custom-house officers; and, in general, all mankind who happen to come in the way of their business, profits, or pleasures. Carl was too recently brought among them to have incurred much hostility on a general account; but he had made them work, had kicked some of them,

ridiculed others, and "evidently raised the storm," which prevented them all from realizing their favourite speculation of sleeping that night in Palermo. Statesmen have been brought to the block, and generals stripped of their tags and feathers, for less offences. Carl was devoted, of course, to the common crucible. Nay, some of them, not finding him in the deep, could swear that they saw him in the Volcano. Keener eyes saw him struggling in the claws of the fiends, who notoriously do duty at the top of the crater. Even the grave glance of the Conde himself conceived that it could discover something of a human form making wild contortions in the midst of a volume of flame of peculiar fury. All eyes were fixed on the spot. But, suddenly the struggle ceased; with it the flame went down, the mountain ceased to bellow, and night of the deepest silence, and the most pitchy darkness, fell over sea and sky. The mariners crossed themselves by one instinct of terror. Carl was nothing less than the incarnate Angel of Darkness. Even the sternness of the Conde was awed, and, half in sorrow, half in surprise, he admitted to himself, that his old dragoon, orderly, and secretary, was an extraordinary personage; and one who, like many other extraordinary personages, might find it rather difficult to give a satisfactory account of himself, either above ground, or under ground.

* * * * *

The tempest which swept away frigate, viceroy, and all the Palermitan dreams of a general rejoicing, was the topic of the city for full three days. But "hope

dawns, perennial," in the breasts of men, women, and children, in this sunniest of soils; and the hope of a new governor had, at the end of the three days, begun to make serious inroads on the homage due to the memory of a Spanish magnifico, sent to the bottom of the sea before their eyes; a fact for which a hundred thousand tongues were ready to pledge themselves by all the saints of the globe.

The public passion was not to be disappointed long. At the close of the week, a courier, riding full speed to the palazzo of the government, clanging his way through the streets with hoof and horn, loud enough to have awoke St. Ursula from her gilded, and very heavy tomb in the Nicolosi cloister, brought the delightful intelligence, that a new viceroy had been appointed by the king, and that he was already on the Calabrese shore. Never was intelligence received with such rapture. The multitudes which people those twilight promenades reposing on the most flowery shores of the bluest of all possible seas, it must be owned, have not much to do with either their days or nights; and they accordingly have the art of making more of trifles, than any toilers after happiness on the face of the earth. Not an eye was closed, nor a tongue quiet, in Palermo, until the rising sun drove the whole generation of loyalists and royalists to hide from the fervour of his beams. One day more of delightful uncertainty, and the crowd that poured from the Val-di-noto gate, to have the first view of the viceroy, would have driven an invader, or a Malthusian, to despair. But, while all the noble, all the

fair, and all who were neither the one nor the other, were gazing along the beautiful valley that leads from the forest to the suburban glories of the capital, and the more sagacious, by the help of their opera glasses, could discover his very plumage among the crowd of aides-de-camp, and Sicilian cavalry, which their imaginations saw manœuvring along the ridge of the hills; all were thrown into astonishment by a new rumour.—The viceroy *had* arrived three hours before.

The news was soon made unquestionable, by an order for the immediate convocation of the "Altissimi Signori;" the old and once famous council of state; from which, however, like many another old and famous council, the masculine principle had long departed; and, if ever a "reunion" of old ladies was held, in embroidered coats, with rapiers by their sides, it was the "Concilio," who, compiling all their ancient finery on their ancient persons, hurried in their crazy vehicles from a hundred obscure corners, where they had slept in congenial dignity and cobwebs, from generation to generation. Yet French principles had not been lost upon them, and they had begun to boast of turning patriots of the new school. Joy warmed their withered hearts at the idea of being something more than cyphers, and flourishing as Brutuses and Catos, in a little revolution of their own, before they went the way of all nobilissimi. Visions of new ribbons, new stars, and new titles, swelled before the eyes of a hundred and fifty paralytic politicians, already ribboned over like mountebanks, and loaded with titles enough to exhaust the last breath

of the family herald. To all the romantic, a countless class among the sex, alike young and old, fair and *un*fair, the name of the new viceroy was a spell. What could resist, in the soul of a modern Eloise,—and every woman of the South is, or would be an Eloise, to the full extent of her history,—the name of Castruccio Castrucani? It brought back the romantic days of Italian love, robbery, and murder. As no rumour had transpired of a vice-queen, it was conjectured that this prince of all popularity was a bachelor; but as married, or unmarried, made no possible difference in the matter, every cheek of the fairer share of humankind, within the first half-hour, glowed with a refreshing touch of that artificial rose, which is deemed so essential to the brunette physiognomies of the land of the faithful.

The breaking up of the Concilio was looked for with a public interest, which had scarcely been felt in the island since the days of the Norman invasion. The siesta, smoking, and even flirtation, were put off for the day, and the public heart was suspended in a tremor of novelty and expectation. The confessionals were left empty. Three processions passed through the streets, with fresh painted saints, and favourite friars at their head; not an eye was cast on them. Two assignations were forgotten!

The delay continued till it became torturing. The old councillors seemed determined to remain in deliberation for ever. Night was coming fast. The whole population, high and low, were panting with

feverish anxiety, in front of the palazzo, and in five minutes more, their curiosity would have forced the gates. They were saved the trouble by the gates being thrown open, and, with a flourish of trumpets, out poured the whole Concilio. But, what a spectacle!—Instead of the gravity, which the Italian, the most exquisite of all solemn grimaciers, knows so well how to assume, the whole crowd came out in a heap, tumbling, roaring, dancing, screaming, kissing, and kicking each other. The flourish of music was now like nothing that had ever met the national ear before. It seemed to have been composed by the Maestro di Capella of Bacchus himself, and to be played, in the present instance, for a procession of Silenus in his glory. As they approached the multitude, the surprise was stronger still; for the most extraordinary operations seemed to have been undergone by their draperies; the coats of some were turned, and the wigs of all; some had both curtailed, and many had neither. The cheeks of some of the Altissimi were painted scarlet, some blue, some green, and of the most intense colours; some had them all together. And to close the display, came the president of the council, in a grotesque car, dressed in a harlequin's cap and jacket, and drawn by two long lines of his fellow councillors, costumed *en sauvage*, and surrounded by a dancing group, covered with the tinsel and frippery of an opera melodrame.

The truth now transpired—the whole concilio were prodigiously under the influence of the god of wine.

They were first received by the populace with the same kind of astonishment that their pagan forefathers probably felt in the saltations of the priests of Cybele. The next popular impression was to join in the festivity; the third, to pilfer the old senators of all that could be pilfered; the whole performance ending in a general battle. Midnight at last dropped her protecting veil over the scene, and all was still; except the soft murmur of the Mediterranean wave, or the music of some concert from the open viranda of a cassino on the shore; and all dark, but the quivering brilliancy of the stars, and the light of the pharos shedding a steady pyramid of purple fire far across the sleeping waters.

If the records of that memorable day shall ever meet the eye, it may be distinctly told, by what singular means the metamorphosis of the council was so summarily effected. But, nothing distinct on the subject was ever suffered to escape the lips of the principal performers. The altissimi hid their dismantled heads in the profoundest secrecy, and even their wives could extract nothing from them beyond vows of the bitterest revenge. The disgrace had sunk deep into their wrinkled souls: for, to be detected is a vexation in all lands, and the altissimi had certainly exhibited in a rather unfortunate position to the populace. Yet, as every Italian, noble or ignoble, has a female depository of his thoughts, his idle hours, and his superfluous *scudi*, a good deal gradually escaped to the general ear. It thus transpired, that though the council had been received with great pomp, their official orator had no sooner com-

menced his speech, by lavishing, according to rule, the most boundless panegyric on the viceroy; than the latter cut short his eloquence by laughing in all their full-bottomed faces.

The wonder was still greater, when his Excellency started on his feet, and addressed them, something in this style: "Signori," said this rough dealer with antiquated ladies in bags and swords; "three things are my mortal aversion, etiquette, routine, and long speeches. The three are equally tiresome. The first is fit only for old men, the second for old women, and the third for old fools of either sex. Any one of the three ought to be death. But I intend to rule you in mercy. They shall be only the bastinado, followed by instant banishment, unless the individual shall prefer being shot on the Marina."

The speech was received in the silence of astonishment. But a look which his Excellency gave over the whole trembling legislative, seemed the precursor of general execution. The whole assembly rose by one impulse, and hurried to the door of the chamber. To their additional alarm, it was locked.

"Signori," said his Excellency; "no man enters this palace, and no man leaves it, but by my permission. We are strangers to each other. I am a Hungarian. In my country none are friends till they drink, from one bottle to six, together. Dinner is in the next room. March in."

Wrath might have been there, but resistance certainly was not; they marched in. The feast was

sumptuous. Their meagre stomachs, tantalized with lentil soup and macaroni every day in the week, saw all the luxuries of Europe spread before them. They began to think better of the tyrant. The most exquisite performance of the French and Italian *cuisine* gave way only to the most exquisite products of the French and German vintage. Native abstemiousness, the virtue, *perforce*, of the Italian, was rapidly melted down; the temptation of the countless shapes of this foreign nectar was irresistible. The tyrant was the most beneficent of viceroys. Liqueurs of the most delicious fragrance, and terribly strong, came in aid of the Burgundys and Champaignes. The viceroy's virtues grew with every fresh discovery of the inimitable excellence of his cellar. He was now a capital fellow: the cleverest, wittiest, bravest, best. The whole assembly rose as one man, and by acclamation pronounced the Hungarian method of cementing friendship unrivalled in the world. Most of them had already reached the full measure of the art. At this moment some sublimer inventor than the rest, proposed an address to the throne. It was carried unanimously. His Excellency received it in the most gracious manner, and ordered a fresh batch of liqueurs still more bewitching. The matchless orchestra of the governor now poured in a strain worthy of a banquet in the palace of Circe. Dancing was proposed, but how or by whom none could guess. A second tempter, still more inventive and insidious, proposed that the dancing should be on the stage of the palace opera. A general drainage of the marasquino,

rosoglio, rosé d'amour, parfait armour, and all the other gay imps of evil, that, dwelling in gilded bottles, run away with the brains of the wise, preceded the removal from table, and prepared the guests for any performance, however animated. The result was the display which met the popular gaze. One extravagance had followed another, until all recollection of councils and costumes was lost in a general cloud of the wildest absurdity. If the proposal had been made to march to Constantinople, or march into the centre of the bay, it would have been adopted, without a dissentient voice. By some malign dexterity too, of which the contriver was undiscoverable, the spirits of the party were never suffered to flag for want of a project. Some novelty, each more ridiculous than the former, was continually ready. The proposal was kept up with merciless perseverance, and of the whole crowd, not one, however great or grave, timid or tottering, was suffered to escape his share in the general pantomime. At a signal, the doors had been thrown open, and they were all driven out. Next day, and many a day after, was a day of penitence. The council never recovered the blow. The venerable Silenus and his harnessed savages hid their heads from the light of day. The viceroy was absolute from that hour.

The week's wonder had scarcely begun to fade, when an Ordinanza Reale appeared, which set every reader in Palermo studying placards, and every non-reader listening to them. It was as follows: "Whereas it is known to all men, that the famous and august city of

Palermo has become the dullest spot on the face of the earth, and it being equally the determination of his Excellency the governor, that this stigma shall be changed for the reputation of the gayest spot in existence, it is his command that, henceforth, a grand ball shall be given, once a week, in the palazzo of every noble family; and that the wives, sisters and daughters of the people shall be invited to dress themselves in their best apparel, and dance on the Marina, where bands of music shall be provided to play for them, partners provided from the best-looking sergeants and corporals of his Majesty's troops, and the handsomest provided with husbands from his Excellency's body guard. A grand display of fireworks, let off from the palace gardens, at the tolling of the vesper-bell, is to be the signal for the dancers to begin. *Viva la joia!* Signed by order of his Excellency; Il Grandissimo, Signor Castruccio Castrucani.

"N.B. Any failure in obeying this order, on the part of the noble families, is to be regarded as high treason, and dealt with accordingly."

Never was order the source of more various confusion. The old nobles pronounced it the most insolent piece of public robbery that ever existed. "What right had any man living, to force them to waste their time, money, and sleep, in giving balls?" But the strong majority was of another opinion. There were five thousand handsome black-eyed and red-lipped girls in Palermo, who saw no possible reason why great houses should have great halls only for mice and spiders to

lodge in; or why they had got light ankles but to show them, and light hearts but to dance with them. There were about the same number of showy young fellows, who, looking on their own ankles, and feeling the circulation of the blood in their own bosoms, were perfectly of the same opinion. Patriotism and pretty women combined, were never meant to be resisted by mortal man, and the public voice threatened to pull down the first palazzo that had the "impudence" to resist the lawful order of the best of viceroys. The repugnants gave way, rather than be buried in the ruins of their own attics. Thence came a new process of change. Hundreds of huge apartments saw the light of day enter within their grim walls for the first time for a century. All Palermo came forth, brush in hand. All was painting, sweeping, plastering, and frescoing; white lead rose to be an essential of life. The hoary filth of ages was stormed in its strongholds. Rats and bats, swallows and martins, were served with an ejectment. The genius of dust was expelled, and the genius of dancing came tripping on the toe into its dim dominions. Never was there a public scandal so rapidly washed, scraped, planed, painted, and gilded, away. The city was in a tumult of scrubbing all day, and in a tumult of dancing all night. The marriages followed with popular rapidity. Red lips and cheeks suddenly rose to a prohibitory price; but, as in this world, the quantity is always regulated by the demand, intelligence of the state of the market no sooner transpired, than all the young beauties of the island, who

could lay claim to any colour beyond the primrose, were sent up in baskets and panniers, like chickens in couples, to meet the public necessity. Italy heard the news, and a crowd of its bright eyes came. They were danced with, and married without delay. From this era dates the prodigious improvement in the Palermitan visage. Abandoning the baboonish and African, it became human and handsome. The popularity of the viceroy was without bounds. Even the old maids voted him a vase of virgin silver!

One of the most remarkable circumstances in the entire of those matters, was the variety of reports relative to the viceroy himself. The undone council declared, that he was a little, stunted man, advanced in years, with a most malignant eye, and a most saffron countenance. In fact, it was the opinion of some of the most sapient among them, that if the prince of darkness had sat for his picture, the portrait would not have done much discredit to the viceroy's physiognomy. But the opinions of the Altissimi were already at a severe discount. It must be owned, that the *ruse* which his Excellency had played them was not entitled to any very ardent gratitude.

The general opinion ran full tide in the opposite direction. The young men would have stillettoed any arguer, who denied that he must be young, well made, and a first rate dancer. The women of all ages were eloquent in favour of his being the perfection of all that was charming; though all alike lamented his seclusion. But all agreed in its cause, coloured, however, according to the

position and circumstances of the fair speculators. The old maids gave it as their decided opinion, that if he were melancholy, it must be the melancholy of a deep sensibility, mourning over a disastrous love. The showy matrons, that he must have lost the wife of his bosom, of all losses in every instance, the loss most to be deplored. The young beauties were not to be shaken in their opinion, that he was desperately in love still, and with some incomparable fair one; and that obstacles, raised by unspeakable cruelty, or inexorable fate, had alone, for a time, separated him from the lady of his love; each agreeing that he must be neither old, stunted, nor ugly; but the handsomest man alive, a compound of the Apollo Belvidere and the preux chevalier of her own choice. The general prescription for his cure being, that his Excellency should come forth into the world, exercise his eyes, and see whether he might not, with due diligence, find some "sweet, oblivious antidote," in the diamond eyes of certain of his sympathizing subjects, for the weightiest of his misfortunes.

Whether his Excellency relied fully on the disinterestedness of the fair physicians, or ever heard that the remedy was of such easy application, is not known. But it must be acknowledged, that he continued his seclusion with an extraordinary disregard of female anxiety to see what species of being he was. His character was in now peril. His presumed neglect of the infinite captivations which Palermitan charms provided for his matrimonial cure, had begun even to render him unpopular; when a new "Ordinanza Reale" was pub-

lished, which again threw the whole population into surprise. It appeared on the feast day of San Barnardino di Coloquintida, the most matrimonial saint of the Sicilian calendar; whose legend was that, being a heathen, and having acted the part of Bluebeard to a whole score of wives, he became a saint, brought them all back to life by a miracle of his own working, and then, as a preternatural display of penitence and patience, lived under the same roof with the twenty for the rest of his life. As the families of the city of all ranks were crowding to the cathedral, to offer the worship earned by such matrimonial virtue, the viceroy's proclamation met their eyes, on every wall, to the following purport:

"Whereas it is fitting that all men pay their portion to society, and it is notorious that monks pay nothing; and whereas it is equally fitting that all women should alike pay their portion, and it is notorious that nuns would pay if they could, but are prevented by the follies of convents, and the tyranny of vows of celibacy; we hereby, in behalf of common nature and common sense, revoke all orders, vows, and rules, against matrimony. Henceforth, every monk and friar, nun and novice, shall be at liberty to throw off hood and veil, leave their respective convents when they will, love whom they will, and wed where they will. In token whereof, is affixed our viceregal signature. Castruccio Castrucani, Governor and Governor-General of Sicily, for his Majesty the King.

"N.B. All monks and nuns who are already mar-

ried, are at liberty to declare the same; and all foolish abbots and prejudiced abbesses, who shall impugn this mandate shall be allowed only the alternative of being publicly whipped to the sea-shore, and then banished, or of marrying each other within the next twelve hours."

This declaration raised the flame of controversy higher than all. The multitude were delighted at seeing the convents emptied at any risk. The reports of the nuns' beauty had been raised by romance to such a point, that all the young men expected to see nothing less than a deluge of Venuses, the moment their gates were thrown open. The young women were by no means delighted with the chances of rivalry. In the convents the dispute was long, general, and all but furious. It was an universal rebellion of the young against their seniors. But it was in the convent of Santa Elena, that the measure was most popular; the whole body of the nuns, the noblest daughters of the island, made a bonfire of their veils, and, by one consent, marched out in gala costume, singing, instead of matins and vespers, of which they confessed themselves heartily tired, the new national anthem of "*viva la liberta.*"

Two exceptions only remained. The abbess, married in her earlier days to a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, who after a five years' discipline of alternately famishing her, and laying his Austrian whip upon her well-formed shoulders, died of having taken a dose too many of French brandy, in addition to some ten

thousand of the same species, taken in the course of his career. Her recollections were too deeply impressed upon a skin, that once was fair, to be obliterated by such hopes of matrimony as lie before a withered nymph of sixty-five. The other exception was the daughter of the viceroy, who had so suddenly disappeared from the eyes of the people, on the night of the storm. Donna Elena was young, lovely, and sensitive. But the news of the general liberation found her in sorrow, and left her in sorrow. She had regarded the veil less as a restraint, than a refuge, and the convent was to her merely the calmest transit to the grave. It seemed singular, that she should lament so irretrievably for a father, whom she had seen but twice from her infancy, yet, if she had other sources of tears, she had no confidantes, and the priests were too proud in quoting the victim of filial duty, to ascribe the martyrdom of a beauty of seventeen to so earthly a cause as disappointed love.

But the general astonishment, delight, and applause, were to be carried still further. The conduct of the inexplicable viceroy was still to be the cause. By an ordinance, issued from the palazzo, immediately on the report of the royal officers, that the Santa Elena convent had been emptied of all its inmates but two ; his Excellency declared, that, never desiring others to do what he would not do himself, he had determined to marry without delay ; to show himself on that occasion to his grateful people ; to choose for the ceremony the convent in question, and to take, for his vice-queen,

one of its two inmates; for the express purpose, as he pronounced, "of putting an end to this fragment of opposition to his orders."

The news reached the convent, and threw the lovely Donna into the utmost perplexity. She flew to the feet of her patron saint, and besought her, with an infinity of tears, to rescue a true votary of the veil from a marriage which she abhorred as the deepest profanation. Her prayer appeared to have an immediate answer, for a low step behind startled her from her embrace of the beautiful marble legs of that pattern of modesty, Santa Elena Della Rota. It was the abbess; who, gently stooping to her ear, bade her be of good comfort, "for," said this mother of the maidens, "my dear, to save you from so great a sacrifice, I shall marry the wretch myself." Elena's eyes, suffused as they were, could not help turning on the furrowed visage that spoke this. "You wonder at my fortitude," added the abbess; "but, my dear, at my time of life, — for if not old, I shall be, as all are in time,—I have learned to submit to all things, for the sake of my daughters in the faith. Rather than see one of them forced to abandon her vows, I should marry twenty times." The model of fortitude bowed her head, as she spoke, and with her knees on the steps of the altar, prostrated herself, as if seeking strength from the exquisite marble pattern of female virtue before her. Elena's cheek involuntarily wore something, not far from a smile, as she thought of the oddity of this rapid change, and the astonishment of the viceroy at the prize that awaited him.

But, while a look of native archness tempered the fine melancholy of her countenance, like a gleam of sunshine through a summer shower, she was electrified by hearing her name. The voice was scarcely above a whisper, but it reached its aim, and sank deep into her heart. A hundred abbesses might have dashed their foreheads against the sacred pavement at that instant, without her remembering that they ever existed. But what miracle! Did the statue live? No. But wrapt in the purple draperies that hung so tastefully round it, stood a cavalier, whose first glance brought every drop of blood in her heart into her cheek, and then sent back the whole burning tide to the heart again. The young Teodoro di Casa Bianca, the handsomest cavalier of Palermo, was the cause of this tumult in the vestal's veins. Whether he came to give a promise, or to take it, is not now to be told. Yet, nothing could be clearer than that this was not his first interview, except the blushing girl's opinion, written in every feature of her expressive face, that this ought not to be his last. With that prudence, which under such circumstances is acquired by the sweetest and simplest of the sex, the Donna had silently moved from the side of the prostrate abbess, on the first sight of the human obstacle to her devotions; and the close of the interview, which was sealed with a mutual sigh, deep enough to have reminded the prostrate widow of better times, was witnessed by no eyes save those of the magnificent bronze of San Cristofero, that stands, in frowning majesty, in one of the very darkest corners of the porphyry colonnade leading to the gate of the chapel.

Another day rose. It was made for a national gala. The air breathed all the fragrance of the Sicilian spring; the clouds were coloured with the very hues that make the cheeks of young brides the most beautiful things in the world; the groves wore their richest green, enriched by a dew which had fallen in profusion the night before, as if to do honour to the viceroy's first appearance; the sun himself looked only a more perfect chrysolite, as he rose, pillowing his glories upon an expanse of crimson waves, like an enormous gem upon an enormous velvet cushion. Every soul in the city, and for many a league round, was on the alert from break of day. The viceroy was to take to himself a wife, and thus commence in person the universal oath of allegiance to posterity. The hour of the ceremonial was to be noon; and the abbess dressed herself at dawn for her share of the exhibition, with all the graces proper for a bridal of fifty years before. The old lady kissed the forehead of Donna Elena, still wrapped in her misty veil, of which the fair novice appeared to be busy in thrusting the corners between two pouting lips; the abbess presuming that it was to suppress her emotions at the incredible sacrifice about to be made for her sake; and bidding her remain kneeling at the feet of the saint, who had been of so much use to her own magnanimity.

The procession, at length, set forth from the palazzo. The city had never seen any thing finer. Horse and foot; senators and citizens, the showy remnants of old Italian life, when the cities exhibited the vigour of

republics, and the pomp of monarchies; guns firing from all the forts, flags flying from all the steeples, tapestry floating from all the balconies, filled every ear, eye and thought. Precisely at noon, the viceroy entered the cathedral, and throwing off a vast Hungarian cloak, and an embroidered hat which shadowed his brows, displayed on the steps of the high altar — one of the handsomest faces and figures, that had ever awoke the popular admiration! An involuntary shout arose in all quarters. The bride was now called forth. Curiosity was at its height. She must be a paragon. The old abbess stepped forward, and made her way to the altar! The first popular emotion was surprise; the second, laughter. The Italian has a taste for the humorous, and he seldom restrains his tastes for any thing, be they what they may. The sacred walls in which they stood could not check the measureless ridicule of the moment. The laughter burst in peals from roof to floor. It spread to the guards without, and from the guards to the populace. Laughter is nowhere more contagious than among the dark skinned sons and daughters of Sicily. At least, a hundred thousand jaws were in full stretch in the first five minutes, and the roar was taken, several leagues off at sea, for a general insurrection, or a new outbreak of Ætna.

But the abbess firmly maintained her ground, and the priest advanced to join their hands. The ceremony now looked so formidable, that the laughter suddenly sank, and every glance was turned into commiseration. At this moment, however, the viceroy made a pause,

and waving back the priest, addressed himself to the superb crowd before him.

"Magnificentissimi of the most renowned of cities," said he; "I have pronounced that this day I marry. My word is sacred. It shall be done."—The abbess drew closer. The viceroy proceeded. "I have also pronounced that I shall marry one of the two distinguished daughters of the faith who remained in the convent of Santa Elena. It shall be done."—The abbess gave an exulting look over the wondering multitude, and advanced a step further. His Excellency again claimed attention by a lofty gesture. "One of those distinguished persons stands at my side. If the other is present, let her speak: if she continue silent, my choice is here."

The abbess, now perfectly secure of her bridegroom, clapped her hands in unequivocal triumph, and, dropping her eyes on the ground, presented her lip to the young viceroy. What was her astonishment, to find Donna Elena, in hood and veil, standing between them! The loveliest of novices had forbidden the banns.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the indignant abbess; "remember your vows."

"Mother," said the blushing girl; "how could I endure the thought of compelling *you* to such a sacrifice?"

The smile that accompanied the words was like the first opening of a rose-bud. The abbess stood, with her hands and eyes lifted to the statue of San Democrito, the avenger of broken promises. A group of

young nobles who had clustered round it, saluted her with a shower of lilies, the emblem of immaculate purity, and a peal of the gayest panegyric. The viceroy took her hand quietly, and deposited it in that of the archbishop, recommending them to marry each other. He next led Elena to the altar; a touch loosed the hood and veil, and showed the face of an angel. Another touch loosed the robe of black mohair, and showed beneath it a bridal robe of white satin glittering with jewels. The most brilliant *coup d'opera* was tasteless to the magical surprise; the loudest acclamations of the theatre were tame to the universal applause.

In the midst of the joyous uproar, however, a sound was heard, which was evidently listened to by his Excellency with remarkable attention. The sound was repeated. Conjectures became various on the subject. It was finally resolved to be either distant thunder, or a gun from the sea. Two or three nearer discharges set the matter beyond a doubt; but whether the guns were firing as a salute, or in action, none could tell. The viceroy was observed to press his arm closer round the lady; at the same time making a sign to the archbishop to be more expeditious in the ceremonial. The Donna's cheek had suddenly changed to the white of her robe. The rite was now hurried over, and the procession returned, in its original pomp, to the palace.

A grand banquet, to be followed by a ball, summoned all the noble and fair to congratulate the bride and bridegroom. The banquet was superb, and the beauty of the donna was acknowledged to be matchless. But,

to close observers, it seemed to have already parted with some of that animated archness, that easy, unincumbered look of joy, in which the young heart is dancing in the eyes, as if there was not a fear or a sorrow in the world. There was now a hectic flush, with an interposing paleness, and, even in the most lustrous of all eyes, a look of anxiety, a frequent glance around, as if they dreaded the coming of some most unwelcome guest. The women took it for granted that a rival was in the case already. The men, that a matrimonial quarrel had already soured the sweets of Hymen. But the ball commenced. Every chord of the national heart vibrates to the sound of the violin, and, after the first flourish of the orchestra, all was forgotten.

In the midst of a hundred and fifty pairs of waltzers, the door of the splendid saloon was driven open with the kick of an angry foot, and a short, broad-shouldered figure, in the uniform of a Neapolitan general officer, and with a countenance between rage and astonishment, marched into the centre of the room.

"Diavolone!" was his first exclamation;—"In the name of the full moon, what brings all these bedlamites here?" was his second. The dance was suspended. Half a score of cavaliers drew their swords to exterminate the intruder; with one dash of his sabre he struck them all down, and ordered the whole circle into arrest. The dancers looked round for the viceroy,—he was not present. The charming vice-queen had equally vanished!

"Fools and mummers!" was the little fierce man's unconciliating address; "I shall soon teach you who is the viceroy. The impostor who has usurped the king's commission shall be hanged for his impudence,—though I am half inclined to forgive him, since he has made a jest of you. I only hope he has fleeced you well.—Such simpletons are fit for nothing but to be shorn."

The entrance of a platoon of grenadiers put an end to all doubt of the existing authority. The palace was emptied without delay, and the company, nobilissimi, altissimi, and magnificentissimi, were sent to chew the cud of sweet and bitter memory in their supperless houses.

But, what had been the fate of the handsomest of knaves and his exquisite inamorata? This baffled all conjecture. Yet conjecture was not the less busy, and the suggestion of the wrathful archbishop, who had felt his taste in beauty most grievously insulted in the cathedral, was finally acquiesced in. Yet how shall we pronounce it with decorum in these delicate times, when words are so much worse than things? This opinion was, unequivocally, that Lucifer had a hand in the business, and that the late viceroy was either the fiend himself, or his proxy.

Every thing was in favour of the theory. The tempest which had swept away the royal frigate just at the necessary moment; the brilliant figure of the young viceroy; the extraordinary success with which he had puzzled the brains of all the sages of the island, in his appointment; the burlesque cruelty with which he

made them all tipsy and ridiculous to a man; the malicious haste which marked his overthrow of holy celibacy; and the marvellous cunning which, after all, conveyed him clean away in the instant of detection; though whether into the air, the ocean, or to a still more profund domicile, none could venture to tell precisely. The theory was congenial to the soil, and, before a week had run its round, it was universally received as the most natural account of the transaction in the world.

Would it not be better to leave this for the solution of the whole problem? For, what can be more vexatious to the true soul of romance, than to stoop from the clouds to this dull earth? How much more captivating would it be, to conceive those two brilliant subtleties, flying over the heads of kings, queens, and privy councillors, and making them all laughable, by degrees of longitude and latitude; than to degrade the one into a solid earth-treading, tax-paying husband, and the other into a pretty mother, and a tired nurse. But truth is imperious. Within three years of discontent, the Conde gave up his vice-royalty; and having sought for the last branch of his line, his Elena, in vain, determined to retire into the cloister nearest to his paternal estates. On his way to surrender his commission at Naples, he fell ill. It was in Calabria, where physicians are much rarer than bandits. Yet he found a physician, who, by the help of an old gipsy, nursed the Conde into health, spirits, and good-humour with himself and mankind. The Conde was liberal, and prepared to

heap his Æsculapius with ducats and doubloons. The physician made but one stipulation, that the payment should be transferred from the inn to his own cottage. The day came, the dinner was on the table. At the touch of a bell, entered the doctor's wife.

"Elena!" exclaimed the old Conde, and fell into his daughter's arms. Three little strangers followed, who were received with equal form. After them came a figure, bowed down with decrepitude. The Conde sprang from his seat.—"What, Carl! you old troublesome rogue!" he exclaimed; "*You* here!—Well, there is not a face in Europe, except this girl's, that I am better pleased to see. I found the want of you, every hour, since I saw you roasted alive in the Liparis."

"Conde," said the hearer, with a smile; "that operation had the finest effect possible upon me; it cured all my ills at once."

"Why, so I thought," answered the Conde; "being turned into a cinder might have cured any man's, in this life. But come, Elena, I suppose, as you have chosen for yourself, your husband is fit to be seen. Let me have the honour of an introduction." Elena answered only by a look at Carl. Carl made a low bow to her father. "Why, what is the meaning of all this pantomime?" asked the old man, impatiently. "Call the gentleman here, if he will condescend to come.—Why! poh! folly! *You*, Carl, this girl's choice, or any girl's choice, with that yellow visage of yours, and that inveterate back!—Poh! the thing's impossible.—Come, Elena, tell me the truth?—Your

rascal has run away from you, and you have sent for old, crabbed, contradictory Carl, to act the part of mastiff, and keep strangers at bay, until he has the sense to return?"

The Conde's impatience was now rising into anger; which was not at all softened by Carl's halting towards him, with the preface; "My honoured lord, and father, ——"

"*Your* father, you old baboon!" exclaimed the count, starting back; "you have years enough to be mine. That Chinese visage of yours would convict you, in any court in Christendom." The Conde was hastily leaving the room; Carl, apparently overwhelmed, put his handkerchief to his face. He drew it away; next moment the withered cynic was changed into the handsome Teodoro di Casa Bianca; the yellow visage was cleared into the fine bronze of health and manliness; the decrepid frame was the form of an antique statue. "Teodoro, the son of my first and best friend!" exclaimed the Conde, and held open his arms for both wife and husband.

The explanation was brief, but sufficient. The young Sicilian had accidentally seen, and loved, the daughter of his father's gallant comrade. But the decline of his family had made him feel how unequal his rank was to the general's alliance. He took his resolution; disguised his face and figure, followed the general to his campaigns, and was fortunate enough, by saving his life, to obtain a place in his immediate service. When the frigate was driven off the Sicilian coast, the

thought occurred, that now was the time to strike a blow. The frigate could not be repaired for some weeks. In the mean time, Elena might be won. The governor's commission was in his keeping, as secretary, —he carried it off, climbed the volcano, saw every eye in the frigate fixed upon his movements, made a feint of plunging himself into the crater, sprang into a fisherman's boat, and, under cover of night, entered the bay of Palermo. The rest was a succession of freaks played on a population, as well disposed to enjoy them, as any other alive. The viceroy's arrival had brought them to a hasty conclusion, and Teodoro and Elena were indebted to night and a fishing-boat, once more, for an escape. They were meditating a reconciliation, when intelligence was brought to them of the Conde's illness. Teodoro assuming the physician, and Elena disguising herself as one of the peasant nurses, attended him till all was well.

Now, all was more than well. Opulence and rank followed beauty and a first-love; the picture of happiness was there; it was not the worse for being in a gilded frame; and they were not fools enough to think more of the frame than of the picture. The lovers had taste, and knew, what not one in ten thousand knows, how to be happy; — Elena saw a court full of counts and princes pass before her eyes day by day, without caring whether they were not so many Esquimaux. Teodoro saw whole generations of stage heroines move onward, without caring whether all the Seraphines, and Celestes of the tribe were not all as brown as monkies,

and as yellow-eyed as owls. Love had brought them together, and love kept them together — to the astonishment of all Naples, but to the great contentment of the old Conde, and probably as much to their own, as if they had quarrelled, divorced, and had separate opera boxes, for the rest of their lives.

CARACCI.

PARTING WORDS.

BY L. E. L.

MAY morning light fall o'er thee,
When I am far away;
Let Hope's sweet words restore thee
All we have dreamed to-day.

I would not have thee keep me
In mind by tears alone;
I would not have thee weep me,
Love mine,—when I am gone.

No; — as the brook is flowing,
With sunshine at its side,
While fair wild flowers are growing,
Leant lovely o'er the tide;

So linked with many a treasure
Of nature and of spring,
With all that gives thee pleasure,
My heart to thine shall cling.

The rose shall be enchanted
To breathe of love to thee;
All fair things shall be haunted
With vows of faith from me.

The west wind shall secure thee
My tidings from the main;
But, most of all, assure thee
How soon we meet again.

Drawn by A. Fraser.

Engraved by E. Goodall.

GOURT DESCENDING TO THE LAKE OF OODEYPOOR.

THE LORD OF THE PASSES.

A Tale of Rajast'han.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

In the mountains bordering on the royal lake of Oodipoor, there lived, not many years ago, a man of respectable caste, against whom fortune appeared to have waged eternal war; persecuting, thwarting, worrying him with false hopes, and incessant disappointments, until she had, at length, reduced him to the sad necessity of subsisting, honestly, by the labour of his own hands; which, to a man whose ancestors for ages had been accustomed to live at ease, from the labour of other people's hands, was a serious calamity. And this was the view which Kanfera himself at first took of the matter. Unused to all the processes of industry, he fretted himself violently against every obstacle that arose; and the idea more than once presented itself to his mind, of how easy it would be, with the aid of half a dozen earthen pots, to make a short cut to heaven through the waters of the Ganges; it being a fact acknowledged, if not rigidly demonstrated, that whoever

drowns himself in that holy stream, which men constantly do, at Allahabad and elsewhere, is treated in the other world with as much lenity as if, after a long life of virtue, he had died in his bed.

However, it not unfrequently happens that, when men deliberately compare the pleasures of drowning with those of basking in the sun, the latter appears the more eligible. In Kanfera's case, it was sometimes thought, also, that his two young and pretty wives, one of whom, at least, brought him an annual addition to his comforts, exercised some slight influence in reconciling him with life; particularly as they exhibited the rare spectacle,—rare, I mean, in India,—of two women living together, in harmony, with the same husband. It is, moreover, a fact, though their neighbours would never allow it, that the fortunate mother of three children, was grieved for her less fortunate sister, who had none; and actually, on more occasions than one, accompanied her on her pilgrimage to the shrine of Eklinghur, and joined sincerely and earnestly in the prayers she there offered up, for a son. For some years all their pains seemed to be like sowing melon seed in the snows of the Hindoo Koosh. No son was born: and as time proceeded, the lady's despair kept pace with her years.

Perceiving that no ordinary measures would succeed, Kanfera, — whose original name was plain Singum,—repaired himself to Eklinghur, and, rebuking the god pretty sharply, for so long neglecting his very devout worshippers, brought the affair, in the following

manner, to a point: namely, if Siva would grant him the wished-for boon, in return he would, during four complete revolutions of the sun, assume the habit, and conform in all things to the practices, of the "split-eared," (Kanfera) Yoghi; if not, the god might keep his gifts to himself, and he would preserve his ears unsplit, and continue to wear his usual garments to his life's end, to the great discomfort and annoyance of the said Siva, who is never happy but when he sees his devotees miserable. This threat at once brought the destroyer to his senses. His fingers had long itched to be putting a ring of the conch-shell into Singum's ears, and the thing, for a trifling concession, was now practicable. He therefore consented: in due time the lady brought forth a son, and her joyful husband roamed over the country for four years like a vagabond; and was ever after distinguished among his neighbours by the name of *Kanfera*, the meaning of which I have already explained.

Gokuldas, the boy thus obtained from the destructive god, evinced very early a disposition to prove his descent from ancestors of high caste. He had the genuine patrician contempt for the prejudice about meum and tuum. He thought the sword, — on which point many philosophers* agree with him, — the best possible title to whatever it can command; and finding himself,

* Among others, Hobbes of Malmesbury, and Mr. Wordsworth, the latter of whom speaks of

> "THE GOOD OLD RULE, the simple plan
> That they should take WHO HAVE THE POWER,
> And they should keep WHO CAN."

when grown to manhood, in possession of an iron frame, a daring spirit, and a handsome countenance, he already looked upon his fortune as made. Every one knows, that when a man has in earnest determined to accomplish a thing, it is already half done. All obstacles give way before an inflexible will. At least, such was the creed of Gokuldas, who, associating with a number of young men of his own kidney, never rare in Hindoostan, boldly scoured the mountains and the plains, easing pilgrims of their burdens, and endeavouring to deliver the wealthy from a portion of their cares.

The property obtained by this species of industry, he did not, as in such cases is usual, squander in useless expenses. He was prudent as well as bold. It occurred to him, that he might thereafter turn it, perhaps, to better account, when his views should render it necessary to purchase from mankind, with a portion of his possessions, a reputation for munificence and generosity. Meanwhile, however, he was no niggard. His companions received their full share of the spoil; but, as they quickly converted it into transitory pleasures, they were glad, when at the end of their purse, again to put themselves under the guidance of Gokuldas, who gradually acquired over them the authority of a natural leader.

There is honour, the proverb says, among thieves. I have my doubts on that point; but devotion there often is, as appears from the history of Louis XI., and other distinguished individuals of that caste. Indeed,

we need go no further for proof of this, than to the example of our own hero, who every day most devoutly made the figure of the crescent, with earth and cow-dung, upon his forehead, braided his coal-black hair into the form of a tiara, and intertwined therewith a chaplet of lotus-seed; besides giving many other striking indications of a pious temper of mind. He, moreover, continued, with inexplicable constancy, to abstain from the society of ladies; which caused it to be surmised that, by a secret vow, he had united himself to that class of Gosaéns, who make profession of celibacy. But the sparrow is generally at fault when he would interpret the views of the eagle, as the history of Gokuldas will, in the sequel, make manifest.

However, not, as they say in Hindoostan, to put the elephant's tail upon his nose, I proceed in order, and relate things exactly as they occurred. Kanfera, to do him justice, had never, from the beginning, countenanced his son in the evil courses he was pursuing, or partaken, in the slightest degree, of his ill-gotten gains. On the contrary, finding all remonstrance and threatening prove vain, he had recourse to the last step; and, in order to reclaim his son, turned him out of doors, thus leaving him but little chance of subsistence, except by continuing the profession in which he had engaged. Luckily for Gokuldas, there was no lack of haunts, whither a man, at honourable war with society, might betake himself. The Rana's oppressive government had caused Méwar to abound, throughout, with ruined villages and castles; and, in one of the

latter, perched like an eagle's nest, on the crest of the mountains, and, though long deserted, strong by structure and position, he fixed his residence, with a band of more than a hundred followers. His judgment, in selecting that particular castle, is still celebrated in Rajast'han; for, though belted round by almost inaccessible precipices, it over-looked and commanded the mountain roads to Ajmér, Jessulmér, and Jeypoor, with all the valleys opening northward from the royal lake; so that, as Gokuldas's followers increased, and his depredations daily became more audacious and extensive, he, at length, acquired, among the people of the country, the flattering appellation of "Lord of the Passes."

Very lordly, he certainly was. He conceived himself to have a right to, at least, a share of whatever the peasant had toiled for, or the merchant wasted his life in amassing; and to refuse this, was to be in a state of deadly hostility with him. His companions, of course, held the same creed, and therefore he never issued an order that was not promptly obeyed. In most other countries, he would probably have experienced some difficulty in maintaining his position so near the capital as to be almost in sight. But the Rana, a very merry, and, like our own Charles II., a very worthless monarch, possessed no genius for extirpating banditti; on the contrary, he daily augmented their numbers, by unjustly confiscating men's estates, often too, before care had been taken to secure their heads.

These lacklands commonly took refuge in the moun-

tains with Gokuldas, who continued to afford an asylum to all who demanded it, until his retainers appeared to form rather a small military tribe organized according to law, than a troop of bandits, subsisting in defiance of it. But to maintain so many active mouths was no easy matter; it was therefore considered very creditable to the Lord of the Passes, that he always contrived to keep away famine from the door. This, however, he did, partly by keeping his troops incessantly engaged in active service, partly by observing a rigid economy in the management of his household. The laws of this little state, all of his own enacting, were, in fact, a phenomenon, and their exploits more extraordinary, and worthy of being recorded than those of much larger communities; but, because I have not, at present, undertaken a complete history of these remarkable people, it will be sufficient to have hinted at the above circumstances, previously to the account I am about to give of one of their wild adventures.

It is a very old observation, that constant success is apt to put men off their guard, and engage them in undertakings from which a sprinkling of ill-luck in their former career, might perhaps have preserved them. This remark was verified in the history of Gokuldas. During one of those three days annually set apart in Rajast'han for the worship of Gouri, or Mother Earth, — the Ceres of antiquity, — when the ladies of Oodipoor issue, like stars, from their secret apartments, to dazzle the eyes of mortals, the Lord of the Passes, with several of his followers, dared to min-

gle in disguise among the jocund devotees. So great, indeed, was his temerity, though aware discovery must have cost him his head, that, in the enthusiasm excited by the gorgeous scene, by the martial music, and, more than all, by the bright eyes flashing from innumerable palankeens, he pushed up to the goddess's *pat'h*, or moveable throne, where two ladies, the most beautiful in the land, sat fanning the mysterious image with the silver handled *chamara*.

Gokuldas was precisely the last man in the world whom one would suspect of being in danger from the flowery shafts of Kamadeva, having been all his life a money-lover, who seemed to consider plunder the only mistress worth sighing for; in which most prudent persons will confess that he was right. Nevertheless, on beholding the fair ones in the *pat'h*, he felt a champak-barbed arrow pierce his liver. He looked, and looked again; then, finding the sensation altogether out of the usual course of things, he began to suspect he might be in a dream, and thrice pinched and shook himself, with the hope of escaping from it. But, upon observing the multitude, and feeling, from time to time, the elbow of some rude soldier among his ribs, he was fain to believe in the reality of what he experienced. A new thought now flashed across his mind. Actual existences they certainly are, thought he; but, as Gouri herself is a goddess, these doubtless must be Apsaras, who, along with her, have descended from the heaven of Indra, to enchant the world with the splendour of their lotus cheeks!

With these words, he coughed twice, and muttered between his teeth the name of Agni, hateful to the immortals, in order to see whether, at the sound, they would spread their wings, and disappear among the clouds. But they continued quite at their ease, in a half-reclining posture, indolently waving the chamaras before the goddess, and thinking of the nice dinners preparing for them against the evening, in the city of Oodipoor. Listening very attentively, he could hear them breathe; and, his rapture having excited their notice, the elder, if there was any difference, of the two, at length whispered, in a sarcastic tone, to her companion:

"Look, Mahi! at yonder incipient Yoghi. I have watched him this half-hour staring in this direction, with his mouth open, like a cameleon catching flies upon a rock."

"Ahi, Isana!" exclaimed her sister, "what a youthful Yoghi. He is practising, perhaps, the discipline of the Kanfera, though I perceive no shell-ring in his ear."

"Kanfera!" muttered Gokuldas, "let me beware; she knows my father. I am undone. But, no: she smiles graciously, and I will draw nearer. Who can tell? Perhaps, after all, they are Apsaras, and fortune means to rain good-luck upon my head. Wise people believe that if a man once finds but a single feather from their wings, they are bound to become his wives, and remain with him, till he voluntarily burns the feather on Siva's altar."

The ladies heard not this rhapsody, and had already ceased to notice his presence.

"Look, look, where our royal uncle, the Rana, comes!" said Kishna, the elder sister. "Is he not fatter by a maund than last year? Pinch my ear, Mahi, or bite my finger: for nothing but some sharp pain can save me from laughing in his face."

"Hush, hush! fan the goddess, and be silent. Remember his promise — a diamond necklace worth a lack of rupees, if, with all due gravity, we perform the enjoined rites during another year."

"Hah! money-worshippers, I see; and nothing celestial;" muttered Gokuldas to himself. "Yet, by Siva! they are beautiful; and, now I bethink me, my *rawula* is empty. Well, we shall see."

The Lord of the Passes, having thus opportunely remembered that his female apartments were unoccupied, and very modestly desiring to fill them from the family of the Rana, presently moved away from the *pat'h*, to meditate on the means of accomplishing his purpose. Accustomed to find every thing yield before resolution and energy, he had already determined that Kishna, the more scornful of the ladies, was to be his wife; but could, as yet, devise no scheme of the least plausibility, for carrying this magnificent resolve into execution. Had he been a Brahmin, the thing might have been easy; for so ingenious are that priestly caste in whatever savours of fraud or mischief, and so commonly are their schemes crowned with success, that nature appears to have produced them merely to show how skilful man can be in villany.

Gokuldas, indeed, was not unaware of their superiority in this respect; and, therefore, after in vain exhausting the suggestions of his own genius, he had, at length, recourse to one of this saintly tribe, who, through love of honesty, had joined his band. He could not have made choice of an apter counsellor. A plan was immediately devised, in every respect unobjectionable, except that there was a strong probability, which it was impossible to overlook, that all who should engage in it would lose their heads. For this reason, the Brahmin, though young, and not without bravery, was very little inclined to join in the enterprise, until Gokuldas offered him the hand of the younger sister, whom, though he had seen and admired her, as he might a beautiful star, he dreamt not until now of calling his own.

Their project, — but, upon this point it may be as well not to anticipate, but rather to suffer events to explain themselves, as they proceed: for, if the catastrophe be happy, the reader is defrauded of all the excitement he might have enjoyed while the matter continued uncertain; and, if tragical, who can prevent the foreknowledge of it from casting a gloomy shadow over every page which conducts us towards the dreaded conclusion? No harm can arise from hoping well, which is in itself a commendable habit; and where, as in the present case, celestial beings are arranged on both sides, Vishnu to preserve, and Siva, with his terrific power, to destroy, who can presume to conjecture what is to be the event?

Let us, therefore, leave the Lord of the Passes, preparing, of whatever colour it should be, to accomplish his destiny, and remain with the beautiful sisters at Oodipoor.

"Truly," says Kishna, when they had retired in the evening, to their apartments; "truly, this has proved a delightful day. Ah, wherefore does it arrive but once a-year? Or why, on all other occasions, must our eyes cast their brightness on these dull walls, like golden lamps in a tomb? Come hither, love, to the window. The champaka, whose snowy petals are smitten yonder by the moonbeams, exhales a fragrance which creeps like music through the atmosphere, and intoxicates the senses. And behold the lake! Is it water, or a sea of molten pearl, slightly ruffled by the breeze? Ah! now that we are here, where none but the Great Mother can listen, tell me, by your soul, Mahi, what think you of the young man at whom we laughed as a Kanfera Yoghi, while, like a worshipper of Brahma, he adored us in the *pat'h*? Methinks I still see him. His eyes, like the snake's, looked upon me, till my heart dropped from the tree of pride into his snare. Did you not mark him? He is beautiful as Kaniya. By my mother's life! I would he were a Rajpootni, and I a chief of rank."

"You are blinder than a Dekhan owl, Kishna! Compared with one who stood near him, like a lotus among the weeds of the lake, he is but an elephant's foot. He whom I admired, is, I am sure, a Brahmin. His eyes flashed with the light of the Vedas. His

thoughts, it was plain, were among the stars. He is a second Harita, and the Pleiades are his daughters."

"Ah, how old then, must he be, sister? for the Pleiades were before your grandfather."

"He is young, Kishna; young as the crescented moon, when it issues, ere twilight, from behind the snowy peaks of Meru. Yet the wisdom of ages sits upon his brow. But, after all, what will this avail, if we never find out who they are?"

"If we would discover the colour of the wolf's teeth," says the proverb, "we must look into his mouth."

"True, Kishna; but since you are a year wiser than I, — if years bring wisdom, — let me learn from you how that is to be done. With respect to my own invention, I find it as barren as the sands of the Looni."

"And, in faith! my own is little better. We must consult Abho, the old Abyssinian slave, whose arts and stratagems are more numerous than the pilgrims on the road to Buddha Gaya. Shall we call her in, Mahi? Or do you fear?"

"None but a fool would mistake an ass's shadow for a lion's. There is no cause for apprehension."

Abho was accordingly consulted; but what could she do? Her keen scent of intrigue was at fault. No traces of the strangers appeared; and, therefore, after amusing them with many questions, designed to augment her own stores of information rather than theirs, she ended by acknowledging that her experience could not at all avail them. Nothing now remained but patience,

and hope, which like an impostor, as she is, deluded them with vague expectations of strange, mysterious, unimaginable accidents which were to make all clear. But as week after week, and month after month elapsed, and nothing very particular happened, their lovers, for as such they certainly considered them, recurred to their memories only as something seen in a dream. Nevertheless, they enjoyed the satisfaction of having discovered an interesting topic of discourse; which, considering the poverty of imagination generally found in the rawula, might be regarded as no small advantage.

As time proceeds whether we be sad or merry, busy or idle, the sun by degrees ran through the twelve signs of the zodiac, and preparations for the festival of Gouri again began to be made in Oodipoor, before the sisters obtained the slightest tidings of their unknown cavaliers. A feeling something like irritation now arose. What sort of animals must men be, who, having gazed during a whole half hour at two distinguished beauties, and excited some degree of interest in their breasts, could keep themselves, from one year's end to the other, in the back-ground, and allow the said beauties to exhaust all the resources of conjecture in vain?

"In what a lamentable state of ignorance must that man have lived," exclaims the bard Cheimal, "who has not, at least, heard of the beauties of the royal sea!" as the Rajpoots fondly style the Lake of Oodipoor. "Let him who would know," he continues, "what love-

liness the perishable forms of this world can assume, repair thither in the merry month of Phalgun, when the young spring has covered its shores with leaves of living emerald; and blossoms of turquoise, chrysolite, and amethyst, fling their rich odours over its waters! There, stretched at the foot of some antique tamarind, let him listen, while the Kohil, hidden in some odoriferous copse, mimics the music of the spheres; and the sun, enamoured of earth, gladdens her countenance with his smiles!"

"Ah, Kishna!" exclaimed the beautiful Mahi to her sister, "the *Gangore* is indeed come round again; for people, I hear, have been despatched to the field beyond the serpent-grove in search of earth for the image of Gouri. My heart begins to beat with expectation. But, shall we really see them again, or were they shadows?"

"That may appear to-night, Mahi."

"How so, my sister? What power can there be in this night, more than in any other?"

"Oh, Isani! do I hear rightly? Is there a Rajpootni in Méwar who knows not what takes place on the eve of the Gangore?"

"Why, the image of the mother is then baked, that's all."

"No, Mahi; that is least of all. Last year you were lazy, and would not be present; but I went, and learned what it is most strange I should never have described to you before."

"You told me a long story about — let me see — I

really forget, now; but tell me again. At present, I feel an interest in it."

"No doubt! — Well, listen attentively; it is an awful thing. At the dead of night, when, as our Guru expresses it, the earth is plunged in the thickest of its own shadow, and we have reached the central space between evening and morning, the image of the goddess is placed between four fires, incense is cast by virgin hands upon the flames, and Gouri's face is smeared with that which purifies all things — blood — human blood—drawn from the veins of some voluntary worshipper. In return for this oblation, the goddess, through the language of dreams or auguries, reveals what shall come to pass. I, last year, as I have already told you, saw it myself. Having performed those other secret rites, which it boots not now to describe, we all seated ourselves upon the ground, and watched, in silence, the flames of the four tapers placed towards the four quarters of the heavens. The fires burned fiercely, the image,—which an old woman, whose only son was absent on a foray, had tinged with blood, — was beginning to dry, when a large black serpent, rising out of an unperceived crack in the floor, twined its form round the goddess, and slowly rearing itself, and putting forth its tongue, licked the gore from her face. At this extraordinary sight the terrified mother screamed aloud, and the serpent disappeared. Her worst apprehensions were realized; before the Gangore was over, news arrived that he had fallen in a skirmish with the Rahtores on the Looni."

"But what is this to our present purpose, Kishna?"

"I will explain, love. Let us perform this mysterious ceremony, and the future will be open to us."

"Not for all the Brahmins in Méwar! Two or three days may, perhaps, clear up our doubts better than Gouri herself; and, if not, we are young, Kishna, and can bear awhile with time. But we must join the matrons in the palace gardens, though we have no husbands to whom we may present the first fruits of the goddess."

It was full time, for the ladies, engaged in the ceremony of grain-sowing, had already commenced their labours. Having first moulded, from the serpent-grove earth, images of Gouri and Iswara, they were set up at the foot of a sacred peepul tree, around which a trench had been made, and barley sown, that, by incessant watering, and the application of artificial heat, had been made to germinate. This having taken place, all the matrons present joined hands, and accompanying their movements with that wild howl, the sign of joy in the East, whirled round in a mystic circular dance, always introduced among idolatrous and magical ceremonies. The young corn was then conveyed into the palace, and distributed among their husbands, who wore it, as our knights-errant did their ladies' gloves, in the front of their turbans.

Other ceremonies, amusing in themselves, but tedious to describe, occupied the remainder of the night; and, towards dawn, the image of the goddess, arrayed in robes of the richest saffron, stiff with embroidery,

sparkling and variegated like a rainbow with many-coloured gems, was ready to be borne in procession to the lake. The whole city, filled with the leaven of superstition, arose long before day, eager for the solemnization of this annual rite, from certain circumstances attending which every individual drew some inference, auspicious or inauspicious, connected with his future destiny. To the young this was the season of love and match-making. Here hearts were wounded or healed; for those that laid more stress on the testimony of their own eyes than on the reports of relations, usually, on these occasions, made a point of examining whether the inmates of such or such rawulas possessed all the attractions attributed to them by interested aunts or mothers, who might admire gold before beauty. Piety, it is much to be regretted, had as little to do in any of the arrangements, as with the pilgrimage of merchants to Haridwara, where goods are sold at a high price under the patronage of Heri.

At length, however, the day broke, and every body was in motion. It was one of those fine mornings in spring, when, even after the sun has risen, the dew still lies cold in the flower chalices, and weighs down the young grass. The loud nakaras began their martial roll, the people uttered a deafening shout, and the thunder of the cannon went booming over the lake from the towers of Eklinghur. Kishna and Mahi, issuing forth from the palace, attended by their maids, took their place beside the goddess on her moveable throne, where they were saluted, with joyous welcome, by the princes

and nobles of Méwar; who, in their youth and beauty, saw a better earnest of the favour of Gouri, than in the exuberant buds and blossoms with which she had invested the teeming earth.

From the spacious and lofty esplanade extending in front of the Rana's palace, the view was pre-eminently beautiful. The hill-side, sloping down rapidly to the lake, was partly covered, in the fore-ground, with wood, partly with green-sward. In the distance, springing up from the waters on either hand, a succession of hills, backed by high mountains, sweeps round the lake, and the valley making a bend, and concealing its extremity, suggests an idea of much greater magnitude than the reality. Here and there, perched on culminating summits of rocks, are antique castles of picturesque architecture, partly concealed, in many places, with trees, which, in that moist warm climate, find nourishment every where. Grouped elegantly round the palace, on the rest of the ridge, are the gorgeous dwellings of the lords of Méwar, distinguished by their lofty turrets, terraces, and balconies, which, on the present occasion, were crowded with spectators. Nay, the very trees, down to the margin of the lake, appeared each to support upon its boughs the population of a village; for, from behind every leaf, there peeped forth the face of an urchin, grinning with glee, like a monkey over a fresh cocoa-nut in the groves of Laos.

The spacious flight of marble steps, leading from the tripolia, or triple portal, to the boats, was almost entirely concealed by a dense crowd of ladies, in their

gorgeous costume and sparkling ornaments. Light scarfs, or veils, transparent as that of Radhi, when wandering in search of Kaniya through the forests, floated in the warm breeze above their heads; while their raven locks were adorned with wreaths of jasmin and roses. Here, reclining, in true patrician languor, upon her litter, some princess was borne along through multitudes of humbler fair ones; there, the Rana, surrounded by the great lords of Méwar, sat, in a golden *howdah*, on an elephant; while more hardy chiefs, courting the glance of the sun, flashed by on their fiery Nejdis, fresh from the Arab saddle, and the invigorating breeze of the desert. Nor was the aspect of nature out of keeping with the joyous groups that every where met the eye. Overhead extended a sky of unstained purity, warm, glowing, full of light, yet inexpressibly blue. On either hand, as the procession descended towards the lake, groves of intermingled orange, citron, tamarind, plantain, and palm-trees, lofty as those of Memphis, disclosed, through their blended foliage, glimpses of stately temples, or mosques, with domes and minarets, — the monuments of Moslem rule, — or the tombs of Islamite saints, resting on arched bases, and partly masked by the taper cones of Hindoo pagodas.

The superb moveable throne, on which the goddess appeared, magnificently arrayed in robes of the colour of a ripe sheaf, and glittering with gold and gems, now descended towards the water's edge. Kishna and Mahi, with the chamaras still in their hands, seemed, however, to divert all admiration from the

goddess. They had now approached the last ample platform, with superb buildings on either side, from which a marble flight of steps leads down to the water; and here, according to custom, the cavalcade made a halt, Gouri being supposed to descend invisibly, and bathe in the lake. Crowds of courtiers, of all ranks and ages, pressed round the throne, ostensibly through piety, but, in reality, that they might catch a glimpse of the beauties within; who, instead of gratifying their wishes, however, were busily scrutinizing the crowd, in the hope of discovering among them the youthful Yoghi and Brahmin of the preceding year. At length, Mahi, her eyes kindling with delight, whispered softly to her sister—

"Ah! Maha Kali! methinks I see the Brahmin yonder on the left, leaning against the pedestal of the sacred bull."

"Your eyes are the mothers of mistake," answered Kishna: "for though the man be indeed a Brahmin, it is our father's cook. See, he is talking with my brother Bheemarsi, who is hugging his dagger, as if he were beseeching it to find employment for him."

"Baba! there is truth in what you say, Kishna. It is, indeed, the pilau-maker. Of whose bat or owl did I borrow my eyes this morning? I am blinder than the Gosaén Pushwal, who melted his pupils at the sun fifty years ago. But where can they be? We have waited patiently a whole year:—for my fancy always assured me we should see them to-day."

"And so, sister, I think we do."

"Where, child?"

"Yonder, beside the camels, to the left of the Rana's elephant."

"Ahi! my pomegranate! neither of us, I see, will ever be able to reckon the feathers on the wings of Garura. What! do you not yet know the Rana's favourite, the man who divides a musket ball on the edge of an invisible knife? We must send our eyes on a pilgrimage to the Ganges; for, if error be a sin, they have much to answer for. But what have we here? As my soul is Brahma's, our bearers admire us, if no one else does. See, how they stare! I must drop my veil. The fire of their eyes will otherwise parch up my skin!"

"What mean you, Mahi? Those are no bearers."

"What else should they be? Their shoulders certainly know the weight of Isani's *pat'h*."

"As I am a Rajpootni, they are soldiers! Mark how they stand, leaning, as if on their swords, not with listless arms, like low-caste men, born to carry palankeens. Hah! there is he among them, and your Brahmin beside him. What can this mean? There is menace and defiance in their looks. Some evil may be intended. Shall we alarm the Rana?"

"Tush, Kishna; the only thing you have to do, is to speak low. They are in love, and have chosen this disguise to see and be near us. I fear, however, we have been overheard and understood; for, see! he smiles, and whispers his companion."

"By Parvati! we have turned the snake into the

hen's nest. But this is not well. It was beneath a Rajpoot to steal thus unawares upon us."

"Perhaps they knew no other means; and, besides, it was probably the contrivance of my Brahmin."

"Oh, true! No Brahmin, no mischief, says the proverb. But what is it they would do? As I live, they have poniards in their girdles; and, see! they distribute themselves about the *pat'h*, and eye the crowd like so many lions. There is certainly mischief a-foot. I would we were once more safe in the rawula."

Whether mischief was designed or not, they were right in their conjectures respecting the pretended bearers. It was, indeed, Gokuldas, with eleven of his boldest followers; who, having disguised themselves as persons of low caste, had offered their services to convey Gouri's throne to the lake, and been readily accepted. Excepting the Brahmin, they all expected the jewels of the goddess were to accompany the ladies to their castle; and, though sensible that the danger they ran was imminent, awaited with anxious eagerness the command of their chief to seize upon the sacred image, and hew their way with it through the throng. Whatever might be the extent of his plans, Gokuldas appeared confident of their fulfilment; for, taking the Brahmin aside, he spoke with him, for a few minutes, in a low tone, and then returned, with a cheerful self-satisfied countenance, to their companions.

Not one of their movements was lost upon the sisters, who, half fearing, half desiring to be engaged in some

adventure which might break up the monotony of the rawula, observed them with intense curiosity. At length, according to custom, the throne was borne down to the edge of the water, upon which the men of all ranks retired, leaving the goddess alone with her handmaids. Kishna every moment expected that some event, she knew not what, would occur; but all things still proceeded as on former occasions. The ladies chatted together, and laughed; and the silver wand bearers, who had chaunted before the pat'h, in its descent from the palace, once more exercised their voices, singing comic and somewhat amorous songs, in which Gouri, no less than her husband, is supposed to delight.

The Rana's elegant, but fantastic pleasure-boats, terminating at the bows in the body of a horse, which, as they advance with sail or oar, appears to paw the waves, lay with idle oars moored close upon the beach. Among these, protected from intrusion by the sacred terror inspired by the rites, several of the ladies were tempted by the coolness of the waters, to imitate Gouri's example, and bathe in the lake; others sat eating fruit or sweetmeats, on the beach; while a third party entertained each other with stories or anecdotes, or sat retired, dwelling on future happiness in a waking dream. Kishna and Mahi, the better to enjoy the scene, had got into one of the Rana's barges, where, with their backs to the shore, they amused themselves with cracking almonds, and casting the shells at the fair bathers.

In the midst of their mirth, a sudden shriek was raised along the beach, and, turning round, they beheld their former bearers fling themselves into the bark in which they sat; and while Gokuldas and the Brahmin held them in their seats, the others pushed off, and hoisting sail, and at the same time taking to their oars, directed their course towards the centre of the lake. The Rana and his courtiers, who had remained hard by, in the court of the great temple, or in the grove adjoining, alarmed at the cry of the ladies, hastened to the spot, and, perceiving in a moment what had taken place, rapidly unmoored the remaining boats, and commenced pursuit. Almost instinctively, they divided into two bodies, and making one to the right, the other to the left, they sought to outrow Gokuldas, and intercept or encircle him. One of these divisions was conducted by the Rana, the other by Bheemarsi; and their exertions being for blood relations, every nerve was strained, every art of seamanship put in practice, to overtake the fugitives.

Gokuldas and his companions, though not wholly without skill, were yet so far inferior, that, notwithstanding the advantage they had at first gained, it was not long before they saw the Oodipooris before them, forming in a half-moon, with intent to close round and capture them. Their position was highly critical. Behind them, upon the shore, an innumerable multitude, in the utmost terror and alarm, watched their movements, some praying, others cursing, all animated with rage and fury: in front, the Rana with his fol-

lowers, armed, and a hundred to one. Unluckily, their boat was slow. It seemed to stick to the bottom. Their enemies, on the other hand, possessing swifter barks, and superior skill, were fast approaching, stretching right and left the horns of their half-moon. Already they could hear the taunts of Bheemarsi, the threats of the Rana, and the affected pity of his youthful courtiers.

Observing that the wind, as is common in mountain lakes, had suddenly freshened to a stiff breeze, Gokuldas ordered his men to make for the right wing of the enemy; but, when they should have advanced a little in that direction, to wear round sharp, and bear right upon the Rana's bark. Deceived by this manœuvre, the enemy thickened their right wing, leaving an opening towards the centre, where the prince was stationed. Meanwhile the ladies, with that sullen pride for which the high caste Rajpoot is distinguished, having once demanded the design of their captors, and received a soothing but evasive answer, sat silently on the poop, eyeing with intense interest the movements of both parties.

Gokuldas's followers, though extremely clever thieves, were much less skilful as sailors; and as the wind, now blowing rather strong, came sweeping over the lake in gusts, bending down their heavy sail until it brushed the waves, they appeared more than once likely to baffle their pursuers, by going head-long to the bottom. Upon this a shriek of terror escaped Bheemarsi and the Rana, and the pursuit, for the mo-

ment, was checked. A council of war was now held; and affairs being regarded as desperate, it was agreed to carry their former resolution into practice, to drive upon the Rana's bark, and, by sinking it, to obtain a chance of escape, or, if fortune should so determine, to go themselves to the bottom.

This determination having been taken, they made a feint of bearing off towards the south-west, hard upon the wind; but their pursuers, possessing far greater experience, ably adapted their motions to the exigences of the moment, and, whichsoever way they moved, still gained upon them. Perceiving that a crisis was fast approaching, Gokuldas said, in a gentle tone, to the ladies; "I swear, by the faith of a Rajpoot, no harm is intended you: but, perhaps, I may use threats, — I may say, to intimidate them, that your lives are in danger, though none can ever threaten you from my hand."

"I believe you," answered Kishna; "for I can never distrust the brave!"

"By my mother's soul!" exclaimed the chief, "you deserve to be Lady of Méwar. Now, listen: to yield, is not in my nature. I must conquer or perish. But, when I shall have baffled these courtiers, — as, doubt not but I shall, — on the honour of a Rajpoot, you shall be free to return to your father's castle, or to remain mistress of mine."

"When all is over, we shall see;" replied Kishna. "But, mark one thing, — there is *now* no insuperable bar to my becoming mistress of your castle. Take

heed you shed not Bheemarsi's blood. The hand stained with that, should never press mine. And, see! I can keep my word."

As she spake, she showed the handle of a dagger, peeping forth above the shawl of her girdle. Gokuldas smiled grimly, and would have replied, but that, at the instant, he was called upon to act. His eye had caught the Rana's bark, moving under heavy sail, athwart his track, and giving awfully to the wind. With a rapidity which would have done honour to an experienced seaman, he seized the advantage of the moment, and finding his course unimpeded by any other foe, drove right for the waist of the prince's barge, resolved that one or both should perish. Every one saw the fearful peril of the Rana. The whole fleet shouted to Gokuldas, swearing by all the gods of Indra's heaven, — and they are not a few, — that, if he would spare their sovereign, he might sail whithersoever he pleased. But, if he heard and believed them, it was too late,—his bark was driving full sail before the wind, —it was the work of an instant, — nothing could now stay him, — crash went his bows against the side of the royal barge, which, staggering before the shock, reeled for a moment, filled, and went to the bottom.

Bheemarsi, with every other Rajpoot, was now too intent upon saving their sovereign, to bestow a thought upon Kishna or Mahi. Both those who could, and those who could not swim, were equally eager to signalize their loyalty, — as if princes had been scarce in Hindoostan, — and Gokuldas felt too deeply indebted

to their attachment, to find fault with it. While they were scrambling after the Rana, who, being fat, floated like a cork, he accordingly, with sail and oar, made towards land; where a body of fifty horse, armed to the teeth, issuing from a small wood, close to the water's edge, immediately encircled him. Such of the Rana's people, as could spare a glance from the all-engrossing object of their concern, observing this, gave a joyful shout, not doubting that they were his highness's lieges. But, when they saw Gokuldas immediately mount a superb charger, and advance along the lake, beside the litters of Kishna and Mahi, his followers, meanwhile, shouting, "Long live the Lord of the Passes! death and disgrace to his enemies!" they contented themselves with shrugging up their shoulders, and muttering a curse against his beard. "After all," said they, "he is a Rajpoot, brave as his own sword, and, save in the matter of honesty, which, in these times, is not much regarded among the great, worthy of any princess in Rajast'han." Even Bheemarsi, perceiving that his highness, when picked up, soaked like a pickled cod, from the lake, had been effectually cooled by his ducking, felt no desire to continue the pursuit, and contend against such overwhelming odds; so that Gokuldas completed his retreat unmolested. Many imprecations, indeed, were uttered, and many heroic resolutions, in the heat of the moment, taken; but calculation supervened, and, upon the whole, it was considered no particular objection that Gokuldas was a robber, since few princes, at least in India, are not so.

A reconciliation was, therefore, by degrees, effected, between Gokuldas and the Rana, who, in respect of his bravery, proved by nearly drowning his highness, received him into favour; though the prudent chief would never, by disbanding his followers, diminish that strength, upon which he knew the Rana's respect for him chiefly rested. The sisters, united to the objects of their love, were said to be exceedingly happy, — their descendants, despising the rules of caste, intermarried, — and the title of "Lord of the Passes," which has never gone out of the family, still continues to be one of the highest honours of the court of Méwar.

THE LAST SMILE.

She sat beside me yesternight,
With lip, and eye, so blandly smiling,
So full of soul, of life, of light,
So sweetly my lorn heart beguiling,
That she had almost made me gay,—
Had almost charmed the thought away —
(Which, like the poisoned desert wind,
Came sick and heavy o'er my mind)—
That memory soon mine all would be,
And she would smile no more for me.

J. R.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

Tread lightly here ! this spot is holy ground,
And every footfall wakes the voice of ages:
These are the mighty dead that hem thee round,
Names that still cast a halo o'er our pages:
Listen! 'tis Fame's loud voice that now complains,
"Here sleeps more sacred dust, than all the world contains."

Thou mayst bend o'er each marble semblance now:
That was a monarch, — see how mute he lies!
There was a day when, on his crumbling brow,
The golden crown flashed awe on vulgar eyes;
That broken hand did then a sceptre sway,
And thousands round him kneeled his mandates to obey.

Turn to the time, when he thus low was laid
Within this narrow house, in proud array;
Dirges were sung, and solemn masses said,
And high-plumed helms bent o'er him as he lay;
Princes and peers were congregated here,
And all the pomp of death assembled round his bier.

Then did the mid-night torches flaming wave,
And redly flashed athwart the vaulted gloom;
And white-robed boys sang requiems o'er his grave;
And muttering monks kneeled lowly round his tomb;
And lovely women did his loss deplore,
And, with their gushing tears, bathed the cold marble floor.

See! at his head, a rude-carved lion stands,
In the dark niche where never sunbeams beat;
And still he folds his supplicating hands:
A watchful dragon crouches at his feet,—
How oddly blended! — He all humble lies,
While they defiance cast from their fierce stony eyes.

Here sleeps another, clothed in scaly mail;
Battle's red field was where he loved to be;
Oft has his banner rustled in the gale,
In all the pomp of blazing heraldry!
Where are his bowmen now, his shield, and spear,
His steed, and battle axe, and all he once held dear?

His banner wasted on the castle wall,
His lofty turrets sunk by slow decay;
His bowmen in the beaten field did fall,
His plated armour, rust hath swept away;
His plumes are scattered, and his helmet cleft,
And this slow-crumbling tomb is all he now hath left.

And this is fame! For this he fought and bled!
See his reward! — No matter; let him rest;
Vacant and dark is now his ancient bed,
The dust of ages dims his marble breast;
And, in that tomb, what thinkest thou remains?
Dust! 'tis the only glory, that on earth man gains.

And kings, and queens, here slumber, side by side,
Their quarrels hushed in the embrace of death;
All feelings calmed of jealousy or pride,
Once fanned to flame by Slander's burning breath;
Even the crowns they wear from cares are free,
As those on children's heads, who play at royalty.

And awful Silence here does ever linger;
Her dwelling is this many-pillared dome;
On her wan lip she plants her stony finger,
And, breath-hushed, gazes on her voiceless home;
Listening, she stands, with half averted head,
For echoes never heard among the mute-tongued dead.

And here, Time stretches out his cloudy wings,
But never beats them, and they have turned grey
With hovering o'er the forms of crumbling kings,
And, like the marble, will, at last, decay,
Wearied with watching; fall, and be no more
Than the mere years of sand that gird the eternal shore.

Look on those gothic arches, worn and old; —
Whom monarchs loved, 'neath them did once appear,
Dazzling all eyes in "rude barbaric gold;"
So rich the tissues which they then did wear;
The same soft light that fills this holy place,
Hath even here streamed full upon a Tudor's face.

What gaudy figures rest against the sky!
With golden glories woven round each brow,
They float athwart the window's deepened dye,
Rich in the colours of the ethereal bow;
Breaking the sunbeams in a thousand ways,
And mingling star and twilight with his dying rays.

Behold those cloudy saints and angel bands!
How rich the robes in which they brightly beam!
Such shapes we oft have seen in sleepy lands,
Peopling the spacy silver of a dream;
And just such harps, with carvings rude surrounded,
Have in those face-thronged visions o'er the wild air sounded.

O, I could sit and weep here like a child!
I know not why thus heavy feels my soul;
But I did deem that one pale statue smiled
Upon me in the twilight; and the roll
Of Memory's rapid wheels did backward move, —
For the mute marble wore a form I once did love.

But this is fancy, for the busy brain
Grows sad by contemplation on the past:.
Thoughts move in chains, a heavy wearied train,
Dragging down to the grave, their rest at last;
Care folds his arms, and sits apart to weep,
Over the silent city where the mighty sleep.

FALLEN GRANDEUR.

BY T. GREENAWAY.

I stood at midnight on the Capitol,
And gazed upon the relics of a world
Whose pride has passed away. The placid moon,
High sailing in unclouded loveliness,
Poured down a flood of pure and glorious light,
And silvered o'er the columns of the fanes
That lay in vast, and sad, and silent ruin.
The quivering rays, as by a magic touch,
Showed the rich gems that deck the robe of earth,
The drops of crystal dew — those balmy tears
Which the bright stars, the myriad eyes of heaven,
Weep, every night, upon the troubled world,
In pity for its sorrow and its sin.

THE WEARY WATCHER.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

'Tis not the hour her lover named,
Yet she already deems him late;
And pouts her lip, as if ashamed
That mortal man should make her wait.

She counts the minutes o'er and o'er,
Yet seems unconscious of their flight;
And she will watch the path no more
Where first his form will be in sight.

And were she summoned by his voice,
She would not turn her head to greet him;
Come when he may, she will rejoice
To show how coldly she can meet him!

She will not frown, for frowns would say
That she had watched for his return;
She will not smile, — it would betray
She saw him not with unconcern.

Drawn by R. Hill.

Engraved by Charles Rolls.

Published by Smith, Elder & Co. Cornhill.

Oh ! should he ever come, no trace
Of weak emotion shall appear ;
She'll seem, while gazing on his face,
Unconscious that he stands so near.

No blush shall mantle on her cheek,
No tear shall tremble in her eye ;
To some young stranger she will speak,
And seem engrossed by his reply.

And thinking thus, she proudly leans
Against the marble balustrade ;
Come when he may, *she* never means
To raise her eyes, or turn her head!

Lady, most beautiful thou art,
And pride becomes thee 'mid the crowd ;
But oh ! with him who wins thy heart,
Thou'rt fond, — weak, — any thing but proud !

Resentment when he leaves her side,
Betrays the depth of woman's love ;
And when she prattles of her pride,
What but her weakness doth she prove ?

Why starts she now ? why turns her head
With such a glance of gay delight ?
Alas ! forgetting all she said,
She smiles the moment He's in sight !

The Weary Watcher can command
No word to wound, no frown to chill;
The silent pressure of her hand
Assures him he is welcome still.

Shirley Park, July 1st, 1836.

VIEW OF THE THAMES FROM WANDSWORTH.

BY C. WEBBE.

You, my dear friend, who, with the poets, look
With curious eye, great Nature's hand to trace,
And find its touch in some unlikely place,
Passed by the throng, but not by her forsook:
Look on this page of her eternal book,
Which Man has slurred, but could not quite deface,
Where she has pictured, with her own sweet grace,
Mead, vale, and hill, dark grove and arborous nook,—
And, brightening all, the Thames, with gentle pride,
Gliding along the vernal-verdured shore,
Calm, clear, and mighty, deep, and dignified,
Constant as day, abundant as of yore;
So that the valley laughs to see his tide
Lie in its lovely lap, and sport from side to side!

LOUISE OF LORRAINE.

A Tale of the French Chronicles.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

An unwonted smoke was seen ascending from the tall turret-shaped chimneys of the old castle of Vaudemont, the feudal residence of Nicolas Duc de Mercœur, and Count de Vaudemont; while the savoury steams that mingled with the clear mountain air, gave evidence of preparations for some extraordinary festivity. The occasion of this bustle in the kitchen was a supper to be given in honour of the marriage of the Lady Louise, the eldest daughter of the illustrious house of Lorraine Vaudemont, with the Count de Brienne; a ceremony which her father had decreed should take place that evening, although the consent of the reluctant bride had been obstinately withheld. This, however, was a preliminary, that, in the sixteenth century, was not considered indispensable.

The Duc de Mercœur was one of those luckless collaterals of a semi-royal house, who are doomed to support, with very inadequate means, a station in

society in accordance rather with their ancestral dignity, than their actual fortunes.

He was uncle of the reigning duke of Lorraine, and, having inherited little more than the barren lands, and title of Count de Vaudemont, he had imprudently taken, for his first wife, the dowerless orphan of the heroic Count Egmont. She, however, died, leaving him the father of two fair daughters, Louise and Marguerite. His second choice was directed by motives of interest; for he married the heiress of an illustrious family, from whom he derived some wealth, and the title of Duc de Mercœur; but his new alliance was productive of an offspring so numerous, that, after a time, he found himself almost as much embarrassed with pecuniary cares, as when he first succeeded to his stinted patrimonial domain. He looked with peculiar anxiety on the children of his first wife, having no means of providing for them; but his careful duchess, who regarded, with a jealous eye, her husband's affection for these portionless maidens, took the trouble of negociating a marriage for Louise with the wealthy Count de Brienne, a kinsman of her own.

Louise was just eighteen; the count was fifty-five, and very unprepossessing in his person and manners; but, had he been the handsomest peer in France, it would have been the same to Louise, whose heart was given to another. She was, in truth, secretly betrothed to the young Count Charles of Salm; but his friends were, not less than her own, averse to the marriage.

Louise, however, was determined to endure every persecution, rather than resign the object of her first affections. In this resolution she was supported by her sister Marguerite, who, though one year younger than herself, was of a far more energetic and decided character. Louise was all gentleness and feminine softness: though under the ordinary stature of women, her form exhibited the grace and symmetry of a fairy. Marguerite was tall and majestic, as well as graceful, and had the step and air of an empress. She too had an unprosperous love affair upon her hands, for she was beloved by Joyeuse, whose haughty father had banished him to the court of Poland, to prevent any further intercourse between him and a daughter of the house of Lorraine Vaudemont.

Yet Marguerite neither wept nor despaired; she relied implicitly on the constancy of Joyeuse, and she was only seventeen. It was when she observed the pale cheek and tearful eyes of poor Louise, that she first knew what it was to be unhappy; for Louise reposed all her griefs in her sister's bosom, and appeared to depend on her master-mind for support, and even for deliverance from her difficulties.

On the memorable evening of which I speak, Louise entered her sister's apartment with a distracted air, and flinging herself upon a couch, exclaimed, "It is all over, and nothing is now left for me, but to submit to the wretched destiny that awaits me, and to become the wife of the Count de Brienne."

"You shall do no such thing," replied Marguerite.

"Marguerite, resistance is of no avail; the sacrifice is inevitable."

"Say not so, my sister; you have only, as a last resource, to declare yourself under contract of marriage with another, and appeal to the church for protection."

"Ah! Marguerite, Marguerite, you know not what has occurred since I saw you last."

"Yes I do; I am perfectly aware that a considerable slaughter has taken place in the poultry-yard, and that the fatted calf has been killed for a supper, in honour of a bridal which will never be celebrated, if you exhibit a proper degree of spirit, and produce your contract with Charles of Salm."

"Charles of Salm!" exclaimed Louise, violently agitated, "ah! Marguerite, name him not; he is a worthless recreant, whom I now despise a thousand times more than I hate the Count de Brienne. I am no longer under contract of marriage to him, my sister; for I have torn the paper, and released him from his boyish love-plight, as he insolently styled our solemn betrothment."

"When was this, Louise, and how did it occur?"

"O, ask me not, my sister — it is enough that he on whom I relied for support in the crisis of my fate, has proved faithless, and now there is nothing left for me but to wed the Count de Brienne and die."

"Hush, hush, my sweet Louise! you shall not thus abandon yourself to despair, nor is it a matter of ne-

cessity, that because the man you love has proved unworthy of you, you should mar your peace for life by wedding another who is abhorrent to you. No, no; be ruled by me, and inflict on the Count de Brienne a little of the pain which the recreant Salm has caused you."

While the sisters were thus discoursing, Louise received a summons to attend her father, whom she found with the duchess, her step-mother, engaged in earnest conversation with the Count de Brienne, and the family priest.

"I did not send for you," said the duke, turning an angry glance upon Marguerite, who had followed the pale and sinking Louise.

"I came to support my sister, my lord," replied Marguerite.

"And to encourage her in her perversity, I suppose," said the duke; "but know, damsels, I will be trifled with no longer; the tapers are now lighted on the altar of the chapel, in readiness for the spousal rite, and within one hour, you, Louise of Lorraine, will be the wife of the Count de Brienne."

"I will never enter the chapel for such a purpose," said Louise, seating herself resolutely on the lowest step of the dais.

"Nay," returned her father, taking her by the arm, and forcibly lifting her fairy form from the lowly seat she had taken; "you will go, even if I am at the trouble of carrying you thither, in my arms, like a perverse baby, as you are."

"But no power on earth can compel me to pronounce the fatal vow," observed Louise.

"So said the royal Marguerite of France," responded the duke, "when it was deemed expedient to wed her to Henry of Navarre; yet it availed her nothing that she remained obstinately silent; for our late lord, King Charles, (whose soul may our Lady assoile!) in the face of all Paris compelled her to signify an assent by placing his hand on the back of her neck, and forcing her stubborn head to bow; and cannot I do the same by thee?"

"Courage!" whispered Marguerite to her trembling sister, "I predict a rescue!"

"What said you to Louise, audacious one?" demanded the duke, sternly.

"I was advising her to compose herself, my lord; for I hear horsemen approaching the castle."

"Horsemen! who should come to Vaudemont at this hour?"

"Persons of importance I should judge, by that bold bugle blast," responded Marguerite.

The horn, indeed, was sounded so long and lustily, as to startle the lord of the castle from his immediate purpose.

"Open, in the name of the king of France!" was the reply to the warder's challenge.

When this demand was communicated to the Duc de Mercœur, he proceeded forthwith to the gates to hold parley with the party by whom this unexpected requisition was made; and, opening a window

about six inches square, he inquired in a loud tone, "Who be ye, and what would ye of the lord of Vaudemont?"

"Open, in the name of the king of France!" was the response.

"The king of France is dead," replied the duke.

"The king of France never dies!" thundered a chorus of stern voices from without.

"Charles the Ninth sleeps," said the Duc de Mercœur, correcting his first somewhat unconstitutional assertion.

"Henry the Third is awake. Open, therefore, in his name!" rejoined another voice, which startled the cautious vassal of the vacant throne of France; but, these not being times in which it was safe to commit mistakes in the admission of guests, he replied:

"Henry the Third is in his far northern kingdom of Poland. We know not whether he hath so much as heard of the news of our late lord's decease; and even if the tidings reached him by a swift messenger, there hath been no time for him to gain the French frontier."

"Henry the Third is at thy gates," returned the other; "they travel quick who ride to win a throne. Fling back thy portal, and let it be thy proud boast, among thy peers, that thou wert the first to render homage to thy sovereign in his own dominions."

At these words the portcullis was hastily raised, the jealously barred gates were thrown open, and the lord of the castle, with bare head and on bended knee, greeted the foremost of the advancing company; who,

flinging back his dark travelling cloak, and raising his plumed hat from his brow, revealed the strikingly handsome features of Henry of Anjou, king of Poland, and the successor to the throne of France.

"By St. Denis! my lord duke, but this is a cold welcome on the frontier of my own kingdom," exclaimed he.

"I crave your pardon, my gracious lord; but these are troublesome times for the vassal peers of France. The Huguenots are in motion, and we being engaged in important family matters when your knights were pleased to summon us, our wits were not so clear as they might have been."

"So it should appear, lord duke," rejoined the sovereign.

"I hope, sire," pursued the mortified lord of Vaudemont, "you do me the justice to believe ——"

"That you are not disposed to waste your hospitality on unknown vagrants," rejoined the king, laughing. "The days of chivalry are well nigh over. A plague on these Huguenots and their preachers! We may thank them for that change; so no more apologies, but let us taste your Vaudemont pigeons, if you have nought else in your larder to set before us, for we are as hungry as Saracens."

"My gracious lord," replied the duke, "we are but a younger branch of the house of Lorraine, it is true, and therefore our cheer is humble, as you suppose; but, thanks be to the saints! our larder will furnish forth something beyond pigeons for your royal refection."

"O, I crave your pardon!" replied the king, "I spoke merely to put you at your ease, should you have already supped, as it is past eight o'clock."

"Our evening meal was, for family reasons, ordered two hours later than usual," returned the duke, with great solemnity, "and, if I mistake not, is ready to be placed on the board."

"Then, I pray you, order it to be served forthwith," rejoined the king.

The dishes which had been prepared for the bridal supper were immediately put in requisition to furnish forth the royal cheer. King Henry and his company were agreeably surprised at the appearance of a banquet which so far exceeded all reasonable expectations, and paid many compliments to the duke and duchess on their excellent housekeeping.

"By the soul of St. Louis! ye nobles of the provinces live well;" cried the monarch, after he had done ample justice to fish, flesh, fowl, and pastry. "I protest I have not even seen such a feast as this since I took my farewell of my good city of Paris. You must be a rich man, my lord duke, an' you cook such suppers every night at Vaudemont."

"Sire," replied the duke, "this is not our usual fare; for, truth to tell, this supper was provided in honour of the espousals of my eldest daughter, whose marriage your royal visit has, for the present, postponed."

"I owe the fair bride many apologies, by my fay," replied the king; "and all the amends I can offer to

her, is to bestow her with mine own hand on the bridegroom, to-morrow morning, before we depart from Vaudemont."

"Your grace will render us an unspeakable honour," said the duke.

"I have also to crave pardon of the bridegroom for the disappointment of which I have unintentionally been the cause," observed the king. "I pray you make him known to me, my lord duke. By my halidom!" continued the monarch, laughing, when the duke, with much formality, presented the Count de Brienne, "you are a bold man, count, to adventure on plighting faith with a lady whose father is evidently your junior. May we not see the fair bride?"

But the poor bride had availed herself of the confusion caused by the royal visit, to retreat with Marguerite to the sanctuary of her own apartment, having little desire to exhibit her tear-swollen eyes and pale cheeks to strangers.

The sisters were presently joined by their fille de chambre, Sophie, who came dancing into the apartment with crimsoned cheeks and sparkling eyes, exclaiming,

"O Holy Virgin! what an arrival is here!"

"An arrival!" cried Marguerite, "is it my Joyeuse?"

"Your young ladyship is a passing shrewd guesser," said Sophie; "but who, think ye, cometh with him?"

"Charles of Salm?" whispered Louise in a faltering voice.

"Nay; to what purpose should the recreant count

come here, since your ladyship would never see or speak to him again? But it is a true-hearted,—ay, and a royal bachelor of whom I speak."

"The king?" cried Marguerite, at a venture.

"Ay, the king,—the king, young ladies!" returned Sophie; "and I would advise you both to steal a look at him as he passeth to his chamber; ye may never see so goodly a sight again, for he is accounted the handsomest prince in the world. The heretic queen of England weareth the willow for his sake, they say; and he was compelled to fly from Poland by night, because the Polish ladies said they could not part with so beautiful a sovereign."

"My good Sophie, what nonsense you are talking!" interrupted Louise, impatiently.

"As you please, my lady Louise; however, if I were in your place, I would seek this amiable sovereign before he leaves the castle, and implore his royal interference to preserve you from this odious marriage."

"Excellent!" cried Marguerite; "come, dry your eyes, Louise, and to-morrow you shall make your appeal to the king in person."

"Hark!" cried Sophie, "the folding doors are thrown open; he is now going to his chamber."

Away ran the fair sisters to reconnoitre the monarch as he ascended the stairs.

"Ah, how handsome he is!" cried Louise, peeping over the balustrade.

There was a singular echo on the staircase of Vaudemont, which caused the flattering exclamation to

reach the royal ear; and, looking up, King Henry perceived, and saluted, with a profound reverence, the pretty simple trio, who were regarding him with such unequivocal tokens of admiration.

Louise felt as if she could have sunk into the earth, as she hastily retreated from her station, covered with blushes.

"Alas!" cried she, "I shall never dare present myself before King Henry, now!"

"Nonsense! he will be the more disposed to give you a favourable hearing," replied Marguerite.

They were now interrupted by a visit from the Duchess de Mercœur, who came to apprise Louise of the honour designed her by the king, in condescending to bestow her in marriage on the Count de Brienne, with his own hand, and exhorted her to conduct herself in a becoming manner on the important occasion.

A look and a sign from Marguerite induced Louise to receive this communication with patience. The duchess commended her for returning to reason, presented her with a handsome addition to her bridal jewels, and withdrew.

Marguerite, who, on the following morning, had risen with the lark, and had an interview with her beloved Joyeuse, before her sister was awake, now hastened to dispel Louise's slumbers, and assisted her bower maiden to set off her natural charms to the best advantage; not by dressing her in the costly bridal garb that had been prepared for her intended nuptials, but in a simple white robe, that flowed in soft easy

folds round her graceful form; and combing her beautiful fair hair in natural ringlets, that were simply confined by a fillet of pearls, to which her veil was attached. She then put into her hand a basket of fresh flowers, which she had gathered and arranged that morning, and bade her seek the king at the shrine of our Lady of Vaudemont, in the woods, whither, Joyeuse had informed her, Henry would proceed to pay his vows, alone, at six o'clock that morning.

Louise, with a beating heart, sought the little sanctuary, but not daring to enter it, she seated herself at the bottom of the steps leading to the chapel; and when the king came forth, she rose, put back her veil, and, bending her knee, offered him her flowers, with downcast eyes.

The king, greatly charmed with the touching simplicity of her appearance, selected a half-blown Provence rose, and a sprig of victory laurel, from her basket, and placed them in his bosom with one hand, while, with the other, he offered to raise her from her kneeling attitude.

"No," she replied; "I am a suppliant to your majesty, and cannot rise till you have granted my petition."

"Declare it, then, fair maid," replied the king, who immediately recognised the voice that had, on the preceding night, uttered the exclamation so peculiarly gratifying to his personal vanity.

"All I ask," said Louise, raising her soft blue eyes to her sovereign's face, "is your gracious protection

from a cruel doom, in which, they tell me, you are about to act the part of the executioner."

"Indeed!" replied the king, "my enemies give me credit for being a great barbarian, then; but you are talking in riddles, my fair damsel; so be pleased to tell me who you are, and what you desire of me?"

"Sire," returned she, "I am a poor motherless maiden, and my father hath been wrought upon by my cruel step-dame, to promise me in marriage to the most unloveable old peer in France; and the sacrifice would have been made last night, in spite of all my tears and remonstrances, had you not arrived, like my guardian angel, to prevent it."

"Ha, ha!" cried the king, laughing; "are you the young lady whose bridal cheer I so unceremoniously devoured?"

"Yes, sire; but you have done worse than that, if they say sooth, who tell me that you have promised to bestow me upon the Count de Brienne, this morning."

"They told you the truth," said the king, gravely.

"O heavens! but you will not commit so barbarous an act! — ah! if you could but know how much I detest him."

"Poor man! he is greatly to be pitied."

"Pitied!" cried Louise, in surprise.

"Yes, sweet Louise, pitied for being so much the object of your dislike."

"Ah! sire, you are pleased to make sport of my calamity."

"By no means; but perhaps it is in my power to

render Brienne more agreeable to you: suppose, now, I were to make him a duke?"

"If your majesty would make him a king, he would still be the object of my aversion."

"Poor Brienne! he is very unfortunate: but perhaps, lovely Louise, you have fixed your affections on another," said the king, taking the pretty suppliant by both her hands, and looking earnestly in her face.

"No; I hate — all men!"

"O you hard-hearted little tyrant! — but I shall not interfere to procure you the satisfaction of leading a single life, believe me," said the king, "especially since you are so unkindly disposed towards me."

"Towards you, sire!"

"Ay: — you told me just now that you hated all men!"

"Except my king," rejoined Louise.

"You are very kind, to make an exception in my favour."

"One must love the king," observed Louise; "it would be treason not to do so."

"I fear there are many traitors in France," was the rejoinder.

"I am not among them, sire, I protest to you," said Louise, earnestly raising her eyes to his face.

The king thought her very charming, and resolved to carry on the dialogue with the lovely petitioner.

"Come, give me some proofs of your loyalty;" said he.

"In the first place, sire, I always pray for you."

"Good; but how long have you done that?"

"Ever since the death of your royal brother, King Charles."

"Humph! a whole fortnight!" said the king.—"But, Louise," he inquired, after a pause, "what are your objections to the Count de Brienne?"

"Sire, they are innumerable. He is old, ugly, formal, and very disagreeable; and if your majesty will not, in charity, find some way of delivering me from his pertinacity, I shall be compelled to vow myself a nun, which I would rather not do."

"Well," said the king, "there are three ways in which I can work your deliverance. In the first place, I can rake up an old offence of his against my brother Francis, which, I think, with a little straining of evidence, will enable me to bring him to the block."

"Sire, I do not wish you to take his wretched life."

"Shall I interrupt the ceremony, then, by arresting your cruel father, and sending him to the bastille?"

"Not for a thousand worlds."

"Then there is only one other alternative: I must find a more agreeable husband for you."

Louise began to weep afresh. "Have I not told you, sire, that I hate all men?"

"Humph! I thought you made one exception," observed the king, looking into her eyes.

"Yes, one only."

"Positively, you flatter me too highly."

"But, sire," supplicated Louise, "you will deliver me from the Count de Brienne?"

"Have I not obligingly offered to cut off the tiresome old fellow's head for you?"

"All I ask, my liege, is that you would but condescend to forbid the marriage."

"Well, I promise,—will that content you? Have you any other request to prefer?"

"Sire, you are very gracious, and embolden me to implore of you to favour the marriage between Joyeuse and my sister Marguerite."

"Are the parties agreed?"

"Sire, they love each other to distraction."

"More fools they! What are the obstacles to their union?"

"The cruel opposition of his father, sire."

"I will engage to procure his consent."

"How very amiable your majesty is!"

"You are a charming girl," said the king, smiling; "but have you no love affair of your own, Louise, in which I could stand your friend?" continued he, regarding her with a penetrating look.

"Alas, no!" replied Louise.

"You have no wish to be married, then?"

"None."

"Farewell then, for the present. Remember, you may rely on me."

Louise pressed the hand of her sovereign to her lips, curtsied, and withdrew.

The Duc de Mercœur, fearing resistance on the part of the reluctant bride, came himself to conduct her into the royal presence.

Her serene demeanour surprised him, as he had expected to find her in agonies of despair. However, he made no remark on the alteration in her deportment; but concluding that the new and costly additions to her bridal jewels, which he had deemed it expedient for his duchess to present to her, on account of the share the sovereign was about to take in the ceremonial, had had the effect of reconciling Louise to her marriage with the Count de Brienne, he took her by the hand, and, followed by Marguerite, proceeded to the chapel.

"May it please your majesty," said the Duc de Mercœur, leading the blushing girl to his sovereign's feet, "this damsel is my eldest daughter, whom I have now the honour of presenting to you. Louise, perform your homage to your royal master."

Louise would have knelt and kissed the king's hand, but the monarch gracefully preventing her, saluted her on the cheek.

"You are very fortunate, my lord duke," observed he, "in being the father of so charming a daughter."

"Sire, you make us only too proud," said the duke; "this is the maiden, my liege, whom you were graciously pleased to promise to bestow in marriage on the Count de Brienne."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the king, who had continued to gaze on the trembling Louise with manifest admiration. "Did I really make so rash a promise?"

"Upon the honour of a peer of France, you did, my liege," said the Duc de Mercœur.

"Nay, then it was before I had seen the maiden, or I never could have promised to give her to another," returned the enamoured monarch.

"To another!" cried her father, advancing a step forward. "What mean you, sire?"

"My meaning is so honest, that I care not to disguise it," replied the king. "Louise of Lorraine-Vaudemont, speak out, and answer truly. Are you contracted in marriage to the Count de Brienne?"

"My gracious sovereign, I am not under contract of marriage to him or any one," replied Louise.

"Do you wish to become his wife?"

"No,—no,—no!" returned she, with great earnestness.

"How is this, my lord duke?" demanded the king, turning with a stern countenance to the Duc de Mercœur.

"My liege, this is sheer perversity on the part of the damsel," muttered the duke. "Had it not been for your arrival last night, sire, she had now been his wedded wife."

"I know not how maidens are wedded in the provinces," observed the king, "but in my good city of Paris, and every where else, where the law of God is obeyed, a marriage cannot be contracted without the consent of both parties, and your daughter, it seems, has not given hers to wed the Count de Brienne."

"Nor ever will!" said Louise.

"Then I forbid the marriage," said the king.

"My liege, is this a meet return for the hospitable

entertainment you have received at Vaudemont, to deprive me of so honourable a son-in-law as the Count de Brienne?" said the Duc de Mercœur.

"My lord duke, I trust to provide you with one whose alliance even you shall admit to be not less honourable."

"But my liege——" interrupted the duke with some heat.

"Nay," rejoined Henry, "wait till you hear his name, and then speak your pleasure; but first I crave conference with the young lady herself, for we would not press the suit unless assured from her own lips, that the new candidate for her love will be agreeable to her." Then, taking Louise by the hand, he led her aside from the company, and, when they were at a convenient distance to speak without being overheard, he said, "Louise of Lorraine, are you willing to become the bride of him who holds your hand in his?"

"Oh, my dread lord!" cried she, trembling with strong emotion, "how is that to be?"

"I did not ask you that, Louise; I only require of you a plain answer to my question. Are you willing to become my wife?"

"Your wedded wife, my lord?"

"Ay, my queen."

"O, my royal lord, how can the simple Louise of Lorraine support that awful name and dignity?"

"Enough, enough," said the king.—"Now my lord duke," pursued he, leading Louise to her father, "what say you to your sovereign, for a son-in-law?"

"Your majesty is pleased to jest with me."

"Nay, I am perfectly serious; and I, who might demand, request your consent to my marriage with your daughter."

"The blood of Charlemagne is in the maiden's veins, my liege, and, if she be your wife, she must also be your queen."

"She shall, my lord, and this day three weeks she shall be crowned, and anointed with me in the Cathedral of Rheims," replied the king.

"Then she is yours, my liege," said the duke.

"Priests, draw up a solemn contract of betrothment," said the king; then turning to the Count de Brienne, who stood gnawing his embroidered glove with a malcontent countenance, the monarch gaily added, "But for you, my good count, I scarcely know what I am to do to console you for your present disappointment."

"I will settle that matter by giving him my second daughter," said the duke.

"Not so fast, my lord duke," cried the king: "I have another alliance in view for the sister of our gracious queen. The Lady Marguerite of Lorraine must not be wedded to any man unmeet to be the brother-in-law of his sovereign. She is, moreover, contracted in marriage to my noble kinsman Joyeuse."

"Your grace appears to be in possession of many particulars relating to my family, of which *I* was in ignorance," observed the Duc de Mercœur.

"Ay," replied the king, "and of some passages in the past life of him who was to have been your son-in-law, which, haply, he would not thank me for disclosing. — Nay, nay, my lord of Brienne, never change your colour thus; we are willing to forget all past misdemeanours, provided you can forgive us the loss of so fair a bride."

"My liege, you have shown me my folly in aspiring to call her my countess, to whom I now offer right humbly the homage due from a subject to his queen," replied the Count de Brienne; and, with as good a grace as he could command, he, in turn, affixed his sign manual in witness to his sovereign's contract with the fair Louise of Lorraine.

In three weeks from that day the contract was fulfilled by the marriage of Louise to her sovereign. The alliance caused some surprise at first; but a new king and a handsome king is generally a privileged person in France; and the beauty and feminine graces of the young queen made her an object of universal interest and unbounded popularity with the good people of Paris, a popularity which her virtues rendered permanent.

A FAREWELL TO HOME.

The winds are loud; the sky is wild; —
Sad Nature, mourn'st thou for thy child,
From flowers, and air, and green fields driven,
And all the beauteous face of Heaven,
Into the wilderness of stone, —
Destined there to live alone,
Toiling upwards, day by day,
For the Fame that lives for aye,
And for Fortune (golden sun),
And all else that must be won?

The winds are loud; the sky is wild;
And cloud on mountain cloud is piled,
And the black tempest o'er the plain
Comes moaning in his wrath of rain, —
Comes chiding, like an angry friend,
That I should leave thee, Old Grove End!
Ah, well — Time *was* when thou and I
Were all in all, beneath the sky,

Unto each other — when I played
Upon thy grass — beneath thy shade —
Before thy hundred branching vines —
Or where Ayr's wanderer rose entwines
The grey wall with its thorny arms,
And loved and laughed on all thy charms!
Farewell, — farewell each path, each flower,
Each tree with music for its dower, —
Laburnums, with your drops of gold,
And you, dark Mulberry, rich and old,
Rough-visaged, raining blood-red fruit,
(Which ladies' lips did sometimes suit,
As sweet tunes match the sweeter lute,)—
Farewell, twin Poplars, — mine no more,—
Whom I in boyhood taught to soar;
(Why stand ye murmuring, morn and eve?
Is it for *me* ye strive to grieve?)
Magnolias — Jasmines, (sweeter none,) —
Ye Violets, in the southern sun —
And thou, wild Giant Plant, that clingest
Column and trelliced arch about,
And shadow in thy vast leaves bringest,
Shutting the fiery West all out —
And you, ye thousand thousand flowers,
All playmates of the sunshine hours,
Farewell! — Farewell the dreams of youth,
When life was joy — when Hope was truth —
When days were cloudless — Time too brief —
And my pillow was the poppy leaf,

And all the world was frank and true,
And Heaven was one eternal blue, —
Farewell! — and thou, nurse, guardian, friend,
Farewell for ever, Old Grove End!

H. G. A.

P. S. Now, Mary, we have looked our last!
Your bright eyes now must seek the past.
Give your heart way, and let it go
Into those regions dim — yet, no;
Let you and I, fair sister, look,
Into the *Future's* radiant book,
And learn its lesson, and the scope
It offers to the hearts that hope;
And *we* will hope: for, sister, mark,
To-morrow is not *always* dark;
But Time, within his portals grey,
Holds suns as clear as yesterday —
Holds airs as gentle — stars as true,
As ever looked down from the blue, —
Perhaps — who knows? — holds some true friend
May make amends for Old Grove End!

H. G. A.

THE FIRST STAGE;

Or, the Drive to the Steamer.

BY A WANDERER IN SEARCH OF HEALTH.*

The rising sun was just beginning to re-gild the cross of St. Paul's — the feathered race were pouring forth, from the eaves of houses and the crannies of chimneys, their morning hymn to the God of Light — trains of rustic nymphs, crowned with fruits and flowers, were gliding in, through the suburbs, on their way to the temples of Flora and Pomona, in Covent Garden — the bugle was occasionally heard, from the top of a stage-coach, echoing along the Strand — but the great tide of human existence had not begun to flow, even at the confluences of Charing Cross and Cheapside.

And whither had those torrents of life, of feeling, and of action retreated? They had vanished for a time, from the stage — or dissolved in thin air, — as they

* The following sketch was designed by the Author of "Change of Air; or, the Pursuit of Health," as the first chapter of a "Tour up the Rhine, and through Switzerland and Italy," which was performed in the autumn of 1834, but the account of which is delayed, perhaps indefinitely, by professional avocations.

must ultimately sink in the grave. And what is the difference between this temporary and eternal sleep? As far as the soul, or even the mind is concerned, it would puzzle the most subtle philosopher or metaphysician to define the distinction between the two states. Excepting the occasional dream, which appertains more to animal sensation than to spiritual existence, there is no tangible or appreciable discrimination. If then, the soul can exist, in sleep, without exhibiting any cognizable sign of *being* — why not in death also? There is as much proof of its annihilation in the former as in the latter condition. In other words, the absence of any sign of the soul's existence is no proof of its extinction.

Be that as it may, the mysterious wave of oblivion that nightly overflows the cares, the toils, the passions, and the pains of mankind, is one of the kindest boons that Heaven has accorded to the human race. That miraculous state of existence, in which we

"Live without life, and, without dying, die,"

affords the most convincing proof of a designing and beneficent Deity, that has ever been adduced by philosopher or divine.

But although this inestimable blessing be equally dispensed to mortals, it is not equally enjoyed. From the couch of some it is driven by a conscience too sensitive, or a memory too retentive — from that of others, by misfortunes unmerited, or grief unavailing. Sleep shuns the pillow of pining love — of blighted ambition — and of grasping avarice — even more than

the bed on which is stretched the victim of bodily torture. Opiates may allay corporeal pain—they only aggravate the maladies of the mind.

The wanderers drove along the empty streets, now almost as silent and solitary as those of Pompeii. They ascended an eminence, on which stands a gorgeous Temple,* more imposing to the eye of the spectator than its loftier and prouder rival in the eternal city. They made their obeisance to the sceptred female in front of the fane, who points to the shades where imagination may picture Wren and Angelo, discussing the merits of their mighty labours.

The wanderers soon arrived at another Temple,† not so majestic as that erected to the apostle, nor surmounted by the sacred emblem of our holy religion. It is dedicated to a deity of questionable character, and of suspicious residence. This god is painted by the ancients as lame, blind, and furnished with wings: — lame, because very slow in his approaches to those who invoke him—blind, because indiscriminate in the distribution of his favours — winged, because, however tardy in advancing to his votaries, he vanishes, like lightning, when he leaves them in distress.

Notwithstanding these qualities, Plutus is worshipped, in his temple in Threadneedle Street, by a far more numerous tribe of devotees, than the "true God" in St. Paul's. Nor is insincerity a failing that can be fairly charged to his disciples. The Hebrew adores him with a devotion which is due only to

* St. Paul's. † The Bank.

Jehovah. The Mussulman prostrates himself before his shrine, with more fervour than before the tomb of the prophet in Mecca. The Persee gives him precedence of the sun. The Hindoo holds him, if possible, in more reverence than he does the cow. The christian is ever ready and happy to admit him among his household gods. The sceptic has no doubt of his existence and influence — and even the atheist believes in his divinity.

This idol of universal worship is composed of two metals, dug originally out of the bowels of the earth, and generally stigmatized as the "root of evil." Effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum! But this metallic idol can assume the shape and attributes of every thing on this globe — from the solid ingot of Peru, to the gossamer slips of paper in his own temple, impressed with characters which all nations can read. It moulds itself into the crown on the head of the prince — into the mitre on the head of the prelate — into the coronet on the brow of nobility. It gilds the sword of the hero, and not unfrequently directs its murderous point. It tips the pen of the poet, which then immortalizes demerit, and denounces genius. It gives eloquence to the advocate, alike in the cause of virtue or of vice. The pursuit of this idol is more profitable to the physician than the search after the philosopher's stone. By drawing some cabalistic symbols on a piece of paper, he converts it into a piece of gold.

It every hour works more miracles than are ascribed

to the conjurors of Egypt — and performs more metamorphoses than were ever dreamt of by the Roman bard. It cannot re-animate the lifeless clay; but it does more —it deifies the dead. It converts age into youth—deformity into symmetry — ignorance into learning — and imbecility into energy. In fine, under the smiles of this idol, any body may calculate on the suffrages of every body; — while under his frowns, nobody need expect the countenance of any body.

Close to the Temple of Plutus the wanderers observed a large quadrangular edifice,* whose courts and chambers, though then empty, are daily crowded with anxious faces, exhibiting the features of almost every people in the world. Nothing distinct can be heard by the stranger, in the general buzz and confusion of tongues. The expressions of countenance in the crowd are often strongly marked. Hope, fear, despair, joy, terror, and doubt — in short, all the more turbulent emotions of mind are here depicted in the most unequivocal characters. One would take it for a gigantic pandemonium, or gambling-house; but no cards, dice, or other implements of moral destruction are visible.

Over the dome of the building hovers a glittering animal, of extraordinary dimensions, watching each change of the wind, and never appearing to take rest. It seems to be a gigantic spider, whose magnetic web is spread over the whole surface of the globe. By means of this web, and the animal's antennæ, or feelers, every

* Royal Exchange.

event — moral or physical — that occurs in any part of the world, is quickly communicated, like an electric vibration, to this common sensory. Here is the heart of the nation, which throbs, in sympathy, with every sensation experienced by the human race! Here is the barometer, which indicates every vicissitude of fortune or fate, from the rising to the setting sun — from the palm-leafed hut of the southern savage, to the snow-covered burrow of the Lapland boor! So sensitive are these lines of communication, and the nervous centre on which they impinge, in this building, that even the thoughts of men at a thousand miles' distance, are manifested, by some mysterious agency, to the minds — or imaginations — of the crowd, in the courts and piazzas of this wonderful edifice!

In this temple, two celebrated goddesses of antiquity are zealously worshipped, — Fame and Fortune: the former, with her brazen trumpet and hundred tongues; the latter, seated on bags of gold, with a cornucopia in her hand. Fortune, it is well known, is blind; but the goddess makes especial use of her ears, and eagerly listens to the incessant rumours and tales of her loquacious sister, Fame. Although the golden goddess is too often fickle, inconstant, and indiscriminate, in the distribution of her favours,—being one day a miser, the next a prodigal,—she has this excuse: that fate has placed a bandage on her eyes. Her errors are, therefore, of the head, rather than of the heart; of the judgment, rather than of the feeling. Not so her sister of the brazen trumpet and hundred tongues!

To her, truth and falsehood are alike acceptable; or, if she shows a preference, it is to the latter. But this is not all: in the deep and dark recesses of her temple, she keeps a huge cauldron, for ever boiling, and into which the goddess flings every human event, from the revolutions of empires down to the death or disgrace of individuals, — there to be transformed, distorted, metamorphosed into shapes which the goddess herself can hardly, at times, recognise. As these rise from the cauldron, she pours them into the greedy ears of her sister goddess, who quickly and joyfully proclaims them to myriads of expectant listeners. Hence the perturbations that agitate the human breast in this electric atmosphere, at each vibration of the magnetic lines, that radiate thence to every point of the moral and political horizon. Hence, too, the long black catalogue of new and horrible maladies, unknown, even by name, to our forefathers, and which every hour snap the thread of life, or embitter the cup of existence. Upon this focus of pestilence, this box of Pandora, which scattered, with such prodigality, its "terrores magicos portentaque Thessala," — the wanderers gladly turned their backs.

They soon came in front of a large structure,* with a noble portico, supported by Corinthian pillars. "This," said one of the wanderers, "was once the temple of Brahma, and afterwards the palace of the great Mogul; but the dynasty of the emperor becoming extinct, the seat of empire was transferred from Delhi

* East India House.

to the Thames. The present edifice, erected on the ruins of so many temples and palaces, is occupied by a divan of merchant-monarchs, who rule over, and legislate for a hundred millions of subjects, none of whom they have ever seen."

The wanderers turned away towards the banks of Old Thames. They passed the Temple of Janus,* with its turrets, towers, moats, and draw-bridge. Happily the temple had now continued closed for more than twenty years. Aspirating a wish, rather than a hope, that its portals might never again turn on their hinges, the wanderers embarked, and bade adieu to Modern Babylon.

* The Tower.

MILTON.

What varied music breathes throughout thy pages!
Now like a brook meandering along;
And then old voices calling through past ages;
Anon an ocean, stormy, deep, and strong;
Then like the muttered words of thoughtful sages;
And then like soft-voiced maidens, who among,
The old green forests warble, low and sweet;
And then a mazy dance with many tinkling feet.

T. M.

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY ELIZA WALKER.

1.

The early dead! the early dead!
We gaze upon thy lowly bed,
And breathe, with sorrow's selfish sigh,
"Fair child, thou wert too young to die!"
And fain would win thee from the blest,
And break thy dreams of golden rest.

2.

The early dead! the early dead!
Oh! let no grieving tears be shed,
For those who pass from death to life,—
From earth to heaven,—ere comes the strife
With sin and sorrow, toil and care,
With blighted hope, and dark despair.

3.

The early dead! the early dead!
Oh! weep not for the spirit fled,
But weep and pray for those who still
Climb, sad and faint, life's weary hill,—
Weep, that they found not peace before,
And pray, that they may "sin no more."

Painted by J. W. Wright.

Engraved by W. C. Barkentin.

THE MAIDENS VOW.

Published by Smith, Elder & Co. Cornhill.

THE MAIDEN'S VOW.

BY SARAH STICKNEY.

On the summit of one of those mountainous crags which mark the course of some of the noblest and most majestic rivers, embedded as it were in the solid rock, which seemed as if, by the work of nature, not of art, it had shot up into a phalanx of turrets and embattlements, stood the ancient castle of Drachenstein. Below were fertile fields and woods, at intervals stretching out into green promontories, as if to defy the force of the impetuous stream. Above was nothing but the blue heavens, and sometimes the shadow of the eagle's wing, as he sailed, a solitary voyager, along a sea of azure, seeking his eyrie in the distant mountains.

The Countess Von Weimar looked, from the window of her high tower, upon the wide-spreading landscape, and thought how cruel and unjust was the decree that had robbed her son and only child of his hereditary possessions; leaving him, for the support of his rank and title, little besides the barren splendour of that

stern and solitary castle; while the orphan daughter of an alien — a mere adventurer — claimed a legal right to the broad lands which had, for many generations, belonged to the noble family of Weimar.

The countess was not envious, but she was a mother. She was also the daughter of a noble house; and although, when reflecting upon the issue of those intestine wars by which her country was desolated, she was compelled to acknowledge, that to be stripped of all but an unsupported title to nobility, in return for the unflinching fidelity of her family to one contending party, was a calamity so widely participated in, that she could look for little sympathy for the peculiar misfortunes of her own house, the very consciousness of the inutility of complaint rendered her sorrow more deep, while the incommunicable sense of injury and wrong cast a gloom over her character and habits, which the world accounted for solely by the circumstance of her being a widow and alone. Alone she could not be. No; there was one bright picture even in the page of her life, one object ever beautiful, that inspired her alternately with joy and sorrow; with joy, that her fair-haired boy inherited all the graces and the virtues of his honoured father, — with sorrow, that he inherited no more.

We have said that the countess was not envious. She knew none of the littleness, and cherished none of the bitter and malignant feelings of a vulgar mind. She could therefore meet the acquaintance of the man to whom the wealth of her family had been transmitted,

secure, in the calm dignity of her own noble heart, against betraying the slightest weakness or resentment. She reflected that it was not his individual cupidity, but the chance of war, which had placed them in their relative positions; and when he first solicited the hand of her sister in marriage, it had cost her only one effort, one strong conflict of mind, to yield her consent to the union.

It was not long, however, that her feelings were put to the test by this somewhat painful connection. Before she was herself a widow, her niece, the infant Gertrude, was left an orphan; and, by a singular coincidence, the heiress of the vast possessions which had once belonged to the ancient family of Weimar, was, by her mother, her last surviving parent, committed to the protection of the countess, who studiously and affectionately performed to her sister's child all the duties of a mother; not, it may be supposed, without visions of the future, in which the fate of the infant Gertrude was intimately connected with that of her own son. It will also be as readily supposed that this ideal connection was well calculated to render the orphan an object of intense interest and solicitude to her adopted parent; though it is probable the countess was not herself aware how much her affection for her niece was strengthened by her power to restore to the unconscious Rudolph, the wealth of which his father had been deprived.

How little of these searching memories, or far-stretching calculations, troubled the minds of the happy chil-

dren, as they wandered together down the mountain paths, to watch the flocks and herds in the still valley below; or loitered away the bright summer hours amongst the flowers and the wild plants, listening to the forest birds; or gazed delighted on the gushing streams that wore themselves a channel through the rock; or looked up to the pure sky, and around upon the green earth, with souls as peaceful and untainted, as if they had been newly created spirits basking in the bowers of Paradise.

Rudolph was by nature, as well as education, an adventurous boy, for he had been early taught that he must seek his fortunes in the tented field; and Gertrude possessed the calm unflinching resolution that made her follow withersoever he might lead. Thus they became familiar with all the shepherd's huts, the mountain paths, the waterfalls, and craggy heights around the castle of Drachenstein; and so reluctant was the countess to enforce any separation that would be likely to weaken their affection for each other, that it was not until fully convinced that the life her son was leading, would be little likely to enable him to fill successfully the honourable station for which he was destined, that she consented to his being sent from home, to pursue more manly and intellectual avocations.

It is probable that no consideration of utility would have induced her to send away her niece from the immediate influence of her affection, and her care. Nor, in the case of Gertrude, was it so important that the same discipline should be adopted; as the countess, by

her own judicious instruction, supplied to her all that was necessary in the form of female education. This education was, however, rendered more complete, by the assistance of Father Ambrosius, a zealous and devoted priest, whose hermit life, and solemn and devotional feelings, had a powerful effect upon the mind of the young orphan, prepared as it was for receiving melancholy ideas, by the first affliction of her life, the loss of her cousin Rudolph; on whom she had been dependent, not only for the gaiety of her childhood, but for that protection and support which a female, even in childhood, needs. To the silent gloom of the venerable castle Gertrude might also owe something of the premature gravity by which her character was strongly marked; and often did the countess regret that her own secluded habits rendered the home of her niece so uncongenial to the spirit of youth.

"We shall be more cheerful when Rudolph returns," she would frequently observe, as she sat with Gertrude, watching the gradual disappearance of daylight from the valleys and the mountain-tops; and the anxious and contemplative girl would look into her face, while the tears started in her eyes, and ask if she really thought that Rudolph ever would return.

Her idle but melancholy forebodings, however, all gave way before the 'sober certainty of waking bliss;' for Rudolph did return, not wearing the cold and quiet aspect of a student, but the air and manner of a young soldier; while, with a step light as that of the wild roe, he bounded once more over his native hills, and traced,

with unabated ardour, the paths, the watercourses, and the tracks of the goats, which years of study had not obliterated from his memory.

Time had done much for the young friends in their absence from each other. Gertrude had not grown more beautiful, but more refined and womanly — more thoughtful — more imaginative, and more deeply impassioned in her feelings. While her young lover — for such he was considered by himself, and every one else — seemed to have burst the bonds of childhood, only to have become more rich in health and beauty.

It was a proud moment for the heart of the countess, when he first stood before her in the graceful dignity of early manhood; and ever as she descanted, with partial praise, upon his mental and personal endowments, the cheek of Gertrude glowed with a deeper bloom; but she uttered not a word in response, and the fond mother thought her feelings were cold to the merits of her son. Rudolph too, wondered why his cousin was so grave. Was not the world fair, and did not a long life, crowned with wealth and glory, smile before them? He was not acquainted with that fearful misgiving, so natural to the trembling heart of woman, which tells her that she is not worthy to be chosen by the man she loves; and therefore he strove, with all his powers of wit and eloquence, to soothe and win the heart of the orphan, whom he had long since learned to cherish and regard as his future bride.

Nor were his kind attentions ineffectual. Gertrude began to smile again, as if the sunshine of their early

life was upon her. It was not, however, until the countess had explained that the gift of her hand would bestow a rich and valuable dowry upon Rudolph, that she plighted her faith to become his wife, with the fervent joy of a devotee, who sacrifices a welcome offering upon a holy shrine. At the same time an emotion of becoming gratitude inspired the young lover with the most eloquent expressions of delight; and then he turned away to talk with the countess of his appointment in the army, and the approaching campaign in which he hoped to distinguish himself amongst the patriotic and the brave.

Nor was it long before the glad summons came to call him from his native home, where stillness and solitude had become painfully monotonous to his ardent and enthusiastic temper. And well as he loved his cousin, — for he did love her, in sincerity and truth, now that she was happy and confiding, and like herself again, — his bosom panted for the fields of glory. He longed to meet the foe upon the battle field, that he might try the strength of his arm, and the bravery of his soul.

The trial came, and the thunder of war awoke the spirit of his forefathers in his bosom. He fought with the cool determination of a practised soldier. A distinguished troop of chosen men, amongst whom Rudolph had been placed, were victorious over thrice their number. He was promoted, — wrote home in the impulse of the moment, and — forgot to mention Gertrude.

She, poor girl! read the letter for the twentieth time, at midnight, in her solitary chamber, kneeling before a crucifix, imploring Heaven to guard her future husband in the hour of trial and of danger; and once before she rose from that posture of supplication, she prayed that he might sometimes be inspired with kind thoughts of her, all unworthy as she was.

The chances of war are uncertain. The next account which reached the castle, was that Rudolph had been dangerously wounded, but had been kindly cared for by a noble family, to whose chateau he and a brother officer had been conveyed.

The next letter was from Rudolph himself. He had escaped from danger, and was dwelling in a perfect elysium, with a family whose accomplishments and virtues were so far beyond his praise, that he would not attempt to describe them. And now he spoke of Gertrude, and called her his cousin, and wished she could see the angelic beings who ministered to his wants so kindly, that he was almost sorry to be convalescent; and then he rambled on about social habits, cheerfulness, lively conversation, and music, and all pleasant things, in which Gertrude's extreme sensitiveness to her own defects, led her to suspect that she she was lamentably deficient; but she did not do justice to herself, for she had talents of a higher order than Rudolph's, and taste and skill in many polite acquirements, that were well calculated to improve and refine his own. It was the gloom of the castle, the monotonous nature of her own pursuits, and

the absence of all cheering companionship, that had worn down her spirits; and she pictured, in colours as vivid as they were fanciful, the brilliant society with which her lover was surrounded.

Rudolph's next letter was addressed to Gertrude. Cautious, and concise, and worded with a strictness of propriety to which he was but little addicted, it contained no mention of his recent illness, nor the slightest allusion to the family he had necessarily left, — for he was on his way to join the army. And, from this time no tidings of him reached the castle for many months, except that soon after his recovery, he had been ordered with his regiment abroad.

Such days and weeks of uncertain calculation passed over the inmates of the castle, as none but the dwellers in solitude are able to number, until the most fearful anxiety took possession of the countess and her niece. At length, after the expiration of more than a year, they received a short and hurried letter from Rudolph, announcing his intended return. It contained nothing but a detail of the plans for his proposed journey, and the probable time of his arrival, and stay at home; but his mother inwardly resolved, that Gertrude should fulfil her plighted vow, before her lover again trusted his life to the dangers and uncertainties of war.

There was but one in the castle of Drachenstein, whose eye detected, on the return of Rudolph, the slightest alteration in his look or manner, which did not call forth an increase of delight and admiration. Gertrude had been the first to hear the trampling of

his war-horse in the castle-yard. She had looked from the window of the tower, but met no upward gaze that would have told how well he knew the spot. He might be conversing with the old domestics; but whatever he was engaged in, his eye was bent down, and the shadow of a heavy plume darkened his brow; while his movements evinced no haste to meet the friend of his childhood, the betrothed of his heart.

He came, however, at last, with the free bold step of a soldier, into the presence of his mother and Gertrude. He embraced them both with the dutiful affection of a son, and a brother. He spoke kindly in the language of former years: the hand of Gertrude trembled in his. She could bear any thing but his kindness, and she burst into tears. He made no attempt to soothe her, nor asked her why she wept; but he fixed upon her face a long, long, earnest gaze, which told not so much of consciousness that she was near him, as of thoughts and memories of things far away.

The morrow came, and all within the castle assumed an air of cheerfulness; for if there was any taint of sorrow on the occasion of Rudolph's return, it was confined to an under current, and was wholly imperceptible to eyes untutored in the mysteries of love and grief.

Gertrude was not present when the countess first communicated to Rudolph her wish that his marriage with her niece should be celebrated during his present sojourn at the castle. She was therefore spared the

pain of seeing the sudden emotion with which he heard this unexpected announcement. He soon recovered himself, however, and the countess, intent only upon her own plans, perceived nothing but satisfaction in his look and manner. Nor did he betray any signs of reluctance, when afterwards conversing on the subject with Gertrude. His words were well calculated to soothe her apprehensions; and, whatever were his secret regrets, his intentions were honourable and sincere, when he pressed her to comply with his mother's wishes.

What would Gertrude not have given at that moment to look into his very soul? Time, she thought, would reveal the state of his affections more clearly, and she would wait and watch him.

And she did watch him, with that searching penetration which all women of sense and sensibility possess, in discovering that they are, or are not, beloved; and the result of her observation was not of a character to feed her hopes. He sometimes met her smiles with a grave averted look; and often, while she was speaking to him, even of their future life, his thoughts would wander from the subject, and he would start to find that she had been so long unheeded.

Still, she was happy in that most meagre source of satisfaction, his mere presence. There was to her devoted heart, a light, and a gladness, simply in being near him.

And thus, day after day passed on, — for Rudolph was allowed more than a month of absence, — and

their bridal was fixed for the last week before he left his home.

It happened one morning, that, as the lovers wandered together along a path which had been the favourite haunt of their childhood, Gertrude accidentally mentioned the day of the year, — for it was one consecrated to a saint, and held peculiarly sacred by Father Ambrosius. She was aware of nothing else by which it was distinguished; but Rudolph started as if he had suddenly heard a passing bell, and dropping the arm of Gertrude, and turning hastily round, as if to look at the landscape, he drew his tablets from his bosom, and examined one with peculiar and marked interest.

It was impossible, after this, to pursue any connected train of conversation. Sudden starts of attention, incoherent exclamations, and answers far from the point, were all that Gertrude could elicit by her endeavours to beguile the wandering thoughts of her lover. At last, she sat down in utter despair, and fell into a fit of sorrowful musing, during which her companion left her.

Impelled by that capricious feeling which makes us seek to alleviate the agitation of the mind, by an excess of corporeal exertion, he had set himself to climb an almost inaccessible point of rock, overhanging an impetuous torrent, that burst from its mountain prison into the bed of the river below.

On this frightful eminence Rudolph had stood like an eagle about to spread its wings and soar away into the distant heavens. After he had remained for a long

time, fixed and statue-like, as if his figure was but a portion of the primeval rock, shaped out into that graceful form by the genius of the mountain, he prepared to descend.

Gertrude had watched him with intense and painful interest, and as he now retraced his perilous path, she started from her seat, with a feminine impulse, as if to be ready to throw herself between him and danger. Well might she tremble for the restless and adventurous spirit that had lured his steps to the brink of a frightful precipice, where no human foot had ever trod before. In vain she called to him, and waved her scarf, and tried by every practicable means to warn him of his danger. He seemed, amidst the elements of nature, to be courting the fate which the storm of battle had denied him; and Gertrude, who saw him advancing to where the torrent rushed through a narrow chasm, whose perpendicular sides were connected at a dizzy height by a natural bridge of rocks, loosely heaped together, as if the foot even of the mountain kid might displace them, shrunk away from that scene of terror, and hiding her face in her hands, endeavoured to shut out all consciousness of sight and sound.

It was in this state of agonizing dread, that she heard the crash of falling timber, followed by the sound of loose fragments of rock rolling into the bed of the torrent; and, with no thought but of her lover's peril, she rushed to the spot whence the sound proceeded. She looked upward, but he was not upon the dizzy height,—around, but he was no where to be seen. She

called his name, but the roar of the water drowned her voice.

At length her eye was fixed by something like a human form, stretched far down upon the rocks beneath; and, without regarding the difficulty of the descent, or for one moment losing sight of that single object, she forced her way through such a pass, as none but a desperate woman would have attempted.

It was indeed the senseless form of Rudolph that lay before her; his lips already bore the impress of death, while, with a grasp it was impossible to unloose, he clasped the fragment of a tree, whose blighted bough had received him.

Gertrude was not one of those privileged women who lose the bitterest sense of calamity in a happy unconsciousness of being. She believed that the life she valued far beyond her own, was gone for ever; but she tried not the less, by all the efforts of affection, to restore it. She felt the marble brow, — pressed the pale lips to her own,—laid her hand upon the heart, and, the better to admit the breath of life, if any power of respiration yet remained, she opened the vest. O blissful moment! there was a faint throb, and then a movement of the lips. But what has the opening of that vest revealed? The picture of a lovely female, set in gold, and shrined as it were within the region of the heart!

Was it a blissful moment to the orphan Gertrude, when the warm blood again suffused her lover's cheek? Was it a blissful moment, when, with the dim consciousness of returning life, he fixed his opening eyes

upon her, and recognising nothing but the figure of a female bending over him, in the attitude of one who ministers to the sick, pronounced the name of *Constance* with such a calm, sweet, peaceful smile, as never yet had been awakened by the feeling that his betrothed was near him?

It was not long before a slight convulsion passed over his countenance, and his heavy eyes again were closed. Gertrude believed him to be dying; but she did not, could not suffer more than in the previous moment, and again she used every effort to restore him. Her assiduity was rewarded by gradually returning signs of consciousness; and as she sat upon the rock, with her lover's head upon her lap, she had time to enter into deep communion with her own heart, to question, and convince herself of its capability to do and suffer all that a stern necessity might require.

She was interrupted in her silent meditations, by the awakening of Rudolph, as if from a long sleep. He knew not that he had spoken, or that his secret treasure had been revealed. He was even ignorant that his life had been in danger, until Gertrude, with pale lips, but steady voice, explained to him all that had passed; omitting only that circumstance which to her eye had changed the aspect of the whole world.

It was with a feeling, as if the very mountains would sink beneath the weight of her spirits, that Gertrude prepared for the difficult ascent to the castle; yet she stretched out her arm for the support of Rudolph, and guided his steps among the slippery stones.

A long time was required, even with many intervals of rest, for them to reach the castle; and here the kind attentions of Gertrude were still unceasing. But a night of perfect quiet did more than all her care to re-establish the strength of Rudolph, and on the morrow he arose, invigorated and refreshed.

On discovering that he was really himself again, Gertrude intimated to him her wish that he should meet her that evening in the chapel, to assist her in the performance of a holy duty; adding, that she proposed to spend the intermediate time with Father Ambrosius.

Though the request of Gertrude wore an air of mystery, Rudolph felt little interest about her holy duty. He thought it was a thanksgiving for his escape from danger, prayers to a favourite saint, or some romantic notion of dedication previous to the marriage-vow; but he went, notwithstanding, at the appointed time.

The chapel was dimly lighted, and, as he had anticipated, Father Ambrosius was present. Gertrude knelt before the altar. At the sound of his step she turned her head for one moment, and he thought her lips trembled as if with a deep and silent agony. But her eye wandered no more from the crucifix to which Father Ambrosius pointed, in order to recall her troubled spirit; and, with a voice almost sepulchral in its hollow tones, she uttered a solemn and irrevocable vow, to renounce for ever the world and its pleasures, — to devote herself to a convent life, — to become the bride of Heaven.

Rudolph was utterly confounded by what he saw

and heard. He felt as if he could not, dared not interrupt the sacred stillness of the place and hour; and the vow was spoken and sealed, and registered on high before he was fully conscious of its awful and eternal import. It was then impossible to remonstrate, for with a quiet dignity, as if already she had shaken off the bonds of earth, the tall pale form of Gertrude glided from the chapel.

While the excitement of the moment lasted, she felt equal to every necessary effort, and therefore she sought the chamber of the countess in haste, to avail herself of the strange unnatural strength that nerved her for the last trial. Here, however, she had all her earliest and fondest associations to combat with, unassisted by her spiritual father, or by any of those religious rites in which she had spent the whole of the day, in order to prepare herself for the utterance of her vow. She had also to combat with the strong will, and stronger wishes of one who had been to her as a mother; and when she found that the occupation of the countess had been to collect together the most valuable jewels which had graced her own bridal, in order to have them remodelled for that of her niece,—when she entered too into the home feelings of that chamber, there came upon her heart such a yielding softness, such a yearning after all the social comforts and tender offices of domestic life, that the temporary sublimity to which her spirit had been raised, had well nigh given way, and left her to become that most desolate of human beings — an unloved wife.

Shrinking with redoubled horror from this view of the future, Gertrude plunged at once into her story, telling to the astonished countess, the truth,—but not all the truth.

"My child," said the countess, "this accident of Rudolph's has disturbed your mind. You know not what you say. Go, dearest Gertrude, and after you have slept another night, we will converse on this subject."

"Mother!" said Gertrude, "I shall never be more collected than I am at this moment. Kneeling at the altar, I have already uttered my vow. Father Ambrosius has heard it. To-morrow I must go with him."

"Impossible! It cannot be! This change of purpose augurs ill for my poor boy; and little does it grace the lips of one who has promised to become his bride, to plead an after-promise to become the bride of Heaven!"

"Mother, it is not willingly that I thus presume to lift up my voice in opposition to yours. But a vow to a human being may be cancelled by circumstances—a vow to Heaven must be binding; because the God to whom it is made, can never change."

"And what possible circumstances can have placed a barrier between you and my son? Is the fault his, or yours?"

"Not his, most surely."

"Then I am at liberty to charge the blame to you?"

"You are."

"Gertrude, I thought you had loved my son."

"Search not the secrets of my heart too deeply."

"Whom have you seen, or known, or loved, that you can be insensible to the virtues of my Rudolph?"

"Heaven knows I have loved no other man; but now my vow is written in the records of eternity. And if it were not, and if Rudolph were kneeling at my feet, offering me the splendours of a throne, and the riches of the world, I would utter the same vow, with a determination it would be impossible to shake."

"O Gertrude, you will break my Rudolph's heart!"

"No, mother, he will bring home to you some happier, fairer bride. Hearts do not break so soon as the bonds we vainly throw around them."

As Gertrude said these words, there passed over her face a mournful smile, more touching in its unutterable meaning, than her tears. The countess looked earnestly at her troubled countenance, and pity mingled with her astonishment.

"My child," said she, "there is something heavy at your heart. By the love I have ever borne you, since you came to me a helpless orphan — by the love of a mother, I conjure you to tell me what is the real cause of this strange resolution."

Gertrude fell upon her knees. She clasped the hand of her adopted parent; but her lips were silent; and the countess, taking advantage of her moment of weakness, described to her, with all the eloquence of womanly feeling, the domestic happiness she was sacrificing to an ideal duty.

"I know it all," said Gertrude. "There is no single

item in your catalogue of earthly blessings, which I have not thought of a thousand times ; but my vow is irrevocable : and here, on my knees, before you, and beneath the eye of Heaven, I repeat that it is of my own free will, that I renounce your son."

She paused. The countess also was silent; but they were both too deeply occupied with one absorbing thought, to hear the approaching step of Rudolph, as he entered the chamber, and stood an astonished spectator of the scene.

"Gertrude," said the countess, "far be it from me to cast any unjust imputation upon the motives of a holy man; but you are scarcely aware how strong an inducement is offered by the wealth to which you are entitled, even for Father Ambrosius to use the influence he possesses over you, in order to add this wealth to the revenues of the church."

"Discard the injurious thought," said Gertrude. "This very morning Father Ambrosius was made acquainted, for the first time, with the resolution I had formed. He only, of all human beings, knows the cause ; and he knows also, that in devoting myself to the strict and holy life of a nun, I give, as my dowry to the church, no more than has accumulated during my minority : the rest, with my legal claim to what once was yours, I bequeath to your son, and would to God I could add a blessing along with it, richer and more enduring than this wealth!"

The last words were spoken by Gertrude with clasped hands, with eyes upraised, and with looks of

such deep fervent love, so human in its agony, so feminine in its tenderness, that the countess folded her arms around her, and wept like a child upon her bosom.

"Gertrude," said Rudolph, advancing with deep emotion, for the idea of parting for ever with his cousin, had rendered her an object of intense interest, —"my own, dear Gertrude!"

Like a voice from the dead, these words struck home to the heart of the orphan; and she started from her knees, and stood erect, gazing upon the countenance of Rudolph, as one who takes a longing leave of this fair and beautiful world, could gaze for the last time on the glories of creation. The expression of his features was not like that with which he had pronounced the name of Constance; and, suddenly nerved with fresh resolution, she approached the countess, and meekly kissed her brow. "Farewell!" said she, with a calm sweet smile; and turning to Rudolph, she scrupled not to press her lips to his forehead also, with the pure affection of a sister. "Farewell!" she repeated, "dear brother of my childhood. Father Ambrosius will explain all to you when I am dead to the world. You will then know there is a love that can sacrifice itself for the happiness of its object."

MY DAUGHTER.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

And thou art dead! thou that wert dear to me,—
The treasured idol of my fondest love;
Thou who didst seem a seraph on my knee,
That sleeping dreamed of cloudy beds above;
Unconscious of the earth that cradled thee,
But only resting like a wearied dove,
That, for a moment, lighting on the green,
Just coos and looks around, then never more is seen.

And thou art dead! and one soft lock of hair
Is all I now can to my bosom press;
And many a night I've sat in mute despair,
And gazed through tears upon that braided tress;
And tried to blend death with a thing so fair,
But tried in vain; the grave's lone dreariness
With it would mingle not; nor can I now
Gaze on that lock and death,—it conjures up thy brow.

But O, the night thou diedst I can recall!
Thy mother on my shoulder leaned to weep;
Her grief-bent shadow fell upon the wall,
And when Death came, so noiseless did he creep,
That we heard not his muffled footsteps glide.
E'en I, who held thee, deemed thou didst but sleep;
Thy slow pulse ceased; but no one could tell when;
If ever Silence listened breathless, it was then.

There thou didst lie, a sinless child at rest,
Hushed as the march of starry-studded night;
Mute as the dew closed in the rose's breast;
Silent as darkness stealing o'er the light;
Cold as a statue in pale marble drest;
Still as a rainbow fading from the sight;
Calm as a halcyon, that upon the deep
Folds slowly its white wings, and fearless falls asleep.

And I have thought of lands beyond the grave,
Of ever-verdant fields where angels roam;
Of stream-bathed banks, where flowers eternal wave;
Of music rolling from the ethereal dome;
Of the blue floor which stars resplendent pave:
Then have I turned to view thine earthly home,—
How desolate! — O may I be forgiven,
If selfish love alone hath made me sigh for heaven!

And I have heard thy voice in the low wind,
And caught thine accents in the gurgling stream;
And in the whistling grass where I reclined,
And in old woods, where I was wont to dream:
I've seen thy face in clouds, and thy locks twined
In the loose silver of their skirts did seem;
Bee, bird, or blossom, flower, a leaf, a sound;—
There have been moods of mind, when thou in these
wert found.

When the hushed footfall of the voiceless night
Pressed the dim clouds, and stole down from the sky,
In the dull splendour of the stars' faint light,
Hath thy fair form in silence glided by,
Or motionless hung o'er the mind's far sight;
When dark-winged sleep sat brooding on the eye,
In visions, my lost child, I've tried to press thee,
And in long restless dreams, my lips have moved to
bless thee.

The spring brings to my mind thy growing charms;
The summer, what thou wouldst have been in bloom;
The autumn, all thy love to aged arms;
The dreary winter only brings thy tomb.
And the loud wind my throbbing heart alarms,
And shadowy forms flit in the gathering gloom;—
But these are fancies floating through the brain,
And catching shapes from thee, which they too well
retain.

THE PEARL FISHERS OF CEYLON.

BY E. RAWDON POWER.

The natives of Ceylon have an idea that pearl oysters are rained from the clouds; a notion which has doubtless originated in the well-known effects of water-spouts passing over the sea.

Leaving to the naturalist the subject of their generation, on which the Cingalese have many ridiculous opinions, I will describe the first appearance of pearl oysters. They are seen in immense clusters floating about the sea: at this time they are so very small, that a casual observer would pass the floating masses as fish-spawn of some kind, but never suppose them to be oysters.

In this state, the sport of wind and current, they are driven round the coasts of Ceylon, until increased size causes them to settle to the bottom. They then attach themselves to rocks, usually of coral, or any heavy substance, by means of a beard, similar to that

of the muscle. Some naturalists consider, what is called the pearl oyster, to be properly a muscle, on account of its beard, and the broad hinge of the shell. I will, however, venture to say, that all fishermen would call them oysters, not only from the appearance of the shells, but from that of the fish itself.

On removing a wooden buoy that had been attached to an anchor in Colombo Roads, it was brought on shore, covered with pearl oysters nearly as large as a shilling. The finest pearl in possession of the Maricair of Killicarre, about the size of a marble, and nearly round, is said to have been obtained from a bank off Chilaw; but it appears that oysters very seldom arrive at perfection on any banks except those off Arippo.

The coral banks off the coast of that island lie from one to six or eight miles from the shore, generally exposed to the force of the monsoons and currents; those near Arippo appear to be the least exposed. The last three fisheries on the Arippo banks have been in five and a half to seven fathoms water; protected on the west and south-west by a ridge of sand and coral, extending from the north point of an island called Caredivan. Coming from sea over this ridge in two and three quarters or three fathoms water, you rapidly deepen to seven fathoms in the immediate neighbourhood of the oyster beds. Besides this peculiar protection from the violence of the south-west monsoon, the coral banks to the northward of the pearl banks are, in many parts, nearly level with the surface of the sea;

and may form an essential protection to the oysters from the effect of the currents in the north-east monsoon.

Thus, secure in deep water, lie the quiescent oysters adhering to their coral homes, until age has enfeebled the fibres of their beards, and then most of them, breaking from their hold, are found in perfection on a sandy bottom near the coral beds. Two-thirds of the oysters taken up at the last fishery were from a sandy bottom. One of the most intelligent divers I have met with, fixes the age of the oyster at six years and a half, when it breaks away from the rock, which he does not think it can forsake at its own pleasure; but when separated, it has the power of moving on a sandy bottom, generally with the hinge directly in advance.

The best pearls are usually found in the most fleshy part of the oyster, near the hinge of the shells; but pearls are met with in all parts of the fish, and also adhering to shells. I have known sixty-seven pearls of various sizes found in one oyster. It is by no means certain that every oyster contains pearls, which are rarely obtained from those oysters that would be selected as the finest for eating. This favours the opinion, that pearls are produced by disease in the fish, and therefore, pearl oysters are seldom eaten. If a pearl be cut in two pieces, it will be seen that it consists of separate coats or layers, similar to an onion, and is no doubt formed of decomposed particles of the shell. Persons who may have considered a pearl oyster to be always a treasure, will be astonished to

learn that a bushel of them may be had at Arippo, during a fishery, for less than the price of a bushel of oysters, at Faversham or Colchester. What could have been the idea of those who induced the pearl fishery company to send out diving bells to fish with ?

Before the fibres of the beards break, and the oysters separate, they are in immense heaps and clusters. A diver, endeavouring to describe to me how thick they lay on the bank, placed his hand to his chin. A more intelligent man estimated the depth of beds of oysters, as seldom exceeding eighteen inches; and explained that large rocks at the bottom, when covered with oysters, may be mistaken for a solid mass of the fish.

Pearl oysters are said to arrive at perfection in seven years; after attaining which age they soon die. I have heard of an attempt being made to remove pearl oysters, as common oysters are removed in Europe, to richer and more secure ground, but without success.

The boats used in pearl fisheries measure from eight to fifteen tons: they are without decks, and the head and stern are nearly alike; the latter has a slight curve, the stern-post being generally straight. Both have considerable rake, but the stern has most. A boat that will measure forty feet over all, will not exceed twenty-eight feet in length at the bottom; but keel they have none; the bottom is round, and the breadth of the boat increases to the top of the gunwales. They are rigged with one rude long mast, and carry one long sail made of light cloth, loosely sewn to a tight coir-

rope, so that it blows out very much. As a sailor would say, it is roped tight, bags, and stands badly on a wind.

These rude fittings subject them to frequent accidents; they are then assisted by the boats of the master-attendant's department, and towed to the shore.

With a favourable wind they sail very well, but cannot hold to the wind, or beat against it. They leave the shore with the land-wind about midnight, to proceed to the bank, a distance varying from nine to twelve miles; they are led by the Adapanaar's boat in the direction of the government guard-vessel, at anchor close to the fishing ground, with lights hoisted on board to guide the boats to the spot.

If they reach the bank before daylight, they anchor close to the government vessel, until the inspector hoists the signal at half-past six for the diving to commence. When the weather is settled favourable, the land-wind begins to die away as the sun gets up; by nine or ten o'clock it is quite calm; and by noon (when the gun is fired from the government vessel for all diving to cease) a pleasant sea-breeze has sprung up to run the boats to land.

When the regular land and sea breezes are interrupted, — a frequent occurrence, — they have to use their paddles, which are long sticks, with an oval piece of board lashed on the end. Sometimes the fishery is stopped until the return of favourable weather, with land and sea breezes.

The crew of a boat consists of a tindal or master, ten

divers, and thirteen other men, who manage the boat and attend the divers when fishing. Each boat has five diving stones. There are ten divers who relieve each other; five being constantly at work during the hours of fishing.

The weight of the diving stones varies from fifteen to twenty-five pounds, according to the size of the diver; some stout men find it necessary to have from four to eight pounds of stone in a waistbelt, to enable them to keep at the bottom of the sea, and fill their net with oysters. The form of a diving stone resembles a pine; it is supended by a double cord.

The net is of coir-rope, eighteen inches deep, fastened to a hoop eighteen inches wide, fairly slung to a single cord. On preparing to commence fishing, the diver divests himself of all his clothes except a small piece of cloth, and after offering up his devotion, he plunges into the sea, and swims to his diving stone, which his attendants have flung over the side of the boat; he places his right foot or toes between the double cord on the diving stone, the bight of the double cord being passed over a stick projecting from the side of the boat. By grasping all parts of the rope, he is enabled to support himself and the stone, and raise or lower the latter at his convenience, while he remains at the surface; he then puts his left foot on the hoop of the net, and presses it against the diving stone, retaining the cord in his hand. The attendants take care that the cords are clear for running out of the boat.

The diver being thus prepared, raises his body as

much as he is able; drawing a full breath, he presses his nostril between his thumb and finger, slips his hold of the bight of the diving stone's double cord from over the projecting stick, and descends as rapidly as the stone will sink him.

On reaching the bottom, he abandons the stone, which is hauled up by the attendants, clings to the ground, and proceeds to fill his net. To accomplish this, he will sometimes creep over a space of eight or ten fathoms, and remain under water a minute. When he wishes to ascend, he checks the cord of the net, which is instantly felt by the attendants, who begin to pull up as fast as they are able. The diver remains with the net until it is so far clear of the bottom as to be in no danger of upsetting, and then commences to haul himself up hand-over-head, by the cord which his attendants are likewise pulling. When by this method his body has acquired an impetus upwards, he forsakes the cord, places his hands to his thighs, rapidly ascends to the surface, swims to his diving stone, and by the time the contents of his net have been emptied into the boat, he is ready to go down again. A single diver will take up in a day, from one thousand to four thousand oysters. They are seldom more than a minute under water; the more common time is from fifty-three to fifty-seven seconds; but when they have been requested to remain as long as possible, I have timed them from eighty-four to eighty-seven seconds. They are warned to ascend by a singing noise in the ears, and finally by a sensation similar to hiccup.

Many divers will not venture down until the shark-charmer is on the bank, and has secured the mouths of the sharks. Some are provided with a written charm from their priest, which they wrap up in oil-cloth, and dive with it on their person. Others, being Roman Catholics, appear satisfied with an assurance from their priest, that they have his prayers for their protection; but I am informed, they are all happy to secure the interest of the shark-charmer. This worthy is paid by government, and is also allowed a perquisite of ten oysters daily, from every boat during the fishery.

THE VIOLET.

A SIMPLE violet graced a ruined wall: —
  How small a key unlocks the yielding heart!
That little flower did many a scene recall,
  And bade the mist from by-gone years depart.
Again my mind was in the forest green,
  And one was with me, robed in virgin white;
We traversed many a well remembered scene,
  And lingered in the old wood's dreamy light.
And then I sighed, and knew such things had been
Like a bright day closed by a cheerless night.

T. M.

THE DAY OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PROVOST OF BRUGES."

The sun is yet unrisen, though the light
Of his approaching orb speeds on before;
Like youthful Hope, tingeing the hovering clouds
With gold and purple — brighter, gayer far
Than e'er his mid-day beam shall find them; — nay,
Those very clouds, so gorgeous now in distance,
Perhaps shall then o'erspread the arch of heaven
With storms and darkness; thus still more resembling
Young Hope's first promise of those distant joys
Which, gained, are found but cloud and heaviness.

'Tis morn — and like the brightness of the heaven
Is the young stripling's heart, who leaves his home —
His peaceful, rustic home where he was bred;
To seek for wealth amid the city's press,
And build a state to mock his homely sires.
A father pours his blessings on his head;
A mother's kisses mingle with her tears;
Kind friends stand by to pray God speed the boy;
And one has early left her innocent couch
To seek, as if by chance, the road he goes;
And unobserved to take her coy farewell. —

'Tis taken — a kind pressure of the hand, —
A whispered word that almost chokes the throat
That tries to give it speech, — a kiss, the first,
Perhaps the last, — a wringing, trembling grasp, —
A burst away, — and he is fairly sped:
His young heart full of glorious resolves,
Impatient to be acted, and bright dreams,
Such as to fervid youth alone are given,
Where *she* reigns paramount, the queen of all,
The partner of his honours, wealth, and joys.

'Tis noon — the Sabbath noon. The fields bespeak
The day of rest, — the plough unharnessed stands
In its last furrow, — and the listless beasts
Rove unmolested the green pasture through.
'Tis noon! and yet no sound breaks on the ear,
Save the light buzz of the careering fly
That sports in the sun's brightness; or the song
Of the wild bird, so perfect in its concord
With the scene's stillness, that you mark it not.
Within the church-yard gate stands one, alone,
Over a simple hillock: — 'tis the grave
Of both his parents. Care, far more than time,
Has stamped its wrinkles on his manly brow;
O'er which a shade of melancholy thought
Sheds a soft sadness, as his mind runs through
The busy years since last they blessed their boy,
And prayed Heaven prosper him; — and he *has* prospered,
And smoothed the road of their declining life,
'Till now they rest in peace. But footsteps come.

The holy service done, the village throng
With grave decorum quit the sacred pile;
And as they pass the stranger standing there,
Full many a hat, with rustic courtesy,
Is touched, and many an urchin idly stares
With curious wonder; — but none know the boy,
The joyous boy who left their peaceful shades:
And none he knows: although, with thoughtful eye,
He scans each sunburnt face; but all are strange! —
And yet that sturdy rustic, who now pays
His grave respect, was once his bosom friend
And sworn ally through many a childish year; —
And he who now so humbly doffs his hat,
Was erst his rival in each boyish sport,
And bore off many a well contested prize.
And she — that buxom matron, o'er whose form
His eye so coldly wanders, while before,
Her two bold, ruddy boys march hand in hand;
She was his youthful heart's bright fairy queen!
O Time! thy magic mocks the fabled wand,
And years act more than fancy could invent!
Yes! all are strangers! and now all are gone;
And once again alone, one hasty glance
He gives to all the well-remembered scene; —
One long, deep sigh, and then, with hurried step
Springs to the shelter of the rattling chaise,
That bears him to the busy world again.

'Tis eve — a still and lovely summer's eve,
Such as sheds over the care-burthened heart

A quiet and a calm, as soft and mild
As its own shadows. Many a year has sped;
And now, beside the wide extended oak,
Acknowledged monarch of the village green,
An old man stands: — a mild and grave old man,
Whose tranquil eye rests on the listless group
With musing gaze. He is not one of them,
Although he dwells among them. It is said
That he has known his share of joys and cares —
And now has left them all, to sink at last,
Like that still evening, cloud and sun gone by,
To placid rest; to find a home again
In his first home, although it knows him not.
Seldom he speaks — and yet it is not pride
That seals his lips; for aye his quiet smile
Beams upon all; and many a tongue does bless
His noiseless charity; — and infancy,
That best detector of a gentle heart,
Comes sidling up to stand beside his knee,
And share his mute caress, nor fear a frown.
Methinks if I could read that old man's heart,
The busy past would seem a fevered dream;
And life, the soul's calm life, but now begun.

'Tis night — all nature rests — and the still moon
Shines on a little mound of new-raised earth,
Twice raised before: — it is the stranger's grave.

Painted by J. J. Jenkin..

Engraved by H. Rolls

THE BRIDAL MORN.

Published by Smith Elder & Cº 65, Cornhill.

THE BRIDAL DAY.

BY L. E. L.

She leans beside her mirror, in her old accustomed place,
Yet something unfamiliar is on her lovely face:
She wears a wreath, a snow-white wreath, which yet she never wore;
It gives a paleness to the cheek, unknown to it before.

The maiden goeth to the grove, and, of the flowers beneath,
She takes the lily or the rose, to bind her midnight wreath;
But of one plant she gathers not, though fair its blossoms be;
Only the bride hath leave to wear buds from the orange tree.

Once, only once, that wreath is worn,—once only may she wear
The pale white wreath of orange-flowers within her shining hair;
They wear, upon their soft wan bloom, the shade of coming years;
The spiritual presence is around of human hopes and fears.

Ay, let her soft and thoughtful eyes, upon her mirror dwell,
For, in that long and tender look, she taketh her farewell
Of all her youth's unconsciousness, of all her lighter cares,
And for a deeper, sadder life—a woman's lot, prepares.

She leaves her old familiar place, the hearts that were her own;
The love to which she trusts herself is yet a thing unknown:
Though at one name her cheek turn red, though sweet it be to hear,
Yet for that name she must resign so much that has been dear.

It is an anxious happiness, — it is a fearful thing,
When first the maiden's small white hand puts on the golden ring;
She passeth from her father's house unto another's care;
And who may say what troubled hours, what sorrows wait her there?

Ah! love and life are mysteries, both blessing and both blest;
And yet, how much they teach the heart of trial and unrest!
Sweet maiden, while these troubled thoughts 'mid bridal fancies sweep,
Well mayst thou pensive watch thy glass, and turn aside to weep!

THE MISLETOE BOUGH.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

Ballywalterbeg House was the seat of Mr. Edmund Fitzgibbon. He was a widower with two daughters, and two as fine bouncing Irish girls they were as need to be. They had fine hair and fine teeth; fine eyes and fine figures. They could, each of them, play a country dance or a jig, with admirable spirit, on the piano; and they sung like angels. For these and other feminine accomplishments, they were indebted to Miss Wheeler, their governess; and a nice smart girl she was, likewise, though by some four or five years their senior. The Misses Fitzgibbon, moreover, could dash after the hounds, on horseback, in first-rate style; and went out fox-hunting nearly as regularly as their father,—who, indeed, never missed a day of the season, except when he was laid up with a fit of the gout.

There were all kinds of sports for ever going on at Ballywalterbeg; for no man in the barony kept what was called a more "rattling house," than did Ned Fitzgibbon. At the Christmas-eve of which I am

about particularly to speak, there were assembled at Mr. Fitzgibbon's a smaller party than usual, consisting only of four guests, — one of whom I happened to be. We were nearly entire strangers to each other; but the easy and convivial manners of our host made us feel like old acquaintances before the dinner-cloth was removed: and the frankness and good humour of the Misses Fitzgibbon admirably supported their father's hospitality; while Miss Wheeler was so much at her ease, that no one would ever have suspected her of being that piece of icy propriety called a governess. She was full of whim and fun, — a laughter-loving wench.

Odd as the statement may appear, it nevertheless is a fact, that the name of one of Mr. Fitzgibbon's guests, upon this occasion, was unknown to him. This guest was a young officer of dragoons, who had arrived the day before, at the neighbouring village, in command of the new detachment to be quartered there. According to the custom, Mr. Fitzgibbon called at the barrack, and introduced himself as the owner of Ballywalterbeg House; pointed out its long avenue of leafless elm-trees, and concluded with "Our hour is six — I shall hope for the pleasure of your company at dinner, Mister Officer: — a turkey, and an excellent haunch, which I pledge you my honour as a gentleman, has hung a fortnight."

The young officer politely declined the invitation, as it was necessary that he should remain to see his men properly established in their new quarters.

"Well, well, Mister Officer, to-morrow will just be the same thing; we shall expect you at Ballywalterbeg to-morrow — at six, remember."

"And what's his name, papa?" inquired Miss Fitzgibbon, when informed by her father that he had invited the new dragoon officer from the village.

"I can't tell you, my dear, and for the best of reasons, I don't know."

"Then how did you ask him, pa? — what did you say?—how did you address him, I mean?"

"Pooh, my dear, there was no difficulty in that — what signifies his name? — I called him Mister Officer."

"But that was not very polite, you know, pa?"

"Polite, child; never mind that — what does a dragoon care for politeness? as my great-grand-uncle, Sir Teigue O'Regan, said. Six o'clock, and you'll see the polish of his boots will be under the polish of my mahogany. I have asked him to dinner, that's all, and you can ask him his name, Betsey, to-morrow, if you want to know it."

Although the other guests which met "Mister Officer" at dinner on Christmas-eve, were not so entirely strangers to Mr. Fitzgibbon, he knew little about them. A Mr. Smith, who had been introduced to him by letter from an old college acquaintance, as "an English gentleman, making a pleasure tour in Ireland, and on his way to Killarney;" had been an inmate of the hospitable mansion of Ballywalterbeg for more than two months, in consequence of a drunken post-boy

having upset the chaise employed by Mr. Smith to convey him to Mr. Fitzgibbon's. So much injury did the tourist sustain, that it was nearly five weeks before he was sufficiently recovered to leave the chamber in which he had been placed on the night of the accident. During this tedious confinement, every possible attention was shown to the invalid by the Fitzgibbons — father and daughters; and when Mr. Smith was able to join the family circle in the drawing-room of Ballywalterbeg House, he naturally felt most grateful to his kind host and the young ladies.

"Now you are on your pins again, my boy," said Mr. Fitzgibbon, "and Doctor Fogarty has put all to rights, the best thing you can do, is just to stay where you are, and to see in Christmas with us. Killarney, every one knows, is nonsense in December, and we'll show you some rare sport; I give you my word, Tipperary's the place for that."

Thus was Mr. Smith prevailed upon to prolong his stay to "over the Christmas holidays." Indeed, Ballywalterbeg was so pleasant a house, and there was, as we said, always so much amusement going forward, and such a constant round of company, that it was impossible to feel a dull hour there. It was not very difficult therefore to persuade a guest unfettered by urgent business to remain. "I should like," he observed, "to see how you keep your Christmas in Ireland, and with what ceremonies ——"

"Oh," said Mr. Fitzgibbon, "as to ceremonies,

the way we observe Christmas ceremonies in Tipperary is by using no ceremony at all —

'Hospitality, no formality, all reality,
Here you'll ever see.'

We'll just have Fogarty, and any one else that may happen to drop in by way of a God-send to us, — the more the merrier; though there are few who have a roof at all over their heads that will turn shulers* at Christmas."

"I am much obliged to the doctor for his attention to me," remarked Mr. Smith.

"Oh, he's an excellent fellow — there's no better companion any where — New brooms, you know;— for to say the truth, I don't know much about Fogarty; he only settled in our village a few days before your unlucky upset. Nelly Cusack did all the doctoring of the parish until he came, and for my part I believe she is just as clever; but, you see, as Fogarty was a good name once in these parts, for the sake of old times, I just asked the doctor to come up and spend his evenings over a cool bottle at Ballywalterbeg, and an excellent companion he makes ——"

"Rather silent, I think," observed Mr. Smith.

"All the pleasanter for that," returned Mr. Fitzgibbon, emphatically, "he'll sit till midnight listening to your stories, and never once contradict you, nor will

* Beggars who go from house to house. The name Shulers is commonly given in the south of Ireland to droppers-in at meal times.

he ever give you the trouble of asking him to fill his glass."

It is strange that a party so oddly composed, and brought together by mere accident, should amalgamate so well, but the harmony was perfect. Never did a company dove-tail into good fellowship more speedily, and never did I enjoy an evening more than that of Christmas-eve at Ballywalterbeg House, in the sweet county of Tipperary. At the head of the dinner-table sat Miss Fitzgibbon, upon whose right hand was placed the young officer, and I had the honour of sitting on the damsel's left. Miss Wheeler, the governess, was on my left; with Dr. Fogarty interposed between her and Mr. Fitzgibbon, who occupied the foot of the table, the balance of which was preserved by Mr. Smith and Miss Margaret Fitzgibbon,—the two young ladies thus flanking "Mr. Officer" right and left.

I will not detain my reader by attempting any account of the many pleasantries which enlivened that dinner. It has been already stated, that before the cloth was removed, we all felt like old friends, although some of us then met for the first time. We chatted and joked with ease and cordiality, the doctor alone preserving his habitual silence; but his nods and smiles evinced that his heart was with us, and that if he did not take part in the conversation, he thoroughly enjoyed it.

After the ladies had withdrawn, Dr. Fogarty, looking at Mr. Fitzgibbon, gravely said, his hand grasping the claret-pitcher, "Sir, may I be allowed ——"

"A toast, doctor?—by all means—gentlemen, a bumper to Dr. Fogarty's toast—this is Christmas-eve ——"

"I thought you had all forgotten it," retorted the doctor; "here's 'THE MISLETOE BOUGH.'"

We all drained our glasses to so seasonable a toast.

"But you say, doctor," remarked Mr. Smith, "'here's the misletoe,' where is it, I ask?"

The doctor, who had, before dinner, slyly suspended a garland of it in the room, answered this question by an elevation of his brows, followed by a movement of his eyes, a fling of his head on one side, and an indescribable toss of the thumb of his left hand towards the door, above which appeared hanging, what had before escaped observation, a large bunch of misletoe.

"And the birds are flown!" exclaimed the young dragoon.

"We may trap them yet," observed Mr. Smith.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Fitzgibbon, "fair play is a jewel; do what you will, wherever I have control, in a fair and honourable way. I'm a true sportsman, and will have no traps, mind that. You may shoot as much of my game flying, as you can, and welcome, but no netting. So here's fair play all the world over. 'Tis all an Irishman wants."

After the discussion of a sufficient quantity of wine and nuts, we adjourned to the ladies and coffee; and, as each gentleman made his exit from the dining-room, it was evident that he took care to satisfy himself of the exact position of the doctor's misletoe bough.

We found the young ladies warbling like nightingales a duet out of Tom Moore's Irish melodies; a song or two followed, and then some one proposed a dance, as it was Christmas-eve.

"But the new Brussels carpet, pa!" whispered Miss Fitzgibbon.

"What of that?" asked her father; "is a new carpet to stop your dancing, girls?"

"We may as well dance in the dining-room, you know, pa," said Miss Margaret.

"And there's blind Terry, the piper, in the kitchen," chimed in Miss Wheeler; "he plays jigs to perfection."

"Well, girls, I have always guided you with a loose rein, so have your own way, and see what will come of it. But Flaherty had better be told to clear away the table." So saying, Mr. Fitzgibbon rung the bell, ordered the dining-room to be prepared for dancing, blind Terry to be sent in; "and hark'ee, Flaherty," he continued, "just throw on the fire the root of that old thorn-tree, which I grubbed up, and told them to put by in the turf-house."

"The root of the fairy tree, sir?" said Flaherty.

"Yes;—I'll give you a Yule clog, Mr. Smith, for, as you are curious about Christmas customs, I suppose you'd scarcely think it Christmas-eve without one. Not a labourer in the parish could I get to put spade or axe to that old stump against which the post-boy drove your chaise, so, as I was determined that it should never upset another chaise, I just went to work

and grubbed it up myself; and, whether it was owing to the fairies or the exercise, I know not, but I have escaped a fit of the gout, which usually visits me at this season."

Flaherty soon returned to announce that the dining-room was ready for dancing.

"Now, girls, don't blame me," said Mr. Fitzgibbon, nodding his head significantly; "take your own way, and you'll see what will come of it."

"You can't be so old-fashioned, pa, as to think seriously about the fairy-tree?" observed Miss Fitzgibbon, playfully.

"Beside, 'twas you desired it to be put on the fire, pa," said Miss Margaret Fitzgibbon.

"'Tis Christmas eve, my dears," was Miss Wheeler's comment, "and your father is alarmed at the terrible bullaboos which they say are abroad; it was only the other day that I read in some old book, as a reason for all the church bells being rung on this night — what they call 'pealing in Christmas,'—that it was to scare away such 'gristly bugs.'"

"Will you allow me?" — said the young dragoon, offering his arm, which Miss Fitzgibbon mechanically accepted.

"And I'll go and open the door," exclaimed Mr. Smith.

"Oh! don't trouble yourself," shouted the doctor.

And away they strode across the hall to take up their positions behind the dining-room door.

Just as the young soldier had accurately ascertained

that the innocent lips of the unsuspecting Miss Fitzgibbon were precisely under the misletoe bough, he saluted his fair partner, and, in the next moment, pointing upward, cried with an air of triumph, "England expects that every man will do his duty."

"But 'tis no apology, sir, for a bristling mustachio," said Miss Fitzgibbon, first smiling, and then drawing herself up with a dignified air.

"What does he mean?" inquired Miss Margaret, who was in the back-ground, looking with astonishment at her father; but she was answered merely by a good humoured laugh, which gave her confidence to advance, and she received the same mark of regard from Mr. Smith, who sprung from his hiding-place behind the door.

"Sir, — Mr. Smith — really, sir" — stammered Miss Margaret, but her sister motioned her to be silent, and Miss Wheeler, not knowing, it is to be presumed, exactly what was going forward, but perceiving that something unusual was the matter, sprung literally into the open arms of Doctor Fogarty, who had silently watched her movements through the chink of the door, and, admirably calculating distances, received her with such a smack of his lips upon her right cheek, that there was no mistake about the matter — in return for which civility poor Fogarty was reward by an almost simultaneous slap, of more than equal sound and vigour, upon his right cheek from the left hand of the agile Miss Wheeler.

"Here's a pretty scene! — but I did my duty — I

warned you, girls," said Mr. Fitzgibbon, convulsed with laughter, as, arm in arm, we followed the party into the dining room, where hung the misletoe-bough which had occasioned all this confusion. However, the sweet pipes of blind Terry, with the violin accompaniment of his son, a fine lad of about fourteen, and the bright blaze of the Yule Clog soon caused the misletoe frolic of the evening to be forgiven at least, if not forgotten. It was nearly midnight when Flaherty the butler entered the room, and going up to "Mister Officer," who was just then engaged in dancing "cover the buckle" with Miss Wheeler, said, "There's a dragoon, sir, has brought a letter express for your honour from the village."

"Why surely it can't be — 'tis impossible," muttered Mr. Fitzgibbon, his voice gradually becoming louder, "that the Whiteboys are out to-night, — 'tis only a false alarm, depend on it; and if 'tis some blackguard gauger or other, why just let him wait; what business has any gauger to disturb a gentleman who is dining at Ballywalterbeg? You are a new comer in these parts, and these fellows will just tease the life out of you and your men, Still-hunting.—Just let the dragoon come in, Flaherty — I'm a Justice of the Peace, and you must be guided by what the bench says."

The young soldier bowed assent to magisterial authority, and the dragoon was ushered in. After making the usual military salaam to his officer, he got himself into a corner of the room, and, unbuckling

his snow-covered helmet, took out of it a letter which he presented in an embarrassed way, eyeing all the time most wistfully the blazing fire, the piper, the jug of whiskey punch which stood beside him, the pretty girls, and their merry partners.

"Will you excuse me?" said the officer to Mr. Fitzgibbon.

"Oh certainly—of course. Here, Flaherty, get the dragoon a glass of whiskey punch, screeching hot — it must snow smartly — but Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without snow."

"How did this letter come, Wilkinson?" inquired his officer.

"By express from Caher, sir; Reynolds, the express, says that the first division has marched for Cork, and that the second will follow at daylight in the morning."

"That will do — return as quickly as you can — tell Sergeant Johnson to put the men in readiness to move immediately for head-quarters."

The dragoon bowed, waved his hand again in the same military fashion, and backed out of the room.

"Mr. Fitzgibbon," said the young officer, "I cannot tell the cause of this sudden movement of our regiment, especially as negociations for peace have been entered into with America; but as a soldier, I am bound to obey without question. As our acquaintance has been short, a long speech, if there was time for one, would be misplaced. I will, therefore, only say, that I most heartily thank you — and that I shall ever

remember the hospitable county of Tipperary. To you, young ladies, by one of whom I hope my Christmas impertinence may be pardoned, I bid a respectful and reluctant good night. May a merry Christmas be yours" — the speaker's voice faltered. "God bless you all" — he added, and, after extending his right hand to Mr. Fitzgibbon, who shook it warmly, he quitted the room.

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Fitzgibbon, "he has a heart, and that's a rare thing for an Englishman. I crave your pardon, Mr. Smith; I did not mean to say that Englishmen are not right good fellows at bottom, when you know them; but you see they have not the thick warm Irish blood in their veins, and so they fairly freeze into friendship."

"O, I understand you," replied Mr. Smith, with a good-humoured smile; "Christmas is the very season to make an Englishman's friendship according to your account; but I think spring, summer, or autumn you'd find no difficulty in doing that at Ballywalterbeg."

"I don't know about spring and summer," was Mr. Fitzgibbon's remark, "though there's fair trout-fishing enough; but in autumn—that's the grouse season—remember you promised at dinner, and so has that young officer, to shoot grouse with me on the Galtees next year — but, may be, the poor young fellow, if he is really going on foreign service, may get winged himself."

Christmas morning found a neatly folded letter on the breakfast table at Ballywalterbeg, addressed to

"—— Fitzgibbon, Esq." It was from the young dragoon officer, repeating his farewell of last night, and subscribing himself Mr. Fitzgibbon's "sincerely obliged and humble servant" — "What?" said Mr. Fitzgibbon, and he hesitated — "I can't read the fellow's name."

"Let me see, pa," said Miss Fitzgibbon, anxiously.

"Why, Betsey, you see you can make nothing of it."

"Let me try" — said Margaret — "Charles — no that's an L — Lovel — no that's a T, and that's a P — Peter — but there are three letters more or something like them."

"Is it Peterkin Madge?" inquired Miss Wheeler.

"What a bother you make about the puppy's name," said Mr. Fitzgibbon; "give me a cup of coffee, Bet, love; — what signifies any man's Christian name — let me see if I can make out his sirname — no, I'll be hanged if I can — I wonder if he ever learned to write?"

"But an Army List will show at once," observed Mr. Smith.

"Ay, so it will to be sure; we'll send for one to Tipperary the moment Tom Cahill comes back from first mass. Here's half-a-crown, Flaherty, for Cahill to pay for it; and let him mind that he does not come back without one."

Away went Tom Cahill, but no Army List was there to be purchased in all Tipperary; the messenger could only obtain the information that he might probably be able to procure one in Cashel; so having ridden eight

miles to Tipperary, he set out from thence to Cashel, eleven miles further, and, after a journey of nearly forty miles in quest of an Army List, Tom Cahill returned to Ballywalterbeg bringing with him an Almanac, which was the only book he could get like an Army List in Cashel, and the intelligence that one could not be got nearer than Dublin.

The consequence was that the name of "Mister Officer" remained a complete riddle up to the time of Mr. Smith's departure for Dublin on his return to England, and, as I left Ballywalterbeg House on the same day for Cork, it is impossible for me to detail occurrences there so minutely as I have done; but my inquiries after the members of the little circle of which I formed a part on Christmas-eve, enable me to state, that an Army List was sent from Dublin by Mr. Smith to Mr. Fitzgibbon. It was accompanied by four parcels, one of which was addressed to Doctor Fogarty; the other three cases contained valuable sets of ornaments, and were respectively addressed to the Misses Fitzgibbon and their governess, "with Lord B——'s compliments, and grateful recollection of their kind attentions to the invalid *Mr. Smith.*" A letter to Mr. Fitzgibbon informed him, that the writer, having a large estate in Ireland, and being displeased with the accounts he had received of his agent's conduct, had determined to satisfy himself of the justice of such complaints as well as of the state of the country, by actual inspection; and had, therefore, kept his visit a profound secret, and travelled under the assumed

name of Smith, taking with him only a few letters of recommendation to some of the resident gentry by whom he could not be recognised. His lordship added, "Having now let you into my secret, I will tell you another — so much pleased am I with Ireland, and so much at home did I feel at Ballywalterbeg, even under the distressing circumstances which compelled me to be your guest, that I do not mean to forget your invitation to shoot grouse on the Galtees in August next.

"I have ventured to enclose small tokens of my gratitude for your fair daughters and Miss Wheeler. The case for Miss Margaret Fitzgibbon contains a golden sprig of misletoe with pearl berries, which you may tell her I have been at some trouble to get made for her; but, as I shall not readily forget our merry Christmas-eve at Ballywalterbeg House, I hope this ornament may keep it in her remembrance also. To Doctor Fogarty I request you will present, with my regards, the snuff-box I have addressed for him;" which, we may add, much to the doctor's astonishment, who had been already liberally feed, contained a bank note for fifty pounds.

"Now, hang me!" said Mr. Fitzgibbon, "had I any notion that I was entertaining an English nobleman, I would not have been half so civil. I want no return for what Ballywalterbeg House affords."

In the same hospitable spirit did Mr. Fitzgibbon continue to keep it up; and, about six months from the date of the commencement of my story, the letters,

which arrived twice a-week, and were dropped at the end of the avenue by the Tipperary post-boy, being placed on the breakfast-table, there appeared one written on thin paper with a foreign post-mark. This was a rarity in those days, and Mr. Fitzgibbon, taking it up, looked at it, first on one side, then on the other, scanned with his eye the address, looked at it again, examined the seal for a moment, and then broke it. It was dated "22d June, 1815," the writer spoke of the glorious victory which the combined armies, under the Duke of Wellington had obtained — of the flight of Napoleon — the death of the gallant Picton, and that the consequence of the battle would probably be the restoration of peace to Europe: that his regiment had behaved admirably, and in two brilliant charges, had covered themselves with glory, although their loss was severe — that the captain of his troop had been killed, to the command of which he had succeeded, "and as it is very likely," continued the writer, "we shall now speedily return to England, it is not impossible I may be able to accept your invitation to shoot game with you on the Galtee mountains, which, I am sure, will be much better sport than shooting Frenchmen on the plains of Waterloo. I beg you will make my respects to the young ladies, who, I hope, are quite well, and I have only to observe, for the information of Miss Fitzgibbon, whose horror at my mustachio, on the memorable evening of the misletoe adventure, I have not forgotten, that the only mischance I encountered was the loss of that identical mustachio, which was completely

singed off by the pistol of a French rascal which providentially only flashed in my face."

All this was perfectly legible, but, although the name of the writer remained a complete riddle, no one at the breakfast-table of Ballywalterbeg could doubt from whom it came.

"'Tis scandalous," said Mr. Fitzgibbon.

"So provoking, too," observed Miss Fitzgibbon.

"'Tis ridiculous," remarked Miss Margaret.

"I'm quite curious to know," added Miss Wheeler.

"Well, well, girls, the grouse-season is at hand, and then I'll give a sound lecture to this Mister Officer, I promise you, for his affectation."

"It's the only thing disagreeable about him," was Miss Fitzgibbon's comment, blushing like a summer rose.

On the eve of the first day of grouse shooting, Lord B——'s travelling carriage, with four horses, went spanking down the avenue of Ballywalterbeg, and nearly overturned a Cashel post-chaise, out of one window of which the captain's head protruded, and his gun case from the other.

"Holloa, Mr. Smith," cried he, as Lord B——'s postillions pulled up for a moment.

"Stop," said his lordship, who recognised at a glance the nameless hero of Christmas-eve, and getting out of his carriage, stepped into the post-chaise. "So here we are again, at the hospitable mansion of Ballywalterbeg, both with the same object, I presume."

Their object was indeed the same, although it was

not exactly grouse-shooting; and yet the objects of that object were as different as two birds flying in opposite directions; for the captain came to declare his attachment to Miss Fitzgibbon, and Lord B—— appeared as the suitor of her sister.

In a few weeks matters were arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, and the Tipperary Free Press newspaper announced, under the head of Marriages in High Life: "Yesterday, by special licence, at Ballywalterbeg House, the Right Hon. Lord B——, to Miss Margaret Fitzgibbon, second daughter of Edmund Fitzgibbon, Esq.,—the ceremony was performed by His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel.—At the same time and place, Captain the Hon. Charles Augustus Frederick Fitzackerley, of the —— Dragoons, to Miss Fitzgibbon, eldest daughter of Edmund Fitzgibbon, Esq."

There was a third marriage on the same day, which was also chronicled in the Tipperary Free Press, but in smaller type. It ran thus,—"Yesterday, Theophilus O'Fogarty, Esq. M.D., the lineal descendant of the chiefs of that ancient name, to Miss Maria Jane Wheeler, fourth daughter of the late Rev. John Wheeler, and grand-niece to the late General Sir James Wheeler."

Of the "sayings and doings" upon this happy day, all that we have been enabled to collect are the two following trivial anecdotes. Miss Fitzgibbon insisted upon her husband writing his name legibly to the record of their marriage, which he promised to do,

"as plain as print;" jocosely observing, that if ever he wished for a divorce, he could get a thousand witnesses to swear it was not his autograph. And the old nurse of the family, whose reverence for ancient customs was always profound, now became doubly superstitious. On the day of these happy events she went about gossiping with every one that came in her way. "'Twas all of the misletoe," she said, "that they had such grand doings at Ballywalterbeg, this blessed day,"—and that one of her young Misses was a real lady all out, and the other had made such a grand match of it. "Sure 'twas I reared them both, and 'twas myself that gave that tongue-tied rogue of a doctor the misletoe bough to hang up at Christmas-eve — and sure didn't he get a wife through the means of it himself? and they may all thank me for putting him up to it, and 'tis I that ought to be a proud woman!"

The comment of Cæsar, the great house-dog, and a cockney by birth, upon these unwonted proceedings, which drew together the people of at least twenty parishes, was —

Bow — vow — vow — vow — vow!

IL PENSEROSO AND L'ALLEGRO.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

(*Night.*)

Old Thames ! thy merry waters run
Gloomily now, without star or sun ;
The wind blows o'er thee, wild and loud,
And Heaven is in its death-black shroud ;
And the rain comes down, with all its might,
Darkening the face of the sullen night.

Midnight dies ! There booms a sound
From all the church-towers thundering round :
Their echoes into each other run,
And sing out the grand Night's awful 'one!'
Saint Bride, Saint Sepulchre, great Saint Paul
Unto each other in chorus call!

Who speaks? — 'Twas nothing: the patrol grim
Moves stealthily over the pavement dim:
The debtor dreams of the gripe of law,
The harlot goes staggering to her straw;
And the drunken robber, and beggar bold
Laugh loud, as they limp by the Bailey Old.

Hark, — I hear the blood in a felon's heart!
I see him shiver, — and heave, — and start
(Does he cry?) from his last short bitter slumber,
To find that his days have reached their number, —
To feel that there comes, with the morning text,
Blind death, and the scaffold, and then — WHAT NEXT?

Sound stormy Autumn! Brazen bell,
Into the morning send your knell!
Mourn Thames! keep firm your chaunt of sorrow:
Mourn, men! for a fellow-man dies to-morrow.
Alas! none mourn, — none care: the debt
Of pity the whole wide world forget.

(*Morning.*)

'Tis dawn, — 'tis Day! In floods of light
He drives back the dark and shrinking night.
The clouds?—they're lost. The rains?—they're fled:
And the streets are alive with a busy tread;
And thousands are thronging, with gossip gay,
To see how a felon will die to-day.

The thief is abroad in his last new dress,
Earning his bread in the thickest press;
The idler is there, and the painter fine,
Studying a look for his next design;
The fighter, the brawler, the drover strong;
And all curse that the felon should stay so long.

At last, — he comes! with a heavy tread,
He mounts — he reels — he drops — he's dead!
The show is over!—the crowd depart,
Each with a laugh and a merry heart.
Hark! — merrily *now* the bells are ringing;
The Thames on his careless way is springing;
The bird on the chimney top is singing:
Now, who will say
That Earth is not gay,
Or that Heaven is not brighter than yesterday?

BOOKS AND THE LOVERS OF THEM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF CORFU,"
"EVENINGS ABROAD," ETC.

Blessed be books, and the writers thereof! Is a man sick? These silent people will comfort, and not condole with him. Is a man sullen? They will amuse, without irritating him. Is he somewhat out of sorts with fortune? They will entertain, without expecting to be entertained in return. Blessed be letters, and the inventors thereof! The tomb of him who first conceived the idea of "stopping the flying sound," ought to have been preserved, garlanded with the laurels, and watered by the tears of every generation, until this present day.

It is a pleasant morning in the early spring, and we ramble forth, directly after breakfast. There has been a gentle shower in the night, and it has called forth all the fragrance of the young grass, and of the scarcely peeping flowers. A proper day for a long, long walk; nay, on such a day as this, if the light would but last, we could perambulate the round globe. First of all, we

will thread this winding green lane, — a low paling on one side, and a quickset hedge, just bursting into beauty, on the other. The lane itself seems interminable, but down, far away beyond the end of it, a view of exquisite home beauty bursts upon the eye; sloping fields and dark woods, cottages and villas, varying in aspect every instant, as the clouds sweep over them, or as the sun lights them up into brilliance. A few dark-looking trees and shrubs peep over the paling; and there is one young almond tree, in the first flush of its rosy beauty, which, standing out from among them, bare itself of foliage, shows all the lovelier for the contrast. Then come fields, one after another, in almost endless succession; and quaint old-fashioned stiles, and hedge-rows, and banks, bedropped with violets and primroses, offering the fairest of all possible pictures, to an English eye. And all the time the clear bright air plays about one's forehead, and the singing birds pour forth their little souls in song. It is impossible to proceed: here is a most comfortable seat under a hawthorn, rich in blossom and perfume: we must rest awhile.

And now that we have ceased to watch the smoke, curling upwards from the midst of that tiny grove, and have listened to the bird on yonder bough, till his note is "a thrice told tale," and have counted the young lambs, and tied up the flowers, what shall we do — how add to our enjoyment? — A book! — Ay, give us Howitt, or White, or Jesse. Well is it for those who love to wile away the sunny hours

in shaded nook, or on the grassy path, that others there are, blest with keener perception, and more unwearied patience, who also retire from the broad busy paths of life, to cultivate intimacy with the lesser parts of creation, and who disdain not to communicate the results of their researches to the idlers of their caste.

Or, suppose it is winter, — dark, dismal, cheerless winter ;—not a clear, frosty, joyous morning, but one of those days in which a man feels himself irresistibly impelled to believe in the doctrine of Pythagoras, and to wish for the time when he shall become a cat or a dormouse. There is a thickness in the air, a cold pattering among the leafless branches ; nothing to be seen but umbrellas, — nothing to be heard but the click of pattens. N'importe ; we must button up our great coat, and sally forth : this day, too, as things generally happen, in this cross-grained weather, we have more than our usual share of locomotion to perform,—many a five minutes' waiting under dripping eaves, many a weary paddle up and down Chancery Lane, and the pleasant branches from that goodly highway. Then the high, upright desk, the long pages of cramp words to write and indite ! Well, the only thing to be done, is, to face the evils incident to this life manfully, and to quote, as often as we may spare the time, that pleasantest of old saws, " Time and the tide wait for no man." And the heavy hours do pass, and the little piece of Gene ese workmanship on the mantel-piece, does, at last, sing forth, with golden tongue, those four notes, which bear

to us the signification of, "Open Sesame!" The great book is closed, drawers and doors are duly locked, and forth we sally homewards, to enjoy a good fire, and a good dinner, with a relish, all the keener it may be, for the hard labour, bodily and mental, the toil in which we have been immersed.

Then comes the rosiest of the rosy hours, the one hour worth all the other three-and-twenty, the quiet hour in the sanctum sanctorum. Surely the crimson damask curtains wear a brighter glow, the fire, of course, is at its brightest,—nay, even the ugliest of all ugly monsters that the East ever exported, grin and stare on the shelf, with a look of quiet content. The sofa is so downy, the ottoman so exactly placed,—what more can we want?—No society,—no, no; no troop of noisy, chattering acquaintances, calling themselves friends, shall intrude on this one hour, sacred to tranquillity; — yet something is wanted. Ay, draw aside that drapery that shields my treasures from the sun, and dust of daylight; — there stand the silent people, the inhabitants of that other world, as real, as palpable, and far less troublous than this. We will nought of natural philosophy, nor theology, nor metaphysics,—no, indeed, nor political economy after dinner; but something of a lighter strain, — a lady; a poetess, — Hemans, the touching, and refined; Baillie, or Landon? —Yes, we will bury ourselves in her sweet pages,—we will wander with her over sunny Italy; we will live over again with her those youthful days, when we also looked into blue eyes, and fancied they would never

grow dim—on round, peach-like cheeks, whose beauty we deemed,—Heaven help our innocence!—as immortal as our own admiration of them. Yes, we will ramble with her among lovely forms and bright flowers, and time-honoured ruins, until we fancy, once again, the earth an Eden, and forget, all the while, that the Thyrza, who personified our young dream of love and beauty, sits below-stairs, mending stockings for seven boisterous boys above.

But if books are suitable in every changing season of the year, they are not less so to every changing season of life,—even to youth and age,—although youth has its own joys of hope and novelty, and age its own pleasure of quiet rest. Books are good for young and old, but to middle life they are absolutely necessary. Youth has its delights; but manhood,—alas! the hand trembles, and the very heart sickens, as, turning over, leaf by leaf, the volume of human life, we behold, thicker and faster, on every page, the records of disappointed hopes,—lacerated feelings,—busy toils,—and pining regrets. We cannot bid the heart grow young again: as well might the earth remain unchanged by the storms that pass over it, desolating its surface and rending its interior, as the human heart remain unchanged, unblighted, unwithered, by the storms of passion, of affections excited, cherished, betrayed, forgotten. We cannot love or trust again, when once we have learned—and bitter is the knowledge,—that friends change, forget, die: we do not care to make new ones; trust has been betrayed,

and affection slighted too often for that. The warmth of our own feelings has passed away, — we cannot recall it; as well might we hope to recall the rainbow to the clear bright sky when the storm-drops have all departed. What then shall avail to cheer the heavy-footed time? Those silent folk again! Ay, they will not deceive; they will call up vivid pictures of what has been; we may traverse with them not only all space, but all time; we may dwell awhile with the nomadic tribes under an Arab tent, or chase the red deer with merry Robin Hood, or break a lance in the chivalrous court of the gallant Francis. Nay, our own mighty magician will even show us a new order of things, and teach us how to skim the blue air with Ariel, or tread the intricacies of a haunted forest glade with that little essence of all fun and frolic, Puck and his boon companions Moth and Mustard Seed.

But by and bye, some secondary cause stops the quick circulation of the blood, the limbs lose their activity, disease lays her strong hand upon the lover of nature; he may roam over heathery hill and through the daisy-besprinkled valley no more. Morn, noon, evening, bring to him no change of scene, no change of position; day after day, and week after week pass on, and behold him chained to his weary, weary couch. Perchance, too, he is a stranger in a far-off land; — vainly he turns his tearful eyes to the opening door; the mother who would have pillowed his aching head on her own fond bosom is not there. Vainly he yearns after the soft tones of his young sister's voice, — that

fond, that innocent sister!—When he hears the distant echoing of a light merry laugh, he half rises from his resting place, and listens eagerly, but she is not there. What then? Shall he waste the long hours in fruitless repining — shall he increase the fever of his body by the fevered regrets of the spirit? Shall he look out when the setting sun gilds the purple hills, with feelings of despair, because he may not view them from the rose-tinted lake, or from a neighbouring mountain top? Shall he throw angrily away the dark blue violets, and laughing daisies, and fair white hyacinths which strew his couch, and transform it almost into a bower of fragrance, because he did not himself explore the low dingle and hidden brook-side and fern-clad slope, whence the pretty wanderers came, and himself pluck them while the morning dew yet glittered on their soft petals? Not so; our invalid loves books; he shall collect around him, now in the dark hours, friends who will not reproach him for his past neglect.

First he will poetize: he will read the fanciful imagery of one, who, like himself, loved the bye and sheltered nooks; and he will recall his own experience of May mornings and twilight rambles, and pause awhile in his reading, to see whether star and flower and winged insect suggested to himself the same thoughts, and awoke the same feelings as they did in him over whose page he bends.

He will open some volume of grave, stern reasoning, which shall bring all his own mathematical powers into play. Some error shall be amended, or some doubt

cleared up, which has long impeded the progress of his search after truth.

Then he will read a tale of some young enthusiastic spirit, which vowed itself to the high, but futile task of snatching a laurel leaf from the dark stream of oblivion, whereon to inscribe, in fading characters, a perishing name.

Or haply he will take up a story of some gentle heart that went on its pilgrimage, asking but one boon; looking on earth for that flower that blooms only in Paradise, — pure and unselfish love; — an idle tale,— a yet idler record; but not without interest for him who reads, for he too has had his dream — his hope; and though stern experience soon aroused him from the one, and time, sterner still, has shown him the fallacy of the other, he ponders over the page with something of the same sweet, yet melancholy feeling which animates the old man, wearied with travel, and sick at heart, who revisits, after long, long years, the haunts of his childhood. What if these reminiscences call forth tears and sighs? Nay, then our invalid must converse with another friend. He cannot taste the full freshness of the rich sunny air that streams through the narrow casement; pine-wood, and lake, and forest are forbidden haunts to him. Well, then, he will send his spirit on a yet farther travelling. He will ramble with Irving over the wide enamelled prairie; he will cross the Atlantic with Hall, or traverse the sandy desert with Lander; he will enjoy their excitement, share their discoveries,

while he is spared their fatigues; and thus, with one and another merry comrade, the long days glide insensibly away; until the thin, transparent hand can no longer perform its office of turning the pleasant leaves; until aching head, and faintly labouring pulse, and fading uncertain breath proclaim that even this light labour must be laid aside. What comfort then remains for the poor sufferer? Weeks may yet elapse ere the lamp of life be quite extinguished. Though eloquence has lost its charm, and the spell of poetry is broken; though tales of travel, and tales of life show now one melancholy prospect, — that of fellow-pilgrims hastening alike to the same inevitable bourne, — shall he therefore consume the hours in solitary grief?

There is a Book whose characters have been traced by the finger of Omniscience, — whose records contain an undying history of Divine love, and Divine mercy, — whose pages are illuminated by a portraiture of the paths we must traverse, and the perils we must shun, in our journey, through a waste-howling wilderness, towards the mansions of eternal bliss. This blessed volume breathes forth words of consolation to him whose weary ears can drink in no other music, — words of hope to him for whom even the dearest interests of life are fast becoming a faint, and dim, and fading vision of the past. Though every limb may ache, though his eyes can no longer endure the sun's rays, and his very heart be sick with suffering, he loves to hear of the flowing golden rivers, and fair blooming islets,

and quiet green pastures of that peaceful home, to which he is fast hastening. Though he be alone in a far land, sad and desolate, yet will he rejoice; for soon, right soon, he will wander beside the rivers of Paradise, with those dearly loved ones who vanished so early from his side on earth, and whose death first made him feel, and rejoice in the feeling, that he too was mortal. Yes, he will rejoin them in that region, where parting, and sighs, and tears are unknown. He doubts not of the bliss that awaits him, for the voice that reads beside his lowly pallet the words of the blessed Book, pronounces with firm and unfaltering accents—"Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved;" and the sufferer even knows, and triumphs in the knowledge, that not on his own sufferings, not on his own merits will he rely for pardon and peace; but on the sufferings and merits of One whose fairest and most endearing appellation to the sons of sin is—The Redeemer. Death comes,—but how arrayed? He is the herald of good tidings;—the guide over the dark river which separates Time from Eternity;—the key by which the golden doors are opened;—the angel on whose wings the freed spirit is borne aloft. Ah! since the days have long since passed away, which beheld the Almighty Creator holding friendly communication with his creatures, by dreams, by Urim, by the prophets,—since no longer the Unseen Presence is made manifest in the still small voice after the calm, or as the voice of a trumpet among thunders and lightnings and thick clouds from the mount,—

since no longer the voice of the Lord God is heard walking in the garden in the cool of the day, or calming the fierce waves with "Peace, be still," how can we be sufficiently thankful that a way has been devised by which the tidings of these great things have been preserved from generation to generation, by which countless ages yet unborn may guide themselves to the home whence their first parents' sin exiled them.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF CORFU," ETC.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

Let her be laid within a shady dell,
  Where hanging trees, like twilight, dimly gleam;
Just within hearing of some village bell,
  And by the margin of a low-voiced stream;
For these were sights and sounds she once loved well:
  Then, o'er her grave, the blue-eyed stars will beam,
And all around the fragrant wild flowers blow,
And sweet birds sing her requiem while the waters flow.

Painted by J. Barret

Engraved by J. R. Richardson.

EARLY MORNING.

LEONI.

A Legend of Italy.

The lord of Castel Alto is old and gray-headed; four-score years have flitted silently over him, and the dream of his life is nigh to its awaking, and his ear is dull, and his eye is dim, and his heart is weary.

The old man reclines on a couch in the hall of his ancestors, beside an open casement, and the balmy air that floats over the deep blue waters of the broad sea, passes softly through his thin hair, and his weary eye rests on the brightness of a lovely landscape; for the olive, and the orange, and the myrtle, are green by the shore of the still waters; and the city lies whitely beneath the glance of the sun, as he rides through the cloudless azure of the heaven; while the purple mountains clasp the ocean in their arms, and fade away into the horizon in long lines of misty blue. Alas! the spring time of nature is a mockery to the winter of age, and Amalfiero turns away in sadness. His vassals are waiting around him to do him pleasure; the minstrel is there with his harp, the maiden with

her song; but no music is so sweet to the old man's ear as the voice of his daughter Giulietta.

Giulietta, when a babe, was a thing of smiles and loveliness, like a happy thought dancing over the mind. Giulietta, when a child, was like the orange blossom in the groves of Friuli, and gladness floated around her like the fragrance of the flower. Giulietta, in her youth, was the fairest maiden of Italy, — she glanced among the myrtle bowers like the winged zephyr: the evening star, when it rises gleaming out of the sea into the darkness of the glorious night of Italy, is not so bright as the beam that flashed from her large eye through the night of her lovely eye-lashes. Giulietta's mind was love — all love — to each and every thing.

Like music to the sadness of the soul, was Giulietta to the old age of her father. As she passed before him, a light came into the coldness of his eye; and his ear, when it was dead to other sound, awoke to the murmur of her gentle voice. As an angel watches over the last days of a saint upon the earth, when the tumult of the battle of his life is over, and sheds peace around his hours, and bids his days pass sweetly and holily, so Giulietta watched over Amalfiero like an influence of good, and was the sun of his thoughts, and the light of his rejoicing.

Giulietta had a brother. Garcio d'Amalfiero was a man of a dark countenance, and the shadows of his evil passions passed over it, like clouds over the luridness of the stormy heaven, and his look withered

those upon whom it fell, and his wrath, once excited, raged like a pestilence, and would not be appeased. He was loved by few, and had many enemies, none of whom he hated as he did the bandit Leoni, for him only he feared.

Leoni's better nature had been borne down by the violence of his passions, and he became what he abhorred, and widely was the fear of his name spread; for he passed over the land like a meteor, and left desolation behind him in the palaces of the great and the powerful, but not in the hamlets of the poor.

Returning from a successful attack on the castle of a neighbouring baron, Leoni had been once tracked to the fastnesses of the Apennines by Garcio, with a chosen troop of his followers. The bandit gave him battle, and was, as usual, victorious; the followers of Garcio cowered back from his thunderbolt charge, and Garcio himself was struck from his horse by the sword of Leoni. It had been said of the bandit, that he had never deserted a friend, nor spared an enemy; but, as his sabre waved over the head of his prostrate foe, the beaver of Garcio's helmet fell open: Leoni's arm was arrested as if by the hand of an invisible being, a smile of scorn passed over his lip, and then a mildness came into his eye; he turned calmly away; and, to the astonishment of his followers, sounded a retreat in the very flush of victory, while Garcio and his disheartened and vanquished band were suffered to retire unmolested. From that time the hatred of Garcio to Leoni was inextinguishable. The shame of defeat,

and the thirst of revenge gnawed into his heart like vultures, for he had rather have been laid dead by the sword of Leoni, than have owed his life to the clemency of his conqueror.

* * * * *

Giulietta sat in her chamber in the eastern tower of Castel Alto. The evening star rose out of the sea, and climbed slowly up into the sky, and Giulietta's dark eye rested sadly upon it. She was waiting for a voice that rose, every evening, from the myrtle grove below the castle, as that star disappeared behind the peak of a distant mountain. Giulietta hardly knew how very sweet the voice was to her listening ear, for it was the voice of one who loved her with a more than common love. They had first met when Giulietta was young, very young, and Francesco just verging into manhood — from that hour she was the light of his path, and the joy of his heart. Her father knew not of his child's love for Francesco, who pleaded to Giulietta some ancient feud of their families, as an excuse for maintaining his secresy.

When the star touched the misty summit of the mountain, and Giulietta drew near to the window, a blush passed over her fair cheek as a minstrel's song rose upon the breeze.

" Full broad and bright is the silver light
Of moon and stars, on flood and fell;
But in my breast is starless night,
For I am come to say farewell.

How glad, how swift was wont to be,
The step that bore me back to thee ;
Now coldly comes upon my heart,
The meeting that is but to part.

" I do not ask a tear, but while
I linger where I must not stay,
O, give me but a parting smile,
To light me on my lonely way.
To shine, a brilliant beacon star,
To my reverted glance, afar,
Through midnight, which can have no morrow,
O'er the deep, silent, surge of sorrow."

Giulietta opened a secret door, and descended, and Francesco saw her come forth in her beauty.

" What meant thy song to-night, Francesco ?" said the maiden.

" What can a farewell to thee mean, Giulietta, but misery ?"

" Nay, this is madness, Francesco," replied the maiden, " wherefore must we part ?"

" Thou sayest well, Giulietta, we will not part,—fly with me,—night is on the mountains, my band is near. Ere the day dawn we shall be far hence, in safety, in honour, and—if thou wilt, in power."

" Thy band !" repeated Giulietta, " fly with thee ! With whom ? What meanest thou ? What art thou, Francesco ?"

" I know not, maiden !" said Francesco, " I have

not been what I seem to be, yet thou couldst make me so. With thee, I am Francesco; without thee, I am a pestilence, a scourge,—in a word, without thee, I am—Leoni.

And the name struck through to the maiden's heart with a coldness as of death; the cry she would have uttered died upon her lips, and she fainted in the arms of her lover.

A hectic flush passed over her cheek, and she woke from the partial death with a deep gasp as of one in pain, and her dark eye was filled with a vague horror. "Francesco, Francesco!" she said, "thou toldest me something,—it was terrible,—tell it me again. Francesco!—thou art not Francesco," and she paused for a moment. "I know now," she said; "I remember well, very well, Francesco is dead, and thou — thou art not, thou canst not, thou shalt not be Leoni, — the bandit Leoni, — my brother's enemy. O, Francesco! say thou mockest me!"

"I was once Leoni," he replied;—"thy brother's enemy never, or Garcio had not now lived. Could I be the enemy of your brother, Giulietta?"

And Giulietta felt that it was Francesco, and not Leoni who spoke, and she paused in deep agony.

* * * * *

Great was the tumult at Castel Alto. An old fisherman of Pozzuolo had informed Garcio that he had seen two figures passing down westward on the seashore, at the foot of the castle. One was a maiden of exceeding beauty, the countenance of the other, he

said, was one which he knew well, and which, once seen, was not easily forgotten,—that of the bandit Leoni. Then Garcio was wild with rage, and he called his followers together, and the clash of arms was loud in the hall, and then, from the gate of Castel Alto, issued a troop of warriors, and their mail shone cold in the starlight, and Garcio spurred on his bloody war-horse in the van. His countenance was pale with wrath, and he dashed madly forward along the winding shore.

But one of the maidens of Giulietta, when she heard the peasant's tale, went and sought for her in her father's hall, and she was not there: and in her chamber, and she was not there; and she descended by the secret staircase, and she saw footsteps in the dew on the grassy ground. Then she returned weeping, and came to Amalfiero, and told him that Leoni the bandit had carried away Giulietta. And the old man was very feeble, and he bowed his head gently upon his breast and died.

* * * * *

"Heardest thou nothing?" Giulietta said to Leoni.

"Nothing, Giulietta," he replied. "Nay, now that I listen, methinks I hear a sound, far away, like the tramp of steeds along the sand." And Giulietta listened, and she was filled with great fear.

"Oh! fly, Leoni!" she said, "it is Garcio! fly, and leave me here!" But Leoni raised her in his arms, and bare her softly forward.

And now the rocks were seen rising high from the

sea-shore, with the columns of a ruined temple upon their summit, and Leoni knew that his band was near.

"On, on, Giulietta!" he exclaimed, "one effort more, and we are safe." And now the tramp of the galloping horses came nearer and nearer, and the voices of men were heard urging them on. Louder and louder became the sound, and Giulietta made one last struggle forward, and, having gained the rocks, the lovers stood beneath the ruins.

"Anselmo! Anselmo!" cried Leoni; and he was answered by a shout from the rocks, and the banditti leaped from their concealment; but ere they gained the shore, the foremost horseman of the opposite troop dashed into view. It was Garcio. A shout of triumph burst from his lips when he saw Leoni. Giulietta saw him level his carbine, and, with a shriek of agony, she threw herself before Leoni, and fell dead into his arms.

The band of Leoni heard the shot, and were around him in an instant: and lo! their leader was standing inactive beside the body of a maiden. There was a stillness in his eye, and on his features; but it was as the stillness of the volcano before it bursts forth into desolation. His troops stood round him in a fearful silence, and there was a pause, until, like a whirlwind over the quietness of deep waters, came the madness upon the soul of Leoni. He looked up, and saw that his band was beside him.

"Stand by me, this night," he said, "and revenge the loss of your leader." Then he shouted his war-cry, and the banditti swelled the sound with eager

voices. The followers of Garcio replied, and Leoni dashed at them like a thunderbolt. Then loudly into the quietness of the heaven rose the roar of the battle, and the echoes rolled heavily over the sea.

Leoni burst his path through the mass of battle, and his bloodshot eye was on the crest of Garcio; and, whether it were foe or friend whom he met in his frenzy, he dashed the combatants aside, and clove his way to that one plume. With the implacable wrath of an avenging spirit, Leoni sought his single foe. The followers of Garcio shrunk from his glance, and, as he broke through the front of their battle, some turned and fled, and the rest hung back in disorder and dismay.

Then Garcio saw Leoni come upon him with the swoop of an eagle, and his eye quailed before the despair of his foe.

"Wretch," cried Leoni, "lovest thou life?—O, would that I could make life to thee, what thou hast made it to me, and thou shouldst live! I spared thee once, for her sake,—thou hast well rewarded me! —thy sister strikes thee, Garcio!" And he smote him dead.

And the voice of battle drifted away towards Castel Alto, and the shouts of the victorious banditti were heard echoing along the cliffs. But Leoni was no longer at their head;—in their victory they were without a leader,—they remembered that he had commanded them to revenge his loss, and few, very few, of the followers of Garcio, escaped the slaughter of that night. The banditti met, and sought for Leoni

among the dead, and they found the body of Garcio, and the sword of their leader lying beside it; but him they found not. And they retired, silently, under cover of the night, to their fastness among the mountains.

O calmly, brightly, beautifully rose the morning out of the eastern sea, and widely spread the rosy dawn over the deep! Gloriously the radiance stole up into the high heaven, where the white clouds waved their light wings in the deepness of the infinite blue, and looked out eastward, rejoicing, as they met the morning breeze that sprang upward from its repose, in the grove of silver olives. And the sun lifted his head majestically out of the sea, and the mists passed away before his glance, from its surface, and the waves rolled onward, singing, with sweet low voices, and a long golden path was thrown upon them, even unto the shore.

O the radiance of that morning was unconscious of the desolation of the night! There was no sadness in the dawn that shone on the ruins of Castel Alto. The surges that, in the night, had dashed away the blood from the shore, now broke clear and white on the unstained pebbles. A figure was leaning against a rock on the strand. Few, very few could have recognised, in the haggard face, and withered form, the once haughty and fiery Leoni.

The fishermen of Pozzuolo affirm, that, for years after that terrible night, the same figure was seen pacing the shore, with the unequal step, and wild gestures of a maniac.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTER;

A Ballad.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON, OF RIO JANEIRO.

Up rose Caerlaveroch's grim earl;
Right joyful shouted he:
"My hated foe for ever now,
My prisoner shall be!

"He lies within my dungeon-wall,
And chained shall there remain;
Or his life-blood shall wash away
Our honour's withering stain.

"What brought the callant near my towers,
Scarce armed and all alone?
'Twas the hand of heaven which gave him up,
His father's crime to atone."

The Lady Margaret stood there,
Close by the old earl's side:
"Alas, my lord, for his father's sin,
May no ill to him betide!

"Spare his young blood, my parent dear!
Spare his young blood, I pray!
O set him free, the death-feud stop,
And let him wend his way!"

"Now shame thee, Lady Margaret!
Out on thee, child, I say!
And, for that thou hast dared to plead,
He dies ere break of day."

The Lady Margaret was good,
And wise, as she was fair;
No maid within a thousand miles,
Could match Caerlaveroch's heir.

Her sire's hereditary foe,
At Holyrood she met;
The young Lord Lindsay, and they loved
As foes had ne'er loved yet.

It was to spy his lady fair,
Young Lindsay, in disguise,
Was wandering near her father's towers,
And taken by surprise.

PART THE SECOND.

'Tis midnight,—Margaret does not sleep,
Nor yet her faithful page;
Fearful the task for life or death,
In which they both engage.

The Lady Margaret steals along
The subterranean way,
Known only by her sire and her,
To where the prisoner lay.

She struggles on — and gains at last
The secret aperture;
Glides gently to his iron couch
Where chained he lies secure.

He starts, and almost shrieks to see
His Margaret so nigh;
But finger on her lip is laid,
And warning's in her eye.

No word they spoke — the chain's unlocked,
Up with a bound he springs;
And freedom to his pallid brow
The rushing life-blood brings.

The loathsome passage now is cleared,
The stars are glittering bright;
And to his parching lip is brought
The fresh cool breeze of night.

Down in yon dell, the page awaits
With a courser fleet and sure;
'Tis not indeed his own good steed,
But that he must endure.

" Now, dearest Margaret, fly with me!
Now fly with me I pray!
A victim to thy sire's revenge,
Here must thou never stay.

" Turn not away, nor wring my hand —
From hence I will not stir:
If Margaret cannot fly with me,
I must not part from her.

" Put up your steed, sir page, and now
Return we whence we came:
O Margaret, couldst thou think that I
Dread dying more than shame?"

Then Margaret dried her falling tears,
And courage found to speak;
" Lindsay, I am resolved and firm,
Although my heart should break.

" Thy life is saved, and thou art free;
And, trust me, I would brave
Ten times the peril of this night,
That precious life to save.

" Yet deem it not a lack of love, —
For I would share with thee,
Want, sickness, toil, and, worse than all,
The harsh world's contumely, —

"O deem it not a lack of love,
If one thing yet I name,
Still dearer than thou art to me —
A conscience free from blame!

"And ne'er will I desert my sire —
E'en though with guilt defiled;
For stern and cruel if he be,
He dearly loves his child.

"I will not leave him in his age:
But, Lindsay, cease thy dread —
He'll rage and storm, but never harm
A hair of his Margaret's head.

"I will confess my love for thee;
And time, perchance, may bring
Some healing balm; — perchance root out
Revenge's festered sting.

"Leave all to me — there still is hope:
Mount, mount thy steed — away!
Methinks I hear the early bird
That harbingers the day."

Lindsay revered her filial truth,
And ceased his suit to press;
He felt he could not love her more,
But might esteem her less.

One kiss — one long and parting kiss —
Then leaped he on his steed ;
One look — one long and parting look —
And he was gone indeed.

PART THE THIRD.

'Tis cock-crow, and the dappled dawn
Glows o'er the eastern sky ;
Caerlaveroch's guard i' the castle yard,
Are watching gloomily.

What means this sudden uproar wild ?
Arms clash, deep curses rise ;
The shrill-toned swell of the 'larum-bell
Salutes the brightening skies !

And steeds are saddling in their stalls ;
The draw-bridge rattles down :
Ride hard ye may, my men, this day,
Your captured foe is flown !

Caerlaveroch's chief is in his hall :
None looked on him but feared ; —
His teeth are clenched, and the fury-foam
Whitens his grizzled beard.

Death flashes from his keen blue eye,
As to his feet is brought,
Unarmed and bound, the sentry found
On guard o'er him they sought.

"Traitor!" and glancing high in air,
The earl's bright falchion quivers;
It falls — but checked, and dashed aside,
In the firm oak-beam shivers.

Why failed his aim so firm and true?
It rarely failed till now —
And what hath blanched that iron cheek,
And tamed that threatening brow?

A gentle form has glided 'tween
The victim and the blow;
Margaret's fair neck it lightly grazed;
The red drops trickling flow.

Yea, there she knelt—his daughter dear,
In penitent's array —
Her feet were bare, and her long dark hair
On the stone pavement lay.

All stood aghast: — her eye was firm,
But her cheek and lip were pale;
Yet lovely showed through the waving cloud
Of her dark mourning veil.

"Father, behold the traitor here!"
The silvery tone was heard
By each and all in that crowded hall,
And every heart is stirred.

With grief, amazement, shame, and rage,
The haughty chieftain gaspt;
Fierce was the strife; but Nature won
Her outraged claim at last.

Well had the maiden prophesied:
Her pleading wise and calm
With time did bring to revenge's sting,
A holy healing balm.

For a year had scarcely passed away,
When, from her father's hand,
Lindsay with pride received his bride,
In wedlock's sacred band.

A happier pair were never known
To grace Caerlaveroch's bowers;
And soon on his knee the earl smiled to see
A young lord of its ancient towers.

BACHELOR SMITH.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

"My dear," said Mrs. Hartley to her husband, as they were sitting, by themselves, at the breakfast table, "have you thought at all upon the subject of our conversation the other evening?"

"What subject?" inquired Mr. Hartley.

"Why," rejoined the other, "some method of providing for Emily Somerton."

"O, there's time enough for that," was the reply.

"Well, now, Mr. Hartley," pursued the lady, "you are the very oddest man I ever met with, or heard of."

"Very possibly, my dear; but wherefore?" asked the gentleman.

"Why," explained Mrs. Hartley; "when I first proposed inviting her down, you showed an indifference,—nay, a downright repugnance to the visit; and now, you will not hear of her departure!"

"You forget, my dear," was the answer, "tha the aspect of affairs has materially changed since she first

came among us. Then she was the heiress of a nabob's wealth, and, although I should have been right glad to see the daughter of an old friend, under any circumstances, I certainly did enter my protest against the motive you assigned for inviting her; namely, a hope that she might not be insensible to the merits of our Edward, whose income as a half-pay lieutenant of dragoons would have been marvellously improved by the splendid fortune which was then on its way from Ceylon, and would have made Emily the most eligible match in the county. Now, however, that the ship, spices and all, are at the bottom of the sea, and the poor girl is left almost without a guinea, I do feel some reluctance at sending her forth upon a world of which she knows nothing, and with which she is utterly unfit to contend."

"Then, I suppose," observed Mrs. Hartley, somewhat tauntingly, "you intend to adopt her?"

"No, my dear," said the husband; "I do not: but you will admit that there is some little difference between adopting her, and turning her out of doors."

"I do not wish you to turn her out of doors," was the rejoinder; "I only proposed to you to obtain for her some situation in London, — as a companion or a governess, for instance."

"Well, well," exclaimed Mr. Hartley, "there is time enough yet for that; and, in the meanwhile, it is hard, indeed, to grudge the poor dear girl the little hospitalities which we should pay to one who has not half her claims upon our good offices."

"But, I suppose, Mr. Hartley," said the lady, "you are aware that Mr. Smith has fixed next week for his visit to his newly purchased estate, and that, as his own house is not in a state fit for his reception, he has promised to take up his abode with us."

"Well, my dear," responded Mr. Hartley, "there is more than one spare bed in the house."

"Surely," replied the other; "but we must offer Mr. Smith the best room, which is now occupied by Emily, and I thought, that, if something could be found for her before Mr. Smith comes down, it would save us from the awkwardness of asking her to change her room."

"And why," inquired Mr. Hartley, the equanimity for which he was distinguished being somewhat disturbed; "why, in the name of all that is preposterous, should she change it?—Surely, the little green room is quite good enough for Bachelor Smith, who, when I first knew him, used to sleep under the counter of the banking-house in which he is now a partner. Come, come, my dear, be honest, and confess that your motive, in desiring to get rid of Emily before the arrival of the wealthy banker, is a fear that she may prove a rival to your own daughter, though, credit me, you have little reason for either hopes or fears on the subject. I shall be very glad to see this phœnix of bachelors, but his visit can be no reason for thrusting forth our gentle dove upon the troubled waters of the world, and, therefore, here she remains, until she can be, in all respects, comfortably settled elsewhere."

Mr. Hartley was an easy, good-tempered, and somewhat indolent man; and, therefore, for the sake of what is termed a quiet life, usually gave way to his wife, who was a shrewd, worldly-minded, manœuvring woman; but there was a point, beyond which it was not safe to urge him, and, knowing this, she deemed it prudent to drop the subject for the present.

For the rest, Mr. Hartley was a straight-forward, honest-purposed man; who, perfectly content with an income which afforded him all the comforts, and most of the luxuries of life, confined his wishes to the circle of his own hearth.

Mrs. Hartley, on the contrary, was fond of dash and show, a taste in which she was wont to indulge herself to the full limit of their income; and, as her husband took especial care that she should not exceed it, many were the shifts, and not a few the meannesses, to which the lady was wont to condescend, in order to the gratification of her ruling passion.

Emily Somerton was the daughter of an officer in the navy, who died a few years after his marriage, leaving his wife and child dependent on the bounty of his brother, a high functionary in India. This relative, happily for the welfare of the widow and orphan, was a bachelor, and disposed to supply his brother's place as far as his wealth could be available. He accordingly provided not only for their wants, but for the education of Emily; and intimated his intention of bequeathing a handsome annuity to his brother's widow, and making her daughter his residuary legatee.

His wealth, at the time of his death, was in the form of merchandize, which was committed, with his will, to a single vessel. The usual advice of the investment was sent to England with an order for its being insured; but, owing to the derangement of the agent's affairs, the insurance was never effected, and the next mail brought the intelligence of the ship having foundered at sea.

Emily Somerton was a very lovely, highly accomplished, and delicately nurtured girl; but such was the excellence of the principles in which she had been brought up, that the blow fell not so severely upon her, as it would upon one of a differently constituted mind.

We have shown, in the dialogue just quoted, the change produced on the sentiments of Mrs. Hartley, by her visitor's unexpected reverse of fortune. Her daughter Caroline was too apt a pupil in her mother's school, to feel very differently upon the subject. Edward Hartley, however, whose coldness of manner towards the reputed heiress, approached almost to the verge of rudeness, became as remarkable for his attentions to her, when those attentions could not, by any stretch of uncharitableness, be assigned to an interested motive.

In due course, a letter was received from Mr. Smith, announcing his intention of proceeding to Hartley Hall by the following day's coach. Mrs. Hartley was too fond of show and stage-effect, as well as too anxious to propitiate the man whom she hoped, despite Emily's attractions, to call son-in-law, to omit any thing that

would be likely to make a favourable impression upon her guest. Accordingly, she despatched the chariot to the nearest market-town at which the coach stopped, to await his arrival; moreover, as their only footman was sent with the carriage, she directed the gardener to be in attendance at the lodge, and as soon as he had opened the gate to the expected visitor, to hasten through the shrubbery to the back of the house, so as to be in readiness to officiate, in his best coat, at the hall-door, by the time that the carriage arrived.

Alas, for the vanity of human projects! Bachelor Smith had well earned his soubriquet by the multitude of his peculiarities. Among them was a fancy for never having more than one suit of clothes in wear at a time. As he was not parsimonious, his taste in this particular elicited much surprise and some inquiries among his friends, to none of whom, however, would he assign any serious reason for it. To one he replied, that if, by any accident, he left a bank note in his pocket, there was no chance of its being purloined by his valet, or reduced to its original pulp by his laundress. To another he alleged the example of an acquaintance who, he said, had had two suits—one on his back, and the other in chancery, and that having lost the latter, he had great difficulty in preserving the former.

One of the consequences of this odd fancy was, that he never travelled with more than a few changes of linen, which he squeezed into a small valise, so portable that he could carry it without inconvenience.

On the occasion of his visit to Mr. Hartley, he had alighted from the coach at a point nearer to his journey's end than the market town, and having taken a short cut across the fields, arrived at the hall-door, where he was admitted by a slipshod kitchen-maid with her hair in papers, and a cap somewhat the worse for a week's wear. He found the hostess overwhelmed with confusion, and profuse in her apologies; while her husband was laughing, to the point of suffocation, at the ill success of her scheme for receiving their guest in state.

Mr. Smith, to the great delight of his hostess, did not appear to be particularly taken by the charms of Miss Somerton, while, on the contrary, to Miss Hartley, he was more than ordinarily attentive; and truly if he did not place a sufficient value upon her virtues and accomplishments, it was no fault of her mother, who did not fail to blazon them forth with all her eloquence. Another circumstance hailed as a favourable omen by the keen-eyed matron, was, that the bachelor, in his daily visits to his new purchase, which adjoined the Hartley estate, usually requested the company of his hostess and her daughter, a compliment which he paid but once to Miss Somerton.

Mr. Smith had extended his visit to nearly a month, during which Mrs. Hartley's fears of Emily's rivalship of her daughter had entirely subsided, when, one morning at breakfast, he invited the whole family to the house-warming at his new residence.

The day was remarkably propitious, Mrs. Hartley

was in admirable spirits, and Caroline was in raptures with the mansion and park, which she hoped would one day call her mistress. Mr. Smith was of course *cicerone* on the occasion, and more than once appealed to the judgment of the matron and her daughter as to the taste of the furniture and the decorations.

In the course of their rambles, Emily and Edward Hartley were separated from the rest of the party, to which the young lady was about to return, when her companion detained her.

"Emily,—I beg your pardon,—Miss Somerton," he said, "so you are going to leave us, I hear."

"Yes," was the reply; "a situation has at length been found for me, thanks to the persevering kindness of your good mamma."

"You will leave behind you one, at least," rejoined Edward, with a sigh, "who will regret your departure."

"I confess," said Emily, "your father's uniform kindness towards me has flattered me into some such hope."

"But, Emily,—Miss Somerton, I mean,—can you think of no one else who would miss you?" asked the other.

"No," was the rejoinder, "unless it be Ponto the pointer, who has been somewhat pointed in his attentions to me, of late."

"Emily," said Edward, "I am a plain soldier;" (which was not true, for he was a very handsome one,) "the hour which witnesses our last interview for, it

may be, many months, is not a time for ceremony; — I love you, — warmly and truly." A blush, which overspread Emily's cheek at this avowal, encouraged him, and he proceeded: "My lieutenant's half-pay, I confess, is not a very brilliant provision, but my expectations, — nay, believe not that I found my hopes upon my father's grave, for I would not pass over it to a throne, — but Lord * * *, my god-father, is now in power, and has promised me a civil appointment. Will you allow me to hope?"

He paused, — took Emily's hand in his, and looked in her face for his answer; but, at that moment, the shrill voice of Mrs. Hartley was heard, and the young pair hurried back to the mansion.

The fact is, that Mrs. Hartley had no sooner ceased to fear the power of Miss Somerton's charms in one quarter, than she began to dread their effect in another. She had long suspected that the young lady had excited a more than common interest in Edward's heart, and, in order to their separation, the kind matron had been exerting her influence to procure for Emily a situation as a governess in town, in which she at last succeeded. Her lynx-eyes had been on them nearly the whole of the day, and when she discovered their segregation from the party, she sought them out and recalled them, as we have related.

At length dinner was announced, when Mr. Smith conducted Mrs. Hartley into the eating-room, and placed her at the head of the table; himself, of course, taking the bottom of it. Nothing could pass off more

agreeably; and high were the compliments which the bachelor received on the excellence of his *cuisine* and his wine-cellar. The females were about to adjourn to the drawing-room, when Mr. Smith begged to detain them for a few minutes, while he proposed the health of a lady who would in future preside at that board.

Mrs. Hartley, although she entertained not a doubt that Caroline was the party thus alluded to, was not, any more than her daughter, prepared for the precipitate and open avowal which he was about to make, and which they could only attribute to the effect of an extra glass of wine upon a man of his abstemious habits. Every other feeling, however, was absorbed in astonishment when, after an appropriate, but somewhat lengthy exordium, the president gave the health of Miss Somerton!

An arch smile and a curtsey from the young lady, showed plainly enough that she was not unprepared for the toast. The feeling which succeeded astonishment in Mrs. Hartley's breast was vexation, which found vent in the expression of her surprise that Mr. Smith did not prepare them for the scene by a previous introduction to the bride elect; "But perhaps;" she added, "you are already married."

"Madam!" rejoined the bachelor; "you pay a compliment to the young lady's taste and my wisdom which they do not deserve. I am still Bachelor Smith, and if I preserve my senses, Bachelor Smith will be engraven on my tomb. The lady is mistress here in her own right. The report of the loss of the ship was

unfounded — the cargo has arrived, and out of the proceeds — in conformity with the instructions in Colonel Somerton's will, of whose executors I am the agent — this estate has been purchased for the future residence of his niece, and it will be your own fault if you do not find her a good neighbour."

It should be explained, that the bachelor was quite alive to the design upon his heart, and with the view of mortifying the sordid feelings of both mother and daughter, had maliciously encouraged their hopes.

Mrs. Hartley's disappointment in her schemes for the aggrandisement of her favourite child, was not entirely compensated for, by the marriage of her son to Emily Somerton, which took place shortly afterwards. She however consoled herself by the thought, that as Emily was very young, she would stand in need of her mother-in-law's advice in the management of her household. Unfortunately for the good lady's hopes of thus acquiring an influence which would make her, in point of fact, absolute over two establishments, her own and her son's, Mrs. Somerton, on the express invitation of Edward Hartley, came down, shortly after the wedding, to take up her permanent residence with her daughter.

The elder Mr. Hartley's feelings on the favourable turn in his fair protegée's fortunes, were those of unmingled delight, enhanced doubtless, by the fact of his son's participation in her prosperity.

As for Mr. Smith, he continued so successfully to withstand the fascinations of the sweet sex, that the ladies declared that his heart — if he really had one — was locked up, with other valuables, in the fire-proof room of the banking-house.

TO HENRY HOWARD, ESQ. R.A.

On seeing his picture of "The Bower of Diana;" and in reference to his many other beautiful illustrations of the Classic Mythology.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

If that be sooth which he hath taught, —
The sage who wrote on yonder sky,* —
And cast a spell, more fine than *thought*,
Which brought the absent to *the eye*,† —
If he, whose charms could give to sight
The dead, and make the moon his scroll,
Have clearly read, and told aright
The story of the soul;

* Pythagoras. † The Glass of Pythagoras.

And if, in truth, 'mid chance and change,
A pilgrim of the same dark sphere,
It wanders on through being's range,
Though, still, a stranger here,
Save for some few, faint memories
Of distant days and far-off skies,
That come, like half-forgotten dreams,
And light it with their fitful gleams,
And dimly link its present fate
With some old unremembered state;—
If we, who walk the world to-day,
Have walked, a thousand years ago,
And seen the ancient fountains play,
That have forgot to flow
For centuries, perchance, of years,—
Like what were, *then*, our springs of tears,—
And, like those streams, our grief has found
New issues upon other ground:—
If this be so,—then, *thou* hast strayed,
Methinks, within some Grecian glade,
And seen, of old, the spirit-eyes
That glanced along those moon-lit vales,
And heard the low, sweet spirit-sighs
Come breathing down their gales;
And to thine eyes have, erst, been given
The visions of the Grecian heaven!
And thou hast dreamt the haunted dreams
That, when the world, as yet, was young,
Stole up from all the wild, fresh streams
That to the sleeper sung,

And peopled all their isles and springs
With starry eyes and rainbow wings!
And thou, by green and grove, hast met
Immortal voices, singing low,
And seen the shapes that haunt thee, yet,
Two thousand years ago!
Or haply, thou, of yore, hast strayed
With old Lysippus, in the shade,
And heard *him* tell of classic elf,—
Or wert, perhaps, Lysippus' self!—
And thus, the visions woo thee, still,
Though faintly, now, and far apart,
That came, upon the lonely hill,
Unto the lonely heart;—
That dwelt, a wild and mystic train,
Of old, amid the forest trees,
And fell into the dreamer's brain,
With every solemn breeze,—
Or, lurking 'mid the place of flowers,
Made temples of the summer bowers!
And that, perchance, is *memory's* skill,
Which takes *imagination's* show,
And thou but paintest features, still,
Remembered long ago!

And *this** is of the dreams that link
Thy present with thy former day,—
Where, still, thy fancies love to drink
At fountains far away:—

* The Picture of "The Bower of Diana."

Till,—like the land in which they grew,—
That breast of thine is haunted ground,
Where shapes immortal wander through,
And spirit-echoes float around;
And pale, sad faces sit and weep,
In leafy places far apart,
And flashing eyes, that never sleep,
Look in upon thy heart;
And by thy spirit's thousand rills
Sit Naiads, singing wild, sweet strains,
And Nymphs go hunting up its hills,
And dancing o'er its plains:—
And thou, to show our mortal eyes
Those creatures of the Grecian skies,
Dost hold,—beyond the sage's glass!—
A spell through which the visions pass,
And openest, with thy wand of *art*,
That bright Pantheon of thy heart!

'Tis she—'tis she—the huntress-queen,
Who leads the chace along the sky,
Yet loved to sweep the meadows green
Of pleasant Thessaly!—
Who left her palace of the stars,
To sleep amid the leafy spars;
And stole, beneath the cloak of day,
(Her standard of the moonlight furled,)
To wander where earth's fountains play,
And haunt the valleys of the world!—

Who sought the voice of earthly rills,
To lull her with their sighing flight,
Though *she* may sleep on heaven's hills,
Where play the founts of light!—
Who leaned to hear, the woods among,
Pan's low and melancholy song,—
That sweetest song,—though in *her* ears,
The myriad starry lyres on high
Pour fourth the music of their spheres,
To greet her glorious eye!
And this is she who turned away
From all the loving shapes of light,
That hung about her haunted way,
And did their homage in her sight,—
And, gliding with her silver feet,
At even, when the winds were still,
Came down, a mortal heart to meet,
Upon the Latmos hill,—
And watched him with her looks of light,
Through all the long and lonely night!
— Alas! that she should wander forth,
From all the fadeless bowers on high,
To pluck the passion-flowers of earth,
That only bloom, to die!

She lies beneath the sylvan woof,
And dreams, perhaps, love's blessed dream,
Where Cupids spread the silken roof,
And shade the summer gleam,

And hover round, from prying eyes,
To guard the lady of the skies.
And thus it is that whispering rills
Seem sweet to her, at falling eve,—
Or Pan's wild piping, on the hills,—
Because they make her grieve;
For lovers—when they *smile*—are sad,
And all things mournful make them glad!

And hers is but a cheerless tale,—
Like all which have to do with earth,—
For what could mortal love avail
To one of deathless birth,—
But purchase, with a few bright years,
An immortality of tears!

No more—no more—oh! never more,
Such visions haunt the classic shore!
No more her shepherd waits, to meet
The coming of her sandalled feet:—
But she, with melancholy eye,
Goes, nightly, wandering through the sky;
And ever sad, and ever pale,
Like one who keeps a mournful tale,—
Like Patience smiling through its smart,—
The lady of the broken heart!—
Or like some orphan of the skies,
Whose old companionships and ties
Are gone;—

For though she mounts the moving clouds,
And walks amid the starry crowds,
She, ever, seems alone! —
And they who love, *beneath* the stars,
Look up among those golden cars,
To hail her, as of yore;
And, when they see her sweet, sad eye
Come shining up the eastern sky,
Send out the homage of a sigh, —
And then, they love the more!
And hopeless hearts to her complain,
Who looks as if she loved in vain!

No more — no more, on earthly ground,
May those immortal shapes be found, —
That make a painter's visions bright,
And touch his pencil with their light,
And — for they loved him — did impart
Their gift of beauty to his heart.
Oh! never more shall waking eye
Behold those tenants of the sky, —
Who made the land they trod divine, —
Save, Howard! through such spells as thine!

Painted by J. Webster

JENNY'S FIRST LOVE LETTER.

Published by Smith, Elder & Co

JENNY'S FIRST LOVE LETTER.

[Not being ourselves from the Land of Cakes, we were greatly at a loss for an article to accompany the little domestic scene, for which we are indebted to the pencil of Mr. Webster, when, much to our relief, our friend ALLAN CUNNINGHAM communicated to us the following letter, written by the real heroine of the picture.]

JENNY BELLENDEN TO MARGARET PRIMROSE.

Tweedside, 30 *June*, 1836.

DEAR MAGGIE,

Since you left us I have thought the Tweed drumlie, and the heather on its banks less fragrant then when we used to wander at sun-set, and see the shepherds fold the ewes, and talk of the lads of Yarrow and Galla. I look at your seat empty in the kirk, I miss your voice in the psalm; others look for you in the dance, and I could wish you sometimes at our fireside; for, as my father said, Maggie's a merry lass, and no ill-faur'd; but above all, I can no longer talk to you under my breath — for my aunt, as you know, has her full hearing — about lovers from either dale or hill. Ah! my lass, I have found out a secret! Wooers have been more plentiful since you went to London, and that says plain as with a tongue, that you

attracted many joes, who would likely have sighed for me. Some of them, indeed, lack spirit, and others speak best after their supper; there is one, however, that I cannot for my heart know what to think of: he has nearly smothered me with verse; he has made the hills, what he calls, vocal with my name; yet he is, I fear, a thriftless creature, and I expect he will be found drowned in Yarrow some morning; if that very respectable stream will consent to such folly.

But a greater evil has come upon us than poetry—there has been a painter here. We once thought the land sufficiently afflicted when we had three bards dwelling amongst us at once; it was reckoned so sore a visitation, that our minister alluded to it in his prayer. But, O! Maggie, lass, a painter is a far sorer dispensation: a sang made about one is foolish enough, and vexatious enough while it lasts, but, like a dunt on the elbow, it is soon over. It is otherwise with a painter and his work: he clinks ye down in some foolish attitude, and then hangs ye up to be looked at, like a Saracen's head on a sign post, now and for evermore; for a picture will last a thousand years, and some sangs die as they are born. The misery of art has fallen on this vale, and not only on this vale, but on this household, and of this household on me, Jenny Bellenden, in particular.

I shall tell ye, Margaret, all about this, and how it began; I dreaded something was about to happen, for I saw three magpies, where magpies should not be; and two of our cows, the best milkers of them all, be-

came as dry as the palm of my hand. Word, ye see, ran round the dale, that a strange lad, quick of the eye, and sharp looking, was wandering about from Dan to Beersheba, gazing at an old tower here, a fall of water there, lambs running on one hill-side, and shepherds sunning themselves on another; in short, he loved to look at all that no one cared about save himself; and so we suspected his morals, and kept a sharp look out on him.

But ye would have thought that the stranger was every where: I went, with our two lasses, to the trout-loups with a washing: we had scarcely put our feet into the tub, when we saw him, amongst the hazels, with paper and pencil, sketching us where we stood, —bare feet and all. I went to the stream-side with three linen-webs to bleach amongst the gowans; there was he, the painter bodie again! nay, one night, as we sat watching our washing, with no better light than the blessed moon, there was he like a troubled spirit. We could not then make out his calling, but he soon showed himself in his true colours.

You know, Margaret, one whiles cannot find an opportunity of just doing all they want to do, or of saying all they want to say, and this seems to have been the case with Jamie Lorance of the Lamingford; or, may be, he thought he could express himself in a grander way with the pen than with the tongue; so what did he do, but sit down and indite a letter, and this same letter was brought to our town-end by the village postman. I think I see him now popping his

head in at the window, and saying with a provoking air of intelligence in his face, "A letter! price two-pence."

Well, ye see, my heart was at my mouth; such a thing as a letter had not crossed our threshold since the failure of lang Tam Tamson the woolman.

"A letter!" said my father, "what in the wide world can it be about? what malefaction have I committed, that a letter should come to me?"

"It's no' for you, goodman," said the postman, with a queer look to me.

"Then it must be for me," said my aunt: "two-pence did ye say?"

"I'll take your money, Miss Elspat," said he, "but the letter 's no' for you neither—your day for such missives is by."

"What do you mean, bodie?" exclaimed my aunt, "my day is no' by for ought that I ken of; there was Kate Jamieson that met with a love disappointment at seventy, and scarcely recovered it for half-a-dozen years."

"Bless us all!" thought I, "can this letter be for me?" I did not know where to look, or what to do; nay, when I saw my father glance at the back, and then give me one of his admonishing shake-of-the-head sort of looks, I knew so little what I was about, that my aunt, when she tells the story, vows that I sat down the wrong way to the wheel, and span at the rate of three threads to the pound.

"Jenny," said my father, "there's two-pence thrown clean away. If James Lorance had ought to say,

wherefore did he no' come and say it? But he must show his learning, and put the whole house in a stir, and all to get rid of some long words, only to be found in the bottom of an inkhorn, or a dictionary that has all words save those we daily use."

"Let me look at this same letter," said my aunt, "for love has a grand language of its own; it deals in none of your smear-sheep and buy-wool sort of words."

My spirit got up at this. "I like to see a lad's thoughts in black and white," said I; "words have wings, and fly away when only spoken; but when written down, there they are, and one knows what's what."

"Jenny has more sense than we have both," exclaimed my aunt: "I allowed a lad to blow in my lug for a full half year, and what came of it? the words were soft and pleasant, but were forgotten; had they been in black and white, I might have held him to them, and no' been sitting here, to-day, like a neighbourless shoe." And she gave her head a prideful toss.

"What needs all this din?" said my father; "the letter is a letter that no one can be held to; it is what they call poetry, and all the world knows there's no sense in that. What lightness could Jamie Lorance see in my child, that he should write to her in rhyme? The outside of the door shall be his when he comes—remember that, Elspat."

But I should have told you, Maggie, that, all the while, there was a witness to this fireside farce; and

who was it but the painter bodie of whom I spoke before. He had seen what he called the interior of our house, and desired to draw it, because it was so picturesque, — is that the right word? And it was really wonderful to see what likenesses he made of our clocking-hen; the cat washing her face in the sun; the broth-pot boiling over, and my aunt cooling it; no to speak of hanks of yarn and sheepskins hung up to dry, and hams reesting in the reek. Well, ye see, while the grand controversy about the letter lasted, I thought I saw this painter chap looking whiles at me, then at my aunt, syne at my father, and fourthly at the postman; but then as he aye busied himself with his pencil and paper, I had no suspicion that he was daubing us all down in black and blue, and red and green, and purple and puce. Maggie, he has made a highland plaid of us; we are all the colours of the rainbow. However, the postman was paid his money; the painter took up his looms and left us; I sat down to my wheel, and at the right side too; my aunt looked at herself in the glass, set her head-gear straight, and muttered, "As unlikely a lamb has found a market," while my father grumbled audibly about the postage.

"Twopence!" I heard him say, "and for foolish rhymes too! was ever the like heard of?"

I had forgotten all about it, when it was recalled to my memory, and in a way that I am not sure I shall so soon forgive. One morning the painter bodie came to our house, with something in a fine shining frame,

which he placed against the wall, saying, "Ay, that's the proper light." I saw my aunt hold up her hands, and cry; "No, but the like of that, now!" and I heard my father say, "Indeed, man, but ye had little to do, when ye wasted such rich colours on an old man, an older woman, and a still older house, and a giddy lassie of seventeen,—and ye call this a picture?" I rose to look at this picture of his. Well, I never knew what a picture was, before; any one may make a picture, if yon's one: he had done neither more nor less than clink us all down, just as we appeared, in the grand scene of the letter. There I sat at my wheel, discomposed, no doubt: there stood my aunt; her skinny finger in her purse, and her peaked chin, like the moon in her last agony, most cutting my father's shoulder; there was my father, with his fingers on the seal, his eye on me, and a cloud of doubt on his brow; while the postman looked in at the window, anxious for his two-pence, and with a glance that said, "I know all about it."

I wish, Maggie, that ye could have heard and seen us; ye never saw honest folk in such a flutter. Do you mind how our hen and chickens raised their wings, and screamed, and ran round, when your brother William set down a gorb of a hawk in the midst of them? Do you mind how our lambs ran, startling, and our calves cocked both tail and ear, when a drum was beat, for the first time, in our valley?—these were but typical of our looks and actions, when this painter bodie put down his picture amongst us.

"I'll no say but that the house, and my brother, and my niece, and the dog, and the old patched coat on the wall, are like," said my aunt, "but, preserve us! what a sharp chin and skinny hand I have come in for: is this what ye call true to nature, ye deceitful loon?"

"I have more reason to be displeased, to think that I would put myself," I said, "into such a carfufle and pucker, for any letter that Jamie Lorance could write to me! If this picture goes to the world, my market's spoiled: who will ever think me thrifty or purpose-like, after seeing me handle a wheel in such a fashion? My market's spoiled; I'll lie like a stone of black wool on my father's hands." I said this in scorn; my father thought me serious. "Ye speak sensibly, Jenny, my woman," he observed; "I did not see the thing in that light before; and, moreover, if we are to have our looks limned, and our occupations painted, we should be made world-like. Am I so wrinkled as that? If we are to be exposed, should we not share in the profits of such an exhibition? I am told that the artist there, where he sits, will make five hundred pounds by this very picture."

My aunt held up her hands, and opened her eyes wide. "Five hundred pounds for an old man, two women folk, and a dog! and painted, too!—what fools rich people must be!"—"Indeed they are, Elspat," said my father; "but any thing passes for a picture with them. A hooded crow flying over a dead horse: a hen scratching a middenstead: a sow seeking worms:

a man looking from him, and a woman with three feathers in her noddle :—they make pictures out of ought."

"And am I to be bought and sold like a hen in the market," exclaimed my aunt, "when I am old and wrinkled, and stooping towards the grave? Had ye come when I was in my teens, like Jenny, there, with music in my feet, and light in my eyes, I could have forgiven you."

"And am I to be carried to the market," cried I, "in that state of terror and consternation, and held up to derision in blue and white paint?—I'll see the picture, or whatever it is, floating down the Tweed, first." O Margaret! I wish any one had been here to have taken the portrait of the painter bodie, as I said this: he looked all colours, like his own pallet, and would have given brushes, and paint and all, to have been fairly out of the house.

In the very middle of this, in came the young Laird of Cowflosh; fresh from Italy, new from London; college bred, too, and with the reputation of taste, in what they call "the fine arts." He bowed to my father, looked at me through his glass, and shaking the painter bodie kindly by the hand, said, "Ah! Webster, how are you? What! a domestic picture? ay! and a lovely one,—an image of rustic beauty, and so like: it must be mine; so name your price!" We all stared when we heard this, and began to change our tune, and pull in our horns. The artist, himself, seemed not at all surprised at the offer;—hundreds of pounds are nought, it seems, to these

saucy fellows. "I cannot accept your offer, sir," he said, "the picture is made for 'Friendship's Offering,' and is to be engraved with great care, and illustrated with a suitable story from a Scottish fire-side."

"Ah!" said the laird, mournfully, "two are passed and gone from this land, who could have made this picture shine out with the best: but the light is extinguished in the halls of Abbotsford, and music is silent by Altrive Lake; and who, of all Scotland's sons, can write with such deep feeling, and such brightness of expression?"

This was a new light to us all, Margaret: my picture will be hung up in some prince's gallery; and dukes and duchesses will ask who that pretty rustic is: and though in my kirtle and bodice, and no so nice about the haffet-locks as I could desire, I shall be more admired in my simplicity, they say, than some madams with plumed noddles, and embroidered trains. It will make a stir in London: ye cannot imagine how spited some of the dames of the Tweed and Yarrow are, about "our Jenny's Letter," as they call the picture:—they may rail on; it will be long ere any painter tries his hand on some of them;—how much of the dun and the yellow he will need!—My paper's done, and there's but room for,

Yours till death,

JENNY BELLENDEN.

THE PENITENT.

Suggested by Bennett's Picture of "Guilt and Innocence."

BY W. H. HARRISON.

Behold the Penitent!—Prostrate she lies,
Crushed by the weight of sin; her fair long hair
Veiling the perilous beauty of her face,
And mingling, on the pavement, with her tears:
The while—a gorgeous offering—on the shrine
Are flung the gew-gaws which did minister
To the fell dæmon Pride that wrought her fall:
The costly casket and its costlier gem,—
The necklace and tiara: but, alas!
What weigh all these,—what weigh the treasures vast,
Yet buried in the ocean and the mine,
Against the precious jewel of the soul?
Far other tribute asks the God of Truth!
Nor is it wanting: witness the fast tear
From eyes that dare not raise their glance to Heaven,—
The sigh that dims the gilding of the shrine,—
The voice that, 'mid the heart's deep agony,
Cries "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"
Deep is that cry of woe: but O! 'tis heard
With gladness by the white-robed choir that bend
Their radiant brows before the Eternal's throne,
And strike their golden harps to songs of joy,
O'er the repentant prodigal's return.

THE LAWSUIT.

BY EDWARD W. COX.

It was on the first market-day after I had commenced practice as a solicitor in a town in the west of England, that, as I was sitting in my office, poring over the learned Essay of Fearne on Contingent Remainders, and prepared to receive those who might honour me with their confidence, I heard a knock at the door, and a slow heavy step upon the stairs. All who have felt the interest and anxiety with which a young professional man receives the announcement of business, will understand my emotions when the approach of a visitor diverted my thoughts from the abstruse doctrines of Fearne, though not my eyes from his closely printed page; for I deemed that a law-book before me would not at all diminish the confidence of my new client,—if indeed such the new comer should prove.

The door opened, and presented to me a farmer,—

for such his dress declared him. With much suavity of tone, I entreated him to be seated, and then set myself to hear the case upon which I trusted he was about to consult me. He was a man evidently going down the vale of life, for his hair was touched with the snows of time, and his face was sunken, and upon it care or years had chiselled many deep hard lines. His countenance betrayed an anxiety which excited in the spectator a feeling of painful interest. A dark eye indicated the strange compound of shrewdness and simplicity so remarkable in the English yeoman. His tall and muscular form was beginning to fade, for it was somewhat bent, and the rounded limbs of youth were yielding to the gauntness of age. His dress was that of the better class of yeomen, only that it presented an appearance of greater neatness and more of the fashion of the day than is generally studied by the sturdy agriculturist. It was evident that he, and those with whom he lived, were not ignorant of the comforts, nay, of the elegances, enjoyed by the middle classes of this country.

His business was soon declared. He had heard that I was intrusted with several sums of money to be advanced on good security. He wanted a few hundreds, and inquired the terms. My clients had resolved to lend only on land. I asked him if he could offer any. I perceived that his countenance fell as I put the question.

"Land!" he said. "Yes, sir; I have an estate, it was my father's before me; but, to be honest with

you, the title is disputed. I am even now on the eve of trial."

Further inquiry satisfied me that I could not recommend the loan. I kindly, but frankly told him so. He almost cried. He did not speak for some moments, but sat with his eyes fixed on the fire, and his body waving to and fro in a vain struggle to subdue his emotion. I know not what induced him to unbosom himself to me. Perhaps he gathered from my manner that I sympathized with him. Whatever was his motive, he related to me all his troubles.

His ancestors, I learned, had filled the same station in life with himself. His father farmed his own estate, and transmitted it to him, as he had believed, altogether unincumbered. Shortly before the death of his parent put him in possession of this property, he married an amiable, and, for a farmer's wife, singularly accomplished girl, a governess at a neighbouring school. She had the good sense to accommodate herself to her situation without altogether abandoning the studies and refinements of her youth. Under her auspices the farm-house assumed a new face: there was a separate table for the parlour and the kitchen, and books and music, for the first time, graced the retired dwelling of Culvers Close. Eight children had blessed their union. Of these, one was in his grave; the others remained at home, educated by the industry and talent of their inestimable mother, who had infused into their young minds the seeds of goodness, trained them in the path of virtue, polished their manners, and

improved their intellects. The eldest was a daughter, named after her mother, Julia; she was grown up to be a useful assistant to the failing energies of her parent; but I gathered that, of late, this favourite child had shown symptoms of disease which had much alarmed her family. The second was a son, Robert, who aided his father in the management of the farm, and whose taste for study kept him ever at home by the fire-side, after the day's labour was done, gleaning knowledge for himself, or imparting his stores to the younger ones. The other children descended by regular gradations to the little Ellen, who was a rude, romping, black-eyed tomboy, nine years old. Excepting only the loss of their infant, he said, their passage through life had been one of uninterrupted happiness,—happiness too great to be lasting. About twelve months since, he had endured a long and severe sickness, and before he was well enough to resume his daily work, he received notice of an adverse claim to his paternal estate, and, soon after, a declaration in ejectment. His illness had somewhat embarrassed him; but from this he soon would have been released by care and frugality, had not the expenses of the lawsuit added to his burthens. It was to supply the means for trial at the next assizes, that he had asked the loan.

I really felt a great interest in his history, and this probably encouraged him to lay before me the points of law which he understood his case involved. His defence was already entrusted to another attorney,

whom he named; he could not, therefore, as he would otherwise have done, place it in my hands; but he entreated me to give him the benefit of my assistance as far as etiquette would permit, "for," he concluded, "if it be lost, nine of us will be ruined. I shall not have a bit of bread for my children to eat." I promised to give the papers my best attention, and to communicate with his attorney, who, fortunately, was a friend of my own, and, with more cheerfulness, he bade me a good morning, I having agreed to see him at his own house in the course of the ensuing week.

I perused the documents with the greatest care,—I referred to the authorities,—I read all the cases that bore upon the question, and, though I could find none precisely in point, the result of the inquiry was an impression that the adverse claim was valid. I wrote a long letter to my friend who was conducting the case, apologizing for the interference, but trusting that the deep interest I felt in the issue of the cause, would plead my excuse. I recapitulated to him my own views, and entreated his. By return of post, I received a very kind and considerate reply, assuring me that the writer was delighted to have the aid of another in a matter of so much responsibility. His opinion, which he gave at great length, was certainly more favourable to his client than my own had been, but by no means expressive of confidence in the result. As I had not very much to claim my care, my thoughts and studies were, for some days, devoted to this business.

I did not forget my promised visit. A gloriously

bright afternoon invited the most slothful abroad, and I, who love Nature devotedly, could not refuse to pay my court to her on such a day. The farm was situated about four miles from the town, and thitherward I turned my steps, preferring the use of the limbs, which were not given for idleness, to the lazy motion of a carriage. It was the middle of July, and the weather hot and close. I selected a lane so little used, that the grass, long and rank, tufted it all over. A wilderness of flowers waved on the banks on either side of me, and the long branches of the eglantine, intertwining over head, formed a shady and cool verandah for the greater portion of my journey. From this lane, I emerged abruptly upon an extensive prospect, bounded by the hills, and immediately on my right, perched upon a gentle swell of the earth, was the retreat I sought. The little hill, on whose summit it stood, was planted over with flowering shrubs and evergreens. A neat row of poplars towered at its foot, and a few firs and larches gave to the whole an air of gentility seldom seen in the exterior adornments of the residence of the English yeoman. I entered this sweet plantation, and by a path that wound through it in a multitude of mazes, gained the house itself. It was a substantial stone building of an ancient date, and upon the trellis work with which it was encompassed, were trained the trumpet and the passion flowers, and a magnificent monthly rose, now in its full bloom. A clean and closely shaven grass-plot surrounded it. The view on all sides was perfectly panoramic, and, at this

time, inspired feelings which will be understood by all who have ever gazed from a neighbouring height on the rich vale of Taunton, in its luxury of corn-fields, and elm groves, and green meadows. But I had not long to feast my grateful eyes on this vision of plenty, for the appearance of my client himself, followed by two of his little ones, diverted my attention. He welcomed me with that cordial hospitality which is common to those who dwell in the country. I was speedily introduced to the home which he had praised from his heart in his interview with me at my office. He had expected my arrival, and the family were all assembled in the parlour.

The being whose good taste was impressed upon every thing around me, was a mild and lady-like matron, somewhat more advanced in years than her husband. The daughter of whom he had spoken to me with tears, was a lovely girl, full of animation and intelligence; but I saw, or thought I saw, the hectic hue of that blight of youth and beauty, consumption. I sighed as I looked at her. The father perceived my thoughts, and turned to the window. The decorations of the room were simple and elegant; most of them the productions of the various members of the family. Some exquisite paintings in water-colour adorned the walls, a book-case presented the works of our choicest authors, with an excellent selection from modern literature, while a pianoforte, and a flute, showed that the delicate pleasures of music were among the amusements of this interesting family.

I spent a delightful evening, not devoted to the weather or the farm-yard, as in most country homes, or to scandal, as in towns, but passed in rational discourse, diversified by a reluctant display of the musical talents of Robert and Julia, who played and sang together with much taste and skill. A rural repast, laid out on the grass-plot before the door, closed the day. Fruit, a junket and cream, and home-made cakes, tempted me to indulge in their harmless luxury, and I departed more deeply interested than ever, in the fortunes of my host. He accompanied me about a mile, and snatched the opportunity to ask my opinion of his case. I did not wish to cloud the cheerfulness of that day, and evaded the question, but his keen perception was not to be so baffled. "Ah!" he said, "you fear the worst. I know it. Well, God help me and my little ones! *You* will not desert us: the blessing of all that family will be given to you." He paused, and I endeavoured to turn the conversation, by calling his attention to the full moon which was just peeping above the horizon; but I could not divert his thoughts from his own distresses. "Well, sir," he said, "what do you think of Julia?—Does she not sing sweetly?—She has had no instructor but her excellent mother. The dear girl looked better to-day than she has done for weeks past. But she is ill, very ill: did you hear that cough?—Oh, sir! when I hear that cough, it seems as if a dagger was sent through me." I tried to cheer him, but he would not be comforted.

"Robert is a noble fellow," continued the proud parent, "high spirited, and yet most gentle. Though he is fond of his books, he does not neglect the farm. In the long winter evenings, he reads and plays to us, and we are *so* happy! But we never may be so again; —Eh! sir?" I could not speak, and, after a short pause, he continued: "I wish you could see us at our Christmas tea-table; it would do your heart good!— the elder ones at their books or work, my wife teaching the children, and I, a pleased and happy father, smiling to see them so industrious and so affectionate. Ah! sir, it is a proud thing to be a father."

I wrung his hand at parting, and when I entered my lonely chamber, I wished myself a father. I saw him repeatedly at my office, and in his own house, previously to the trial, and the more intimate I became with this family, the more I loved them.

But I noticed, at every visit, a change in the health and strength of Julia. She declined daily. They all saw it as well as I, and when the invalid had retired to her chamber, many a tear was shed by this united family on her account.

The farmer had wrung from me my real opinion of his case, and it was a sad, yet a noble sight, to see how he bore up against the fate which he believed to be coming upon him; how he struggled with sorrow, and made a show of cheerfulness and confidence in the presence of his family. But though the children did not notice his uneasiness of mind, it did not escape the fond care of his wife. She discovered it almost

ere it was known to himself; and she had learned my opinion with a firmness which surprised me, then little acquainted with the energy which women often display, in the most trying circumstances.

The assizes at length commenced, and I attended my friend to Wells. The night preceding the trial, upon which the fortunes of his family depended, he could not sleep. He repeatedly called me to ask some question, or to remind me of some point which I might have forgotten. I had interested myself so deeply in the case, that my restlessness was scarcely less than his. Before daylight I was up, and in deep consultation with my brother lawyer.

The farmer sat by my side in the court during the trial. He listened intently to every word that dropped from the witnesses: he heard the arguments of counsel as if he understood them. He looked at the jury, and tried to read the character of each, as he entered the box, and pointed out one to me as a benevolent man, and another as a father, who would feel for him and his family; and a third, again, as an unhappy wretch who could not sympathize with the distresses of the poor. I did not check the old man in these comments, for it was a relief to him from the agitation of suspense. He continually interrupted me in the course of the day, to ask what I thought of the result, but I could offer little hope.

When the judge proceeded to sum up, my client, who was seated immediately under the bench, rose, and leaning over the surrounding heads, listened to the

comments of the court. I could perceive the colour come and go upon his lips and cheeks, as the impartial judge presented the strong and weak points of the case, on both sides.

When the jury turned to consider their verdict, the old man resumed his seat; but he did not for a moment revert his eyes from them, and so motionless did he sit, that a stranger would have said, that he was an unconcerned spectator of the scene. But I was so close to him, that I could see that his hand grasped the knob of a stout ash-stick so convulsively that the nails were driven into the flesh.

The suspense did not long continue; the jury turned again. I looked at the old man at this moment. He did not move. His breathing was as deep and regular as ever. The associate had left his seat, so that the jury could not deliver their verdict until he returned, and there was an anxious pause for a minute or two. I could scarcely conceal my anxiety, but my client did not move a muscle. At length, a *verdict for the plaintiff*, damages forty shillings, was returned; the counsel coolly took up their briefs to indorse them; the associate called on another cause; the judge eat a bun; none seemed to know or to reflect that the fortunes and happiness of a whole family had been blighted by that verdict.

Nor would they have learned it, but for the ruined man himself. He, regardless of the dignity of a court of justice, spite of my endeavour to keep him down, stood up at the full height of his venerable figure, and

before the officers could interfere to silence him, exclaimed,—"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, I have seven children, and nothing in the wide world but this farm. If you take it from us, we must die or go to the parish, and we would rather die than do that. Pity me, my lord, and do not, O do not ruin us!" He was here silenced by the officers. The judge rebuked us for permitting our client to disturb the proceedings; but we could not restrain him. Exhausted by the intense agony of the day, — by the emotions which he had suppressed, — by this last effort, — the old man swooned, and was carried to the inn like a corpse.

When he recovered, he did not weep nor groan; he scarcely spoke. He thanked me for my attention, and calmly urged our immediate return home, where he would be expected, and whither he desired first to bear the fatal tidings. It was yet early in the day, and we set forth without delay. Throughout the journey he said little of the past, and seemed as little to dwell upon the future. This quiet, after such a storm, might have appeared to some the composure of resignation; I saw that it was the calmness of despair.

We arrived just as the sun was setting. The whole family had walked out in the road to meet us. Robert was the first to hear our approach, and ran forward; but he soon gathered the truth from my melancholy features. Little was said when the father met his partner and their children. He kissed them all twice, but he did not shed a tear. They wept bitterly. He looked around him vacantly for a few minutes. "These

fields are no longer our own. Curses on the fiends!" His wife flung her arms about his neck, and with sobs and kisses, stifled the curse, — the first that ever came from his lips. He looked upon the group again with the same calm countenance. But suddenly it changed to an expression of horror.

"Where, — where is Julia?" he muttered.

They told him she was too ill to come out to meet him.

"The blight of heaven is upon me," he said; "that sweet girl will be taken from us;" and for the first time, the feelings of the parent triumphed, and he burst into a sweet and refreshing flood of tears. His heavy heart was relieved.

I shall never forget the scene of that night. The little parlour, the place of so many happy hours, was a sad spectacle. Julia lay on the sofa, gasping for breath, and strove to speak them comfort. Sometimes, for minutes together, not a word was said; they seemed to feel that the roof under which they had dwelt so long, was no more their own. The once social tea was dismissed untasted.

At length, the mother, who had shown more self-command than any of them, said to her husband, "Robert, we have forgotten our duty; we have yet a Friend who will never forsake us,—a Comforter, to whom in sorrow, we should cry. Robert, my dear Robert, let us all together kneel before God, and ask him to befriend us; Mr. C—— will not object to join us; this is a time of trouble for us all, and the little ones

shall pray with us. Heaven will hear the petition of a whole family."

I expressed my readiness to join them in the duty of prayer; the father bowed his head in token of assent. The two youngest children were sitting on his knee, and kissing away his tears; sad themselves, because all around were so. He rose from his seat, took the hand of each, and clasping them between his own, as they knelt by his side, raised them towards heaven. The mother repeated a prayer aloud,—a prayer evidently dictated by the feelings of the moment. I joined with all my soul. I never felt the beauty and sublimity of prayer so forcibly as I did that night. This duty done, the hearts of all were evidently relieved, — some even began to lay plans for their support, and I left them all calm and resigned. How different was my last visit to that house!

Robert called upon me a few days after, and informed me that his father was more disturbed than ever; that sometimes he imagined that the case was not yet decided, and talked of the trial as something to come. Julia was growing weaker and weaker, and it was feared that she could not live many days longer. From Robert I gathered that he had a double interest in the trial, for upon it depended his union with a girl to whom he had been long attached, but whose company, he would now, friendless and penniless, be forbidden by her calculating father. I admired the young man a thousand times the more that his own sorrows had not been mingled with those of his family. Them he

endured in silence ; but they were not the less heavy. He bore up against all the crowd of ills like a manly fellow as he was.

We went together to a neighbouring village to seek a retreat for the exiled family, until some employment could be found for them. We hired neat apartments, and I advised Robert to remove as soon as possible, for I thought that the continual presence of that which must so soon be taken from him, would only add to the misery of his father. He promised to observe my directions. On the third day after this, he called again, and told me, with tears in his eyes, that Julia was much worse ; indeed, that she was now fast sinking into her grave. "She, at least, will not live to witness our downfall," he said. "We must endure all. She is happiest." He then informed me that he had attempted to follow my counsel, and to remove the things to their new residence ; but his father absolutely forbade them, protesting that there was time enough for that yet,—that he should not quit the estate,—he did not believe that he had lost it. The family strove to bend him, but in vain ; no entreaties could move him from his purpose. I repeated my advice, and showed the young man a letter, which I had received from the plaintiff's attorney, stating, that if the estate was not given up by a certain day, they should resort to the extremity of the law.

I heard nothing from the farm for nearly a week, and having a leisure afternoon, I resolved to visit the family again, and inquire after their wants. As I

approached the house, I could perceive that they had not quitted it, for Julia's canary was suspended from the trellis-work of the window, singing with all his might. But I could not espy, as usual, the children on the grass-plot, or a human form moving among the shrubs. The door was open, and as I paused, I heard the sound of angry voices, and of weeping within; I entered without ceremony, and was instantly attracted, by the continued noise, to the parlour. There the whole family was assembled, and, among them, were two strangers, in whom I instantly recognised the sheriff's officers. The old man had thrown himself into his favourite arm-chair, his countenance pale with rage, and his eye flashing indignation; one of his legs was contracted, the other extended in the attitude of defiance. His wife, kneeling behind him, had flung her arms about his neck, and was sobbing bitterly; the two youngest children, crying also, clung to his knees. The dying Julia, supported in the arms of her brother, gazed at the passing scene with glassy and bewildered eyes, her wasted limbs trembling with terror, and that awful nervousness which often attends consumption. The other children were standing around them, sobbing as if their little hearts would burst. My entrance was scarcely noticed.

"Come, sir," said one of the officers, civilly enough, "we must do our duty. Don't be obstinate."

"Duty!" exclaimed the father, raising himself in the chair, and looking at the speaker with a frown of contempt; "duty, indeed! Is it your duty to turn an

honest man out of house and home,—to send a whole family to the parish? In what page of the Bible do you find that duty written? From this spot I will not stir: earth nor hell shall move me!"

"But the law——" began the bailiff.

"The law! ay, the law!" interrupted the unhappy man: "That cursed law has ruined me; but for the law, I should not be brought to this. The law calls itself the protector of the poor, but it is the weapon of the rich; the law professes to make property secure, but it has taken all from me; the law says that every man's house is his castle; this is *my* house, this is *my* castle, and I dare the first who lifts a finger to force me from it. Here I sit; I am an old man, but at this moment, I have the strength of a giant."

"My dear, dear Robert," sobbed his wife, "let us yield calmly to our fate. Obey the king's servant. Let us leave this house; we can find another home where we may be as happy. With you and our children, all places will be home to us."

"Home! do you say, woman?" he exclaimed, leaning to her with the wildness of a maniac; "Home! is not this our home? I tell you, sirs, that here I was born, and here I will die. On that floor, I first learned to walk; these walls heard my first cries. In that corner my father used to sit and tell me old tales, and there have I sat for twenty years, and repeated the same tales to my children, and yet you ask me to leave it. I love this house, sirs; if it were a living thing, I could not love it more; and shall I desert it in my

gray hairs? Oh! no, no, no!" and he threw himself back again into the chair, and was silent.

I here interposed.

"Ah! Mr. C——," he said, "I am glad you are come; these men want to turn me out of the house. Can't they wait until the trial is over?" Then in a subdued tone, "Do you know when it will come on?"

I saw that his mind was wandering; his affectionate helpmate saw it also. Before I could reply, he continued: "Mr. C——, I wish the judge and jury were here to see the misery they have caused. Mr. C——, I could not bear to part with this estate; I know every bush and every flower upon it. What do you think? I often fancy that the grass is greener here than in all the country round. They have promised to bury me under the great elm; I could not sleep quietly in another soil. I paled off the place, and planted it with laurel, and holly, and primroses; there I will lie, with all my family around me, and there our dust shall mingle together with the dust that was our own. It is a pleasant thought, sir, eh?" and he smiled; but what a smile!

I endeavoured to recall his scattered senses, and explain the law by which he was compelled to yield possession to the rightful owner, but I talked in vain.

"Father, dear father!" said Julia, when I paused, "will you hear your dying girl?"

The old man turned to her a look of childish wonder.

"Father," she continued, "I have not long to live. I have never desired life till now. I could bear to

leave you in your happiness, but not in your desolation. Do, dear father, resign yourself to the will of God. He sends afflictions upon us here, to prepare us for bliss hereafter. This has been a long and painful sickness for me; yet I have endeavoured to endure it patiently. Pray, father, pray to Heaven, and all will yet be well; I will pray for you when I am gone away." A fit of coughing prevented her saying more. Her exhausted frame could not endure the struggle, and she fell back upon the pillow in convulsions. The family gathered round her, and even while they looked, she died.

This new affliction diverted their attention from the situation of the father, who still sat there with the same determined air, and listened unmoved to the first wild out-pourings of grief from the mother and children. Robert came with his eyes full of tears, and his heart bursting, and took his hand, endeavouring to lead him to the sofa, where was the beautiful, but lifeless form of his daughter; but the old man would not move. He then bent and whispered into his ear, that Julia was dead.

"Dead! — dead! — dead!" he exclaimed, several times; "Julia dead! Tell me how she is."

"Father, dear father," sobbed the son, "come and see."

"Does she ask for me? Does she want to see me?" he continued: "Here, help me to rise."

With the aid of his eldest son, the miserable father rose, and the group that crowded round the dead Julia,

opened to give a passage to the sofa on which she lay. Reason seemed to flash again upon him for a moment, for he gazed earnestly at the lovely mortal frame from which the spirit had so lately fled; he threw himself upon the yet warm clay, and kissed it, and bathed it with his tears; then he rose and said solemnly, "God's will be done! She was a good daughter, and a kind sister. Heaven has thought fit to take her to itself. She has at least escaped the troubles of this world, and she will not endure the anguish of parting from this place, if indeed the lawsuit be given against us. Let us all kneel, kneel here by her whose soul is in heaven, and pray for comfort under our afflictions." We knelt, and the father offered up a short prayer which sank deep into the hearts of all those who heard it.

The fit of frenzy had passed away: he was now tractable as a child. They might lead him where they would; but if the lawsuit was mentioned, he wandered again. The officers had consented to suffer the family to remain until the funeral, but, for the sake of the father's tottering reason, it was determined that they should remove at once. The body of Julia was laid on a bier hastily constructed: I spread over it a heap of flowers; it was borne by four of the workmen, who loved the family in its prosperity, and did not desert it in its day of trial and tribulation. The father, supported, on one side, by his disinherited son, on the other, by the partner of his sorrows, as she had been of his joys, followed the bier, and, after them, the other chil-

dren tottered from the threshold of the home that had nursed their infancy, and with which all their dreams of pleasure were blended. I lingered on the grass-plot to watch the melancholy train as it wound down the hill path. The sun had set; the air was still, and calm, and soft; the evening star hung upon the horizon; the autumn mists were rising up from the meadows. My eyes were full of tears, and the scene danced before me. I saw the procession pass the gate. I noticed that, as they went, each of the exiles turned a last look at the home of their ancestors, and plucked a rose-bud from the bush that arched the entrance. A loud laugh came from the house which had lately witnessed such a spectacle of woe: it proceeded from the men whose calling had hardened them to distress. I turned, sickening, away, and I had shed many tears ere I reached my home.

The further history of this family is brief. I obtained a situation for Robert, who gives much satisfaction to his employers. The indefatigable mother has opened a child's school in the village, and by dint of her own exertions, and the little that Robert can supply, supports her family in respectability, if not in comfort. The father may be seen every day roaming about the fields that were once his own, giving orders to the labourers respecting the fences, or counting the sheep; nor in these harmless amusements is he thwarted by the occupier of the premises, or any of his men, who respect his infirmity, and pity his misfortunes.

I sometimes hear the same slow and heavy step upon

my stairs; and the same tall, but now more venerable figure darkens my door. I think it advisable to humour his fancy for awhile, and so he often comes to consult me, with all his former earnestness, about the progress of "The Lawsuit."

A RECORD OF SORROW.

"Deprived also of you both in one day."

Ye are gone, my bright and beautiful, whom tears nor prayers could save!
Ye are gone, my bright and beautiful, together to the grave!
Yes, of my bosom's treasured wealth,—of those fair gems which shone,
To gladden and to grace my hearth, two lovely ones are gone.

How vain I found the help of man, when friends around me flew,
And strove, with ready text, to soothe the pangs they never knew!
Some came with proverbs trite and cold, and mocked me when they said,
That Time would heal the mourner's heart:—can Time recall the dead?

Time? I have proved what Time can do, and spurn its
boasted balm;
My grief is not of yesterday, that Time that grief
should calm;
For days, and weeks, and months have passed, in sad
succession by,
But springs the unavailing tear less promptly to mine
eye?

Can Time bring back my William's smile,—my
Blanche's look of glee;
The lips that, every morn and eve, a blessing craved
on me?
Away, then, ye who seek to teach the rigid Roman's part!
Away the chill philosophy that but benumbs the heart!

I would not, if I could, forget the happy, happy past,—
The bliss alloyed by but one thought,—that 'twas too
bright to last.
Alas! too true my bodings were;—soon on my path
there fell
A shadow which no after gleam of sunshine can dispel.

Though many a fond and faithful heart to bless my
home there be,
And life have hopes and promise yet, its bloom is gone
for me;
No joy that future years can give, to gild a mortal's lot,
Can chase the grief few words may sum—*They were
and they are not!*

Are not! O say not so — a world there is of fadeless bliss,
Where they are safe from tempests wild which wreck our hopes in this;
Great God of mercy, life, and truth, O grant thy suppliant's prayer:
Forgive my sins, for Jesus' sake, that I may meet them there!

H.

THE CALL TO BATTLE.

BY JOHN FRANCIS.

Chieftain! in thy father's hall,
Rouse you to the trumpet's call;
Hush the harp — unstring the lute,—
Be the voice of pleasure mute,—
Quit the goblet and the board,—
Don the helmet, grasp the sword.

Peasant! by the blazing hearth
Silent be the tone of mirth;
Arm you, ere the setting sun,—
Leave the harvest work undone,—
Be no more the hunted deer,—
Change the reap-hook for the spear.

Bridegroom! ere the knot be tied,
Quit the altar and the bride;
Father! in the hour of joy,
Thou must quit thy new-born boy;
Brother! by the couch of pain,
Leave it for the crimson plain.

Huntsman! leave thy forest prey,—
Bring the tyrant foe to bay;
Maiden! bid thy lover forth
To the vultures of the North;
Wife! within thy husband's hand
Place the vengeance-dealing brand.

Onward one, and onward all,
At the battle's tempest call;
Onward — axe and spear in grasp —
Fling the scabbard from your clasp;
Sate in blood, and cries, and tears,
All the gathered hate of years.

Painted by A. Penley

Engraved by [illegible]

ROSCLIA.

Published by Smith Elder & Cº 35 Cornhill.

ROSOLIA ;

An Incident of the Guerilla War.

The French invasion of Spain is now become matter of history. Characterized by treachery, cruelty, and plunder, on the part of the invaders, it exhibited not less the features of honour, intrepidity, and self-denial, on the part of the people. That those virtues were mingled with alloy, is undeniable. That honour sometimes gave way to the wild fury of retribution, that the valour of the patriot was often mingled with the wiliness of the barbarian, and that the self-control of generous victors was, from time to time, forgotten in the fierce exultation of vindictive justice, is not to be questioned. But the whole national character was brought out into the broadest display. Its Oriental romance, its Moorish fire, its European firmness, made the nation a spectacle, and a warning to mankind. The flashes of the war threw light on the clouds which had enveloped the national temperament for a succession of ages.

In the expedition under Suchet to the eastern provinces of Spain, the French had displayed even more than their usual barbarity. Their consciousness that they were abhorred by the people, sharpened the natural propensity of the Gaul to shed blood; and the dreadful retaliation often exercised by the Spanish peasantry rendered the contest rather one of tigers, than of human beings. Suchet laid but little restriction on the atrocities of his troops. A republican, risen from the ranks, with no means of wealth but plunder, and no principle but that of acquiring it as rapidly as he could, he was a robber, at the head of an army of robbers. But one of the events which branded the French career with the strongest popular abhorrence, was the destruction of the Castillo de Mercadante, the house of a noble and opulent family, on the sea-shore near Valencia. It could scarcely be called a military exploit, for its garrison consisted merely of a few Valencianos, suddenly gathered from the fields on the approach of the French detachment, and its possessor was a girl of seventeen, the orphan daughter of the family, with a retinue of duennas and old servants, the usual dependants of a great Spanish household. On the tidings that the French hussars were seen scattering themselves over the country, preparations were made for conveying the young heiress and the female attendants to Barcelona. But Spanish preparations are proverbially slow; the first detachment of the hussars suddenly moved in another direction; the national maxim of "never doing to-day what you can

do to-morrow," had its full weight, and the frightened household rested on their oars.

At midnight, exactly seven days from this easy determination, as the young Mercadante was listening to the nightingales in her peach-groves, like another Juliet, and perhaps with thoughts not unlike those of the fair Veronese, her quick ear caught the sound of distant firing. She roused the sleeping household, and in the midst of a crowd of half-dressed femmes de chambre, held her council of war. Much wisdom could not be expected there, whatever might have been the doubts of the circle; and their deliberations were speedily brought to a point by the sight of a blaze from a village a league off, in the valley above which the castle stood. The blaze rolled magnificently up through the long windings of one of the most picturesque spots in all Valencia. But there was then no time for the pleasures of the picturesque. The fine evolutions of the flame, which might have enraptured a painter, a poet, or a Nero, were compared to nothing but the rollings of the dragon's tail, ten thousand feet long, that is yet to finish the history of all heretics; and at every flash that shot up from the centre of some ancient group of oaks and elms, just caught in its clasp, the women saw the curlings and dancings of so many millions of fiends.

At length, other additions were made to the sense of the enemy's arrival; a sharp rattle of musketry began to be heard among the thickets, and it was clear that more effective defenders of the soil than the femmes de chambre, and hoary-headed old grooms

and chamberlains, had been found. The Spanish peasant, in every province, from the Pyrenees to the rock of Gibraltar, is a dexterous handler of fire arms, though those fire arms often exhibit nothing but the arts of Spain in the most primitive state of the Iberian. But he has a keen eye, a quick hand, and a desperate dislike of the foreigner, all of which had been amply attested by the bones of two hundred thousand Frenchmen, laid, without priest or benison, in the ditches and ravines of Spain, within the first three years of the invasion. However, it was but too visible that the peasantry were overmatched, and in consequence, outmanœuvred. While the Lady Rosolia was gazing, with the common terror of her sex, and with another terror not so easily comprehended even by herself, at the skirmish through the forest, a crash and a volley at the postern gate of the mansion, told her at once that the French had found their way to her dwelling, and that her only resource was in instant flight. Her damsels and duennas followed her from room to room of the huge building, flying like so many gazelles, but all screaming, wringing their hands, calling upon their saints, and raising the most terrible uproar. It would have been better if they could have held their tongues; but the age of miracles is a good deal gone by, even in Spain; and twenty women, young and old, all screaming together, could scarcely keep the secret of the way that they were going. Accordingly, as they reached the head of the grand staircase which led to the gardens, they saw a platoon of French chasseurs,

musquet in hand, waiting their descent, and ready to receive the whole troop with the honours of war. Flight, in any and every direction, was then the order of the day; but the firing in other quarters showed that the mansion was completely surrounded. Smoke began to roll in heavy wreaths down the gilded staircases and marble balconies; peasants, soldiers, and domestics, were mingled in deadly struggle, and, in the midst of a volley which almost suffocated her, the young Mercadante lost her way in terror, rushing back through the darkened apartments, struck her foot against a body lying on the ground, fell, and fell insensible.

How long she remained in this state, she knew not; but on her awaking, she found herself seated by a window looking into the gardens, with the air breathing wooingly on her cheek, and a figure, wrapped in the purple cloak of the Valencian noble, leaning against the side of the window, and earnestly gazing on her countenance. She instinctively pronounced "Alonzo!" It was no time for ceremony, and she had half conceived herself in the world of spirits. It was the first time she had ventured on the name, and even the first time that she had thought it of more interest than any of the hundred or thousand Alonzos and Alphonsos, who figured at bull-fights, and balls, through the country. Alonzo de Ercilla was, however, something of more note than the crowd, for he was a handsome fellow; he wrote verses, sang seguidillas, danced for hours at a time, was a capital shot, and had even been

at Madrid. These were enough to raise the fame of any Valencian; and his fame had reached the castle. But the great heiress was as much above the descendant of the poor Hidalgo, as the Pyrenees were above the castle. A regiment of grim guardians, old grandees of the first class, with an archbishop at their head, forbade the banns; and, with the prospect of ten years to Ceuta, in chains, or the galleys for life, the passion for marrying even the young and rose-lipped mistress of all this wealth, was not sufficiently active to prompt her young admirers to any thing beyond a serenade, or a sigh. But the world was now changed; even Spain had felt some of that stirring spirit of her neighbour's revolution, which prompted peasants to think themselves as good as their masters; and the grim guardians had certainly lost a share of their homage, in all directions. The peasant metamorphosed into the soldier, the clown into the coxcomb, the hewer of wood and drawer of water into the wearer of orders and epaulettes, gave another tone to affairs through the world; and the dashing guerillas of those hills and vales which they had so often turned into the uncanonized tombs of the dashing cavalry and infantry of France, began to consider themselves natural successors to the sleepy nobles, whose velvet cushions had so long stifled their nobility. But if this spirit had opened Alonzo's eyes enough to glance upon the daughter of a dozen generations of the "Sangre azul," the purest blood of the warriors of Ferdinand and Isabella, without actually losing his sight, another, and more indescribable im-

pulse had fastened them there. In passion, as in poetry, there have been two grand divisions from the beginning of time, the *classicists*, and the *romanticists*. The former contend that love comes like learning, day by day, and little by little, until, at the end of the course, the education of the heart is completed, and the fellow-students are prepared to take their degree before the priest: the latter, eschewing all routine, and pronouncing that the only teacher is instinct; that a flash of the eye gives the whole lesson, and the only one; that the heart has but one page ever written on to any purpose, and that page the first; and that unless Nature takes the pupil in hand, Time may labour at the work till the pupil is as old as himself, and yet produce nothing but chalk drawings of matters which passion would have stamped at once indelible, brilliant, and breathing, for ever.

We are of the latter opinion, and so was the young Valenciano, who, with his rifle leaning on his arm, and his eyes fixed on the recovering colours of the lady's cheek, stood gazing, as Pygmalion might have gazed at his own workmanship. The young Rosolia, too, was evidently of the same rapid school, for the first word that escaped her lips on awaking from her trance, was the name of her hero; and the first glance of a pair of the finest eyes in Spain told him, and might have told all mankind, that her education in affairs of the heart was finished.

Under those circumstances, but slight explanation was necessary; flight was essential, time pressed, the

gardens lay below the balcony in all the beauty of a southern paradise, the moon, rising from the Mediterranean, was "touching with silver all the fruit-tree tops;" through the gardens lay, in a long line of light, the path to the capital of the province; and there, it was instantly resolved, that the young heiress should wing her way, as fast as the Guerilla could convey her.

On this night, Don Alonzo was thrown upon his own resources, for the first time. He had been roused from his slumbers in the village, by finding the chamber on fire round him. The street was already full of cavalry and chasseurs. They, of course, were robbing, rioting, and burning, at their pleasure. He jumped from his window into the midst of a squadron, already half drunk with the strong Valencian peach-brandy, made his escape in the darkness and confusion, reached the forest, stirred up the peasantry, and moving towards the castle, to which he had felt some unaccountable compulsion, put as many of the invaders hors de combat on his way, as he could. A hundred plans of escape, vengeance and victory, now ran through his prolific brain. They were all admirable, if they had possessed but the single virtue of being practicable. At length, after wanderings as devious as those of Pyramus and Thisbe, the lover proposed the Convent of El Carmen, which was *but* thirty leagues off, and in the direct road of the French army! La Mercadante consented at once. But this plan was destined, like all the former, to failure. The lovers, whether thinking

more of each other, and less of the French patrols, than was prudent, found themselves met face to face, by a picquet, in the deepest part of the groves. It was still midnight. The picquet challenged, the challenge was unreturned ; it was followed by a volley, and to her unspeakable horror, the lady felt the blood of her champion hotly gushing over her. She screamed aloud ; another shot was the only answer, and her lover, already dearer to her than all the world beside, groaned, and fell heavily at her feet. Sight and sense were on the point of failing her, when she saw a rabble of French soldiery running forward with lighted torches from their bivouac to the spot. Excess of terror restored her strength, and as if she had seen a troop of tigers, in the wildness of the moment, she darted into the thicket. From that night she was unheard of. No act excited greater wrath among the people than the plunder of the castle, and no act of that dreadful night, more than the ferocious cruelty which had murdered the most gallant chief of the Guerillas of Valencia, and driven the noblest and loveliest lady of the land to death in the madness of despair or famine. The body of Alonzo had been found by the chasseurs, who, recognizing in him their old enemy, swore vengeance against his remains, in the savageness of the time ; the entreaties of the peasantry that it should be given to them for burial, were fiercely refused ; and all that was known further on the subject, was the report that the body was hung by the heels out of the principal window of the castle, as a memento to all Guerillas for the

future; a report which his companions verified for themselves, so far as it could be done, by climbing the adjoining hills and seeing something swinging in the wind, in front of the fifty sumptuous coats of arms sculptured on the structure, a memento which they immediately determined to freshen, by writing it in as much French blood as they could possibly shed by long shots and sharp knives.

The officer in command of the *Troupes Legeres*, who had performed this exploit, was the well known Auguste Alexander Caprioli, Marechel de Camp, a countryman of Napoleon, a capital soldier, like his master, a thorough robber like every field-officer of the army, and a prodigious favourite with his men, to whom he gave the licence which he loved in his own person. The castle was completely sacked; his business now was done. The plate, pictures, and jewels were carried away, and the French division was *en route* after a week's work of the most productive kind. Their joy was *au comble*, when, on reaching Suchet's head-quarters, they found an order to march for the frontiers,—Suchet having begun already to feel the uncertainty of human things, and being anxious to see his own plunder across the Pyrenees. Caprioli lost not a moment in expediting this agreeable service; his soldiers were all charmed with the idea of returning from contact with Spanish lead and steel, to the wine-shops of Gascony and Languedoc. Every man too had his share of national rapine to take care of, and from the drummer to the brigadier-general, all looked to lands and ribands of the legion of honour.

Within two days the column were in movement, carrying in their centre a huge train of wagons loaded with the wealth of many a spoiled church, convent, and mansion. All went on well for a week; but as they reached the roots of the chain that stretches from Arragon to the sea at Monjuich, they began to learn that they had not yet left Spain. Shots were heard from time to time, in front, flank, and rear of the column; stragglers were occasionally missing, and aides-de-camp themselves became more cautious of exhibiting their feathers at any showy distance from the battalions. However, the usual precautions were taken; the line of march was contracted, the patrols were ordered to be more on the look-out in the forests, and all prisoners were immediately brought in to the staff for examination. On reaching the slope of the mountain La Rueda, where the road divides off to Arragon and Catalonia, the column separated, one part making its way by Perpignan, the other taking the passes by the Navarrese frontier. The news that the strength of the Guerillas had moved from the foot of the mountains westward, induced Caprioli to consign his wagons to the road by Perpignan. Half a dozen squadrons of hussars were conceived to be a sufficient escort, with a battalion of the famous "Troisieme Legere," through the open country, where the walls of Perpignan were almost in sight. The escort marched, reached the foot of the hill, bivouacked in the plain within a single day's march of the fortress, and — never rose from their bivouac! The details of that dreadful night were never

told by a lip of France. The victors had separated in all directions before day-light, and the only memorials left for the French garrison were the relics of wagons half consumed, piles of chacos and knapsacks, the one as much emptied as the other, broken musquet-stocks, the carcasses of half a hundred horses, and the bones of about ten times that number of men. All had been heaped in one compendious pile and set fire to. Not a man survived to make the tale more intelligible. It had passed into a silence that seemed never likely to be broken.

The fate of the main body was to be better known. On the second day of its march, a rumour, which came as if on the wind, or the wings of a bird,—for no direct source of it could be traced,—spread through the column, that some sweeping disaster had befallen the convoy. A strange light, too, seen on the most distant horizon, followed by successive explosions, strongly authenticated the rumour; but, while the Guerillas were abroad, communication was impossible. Caprioli, though violent and rapacious, was politic; he partially cheered his battalions by assuring them that the blaze was of one of the mountain towns which he had ordered to be attacked. But he had soon reality on his hands, for a heavy fire from a battery of field-pieces, a most unusual instrument of Guerilla warfare, opened on him from the crest of a forest hill, and made him feel that, if he was to march through the mountains, it must not be without the honour of beating a very determined and even a numerous enemy.

The day passed in an exchange of distant shots between the Guerillas and the French skirmishers; the column moving slowly on, with many an anxious eye looking towards the Pyrenees, which were now beginning to lift up their broad spines in the sky. As the twilight fell, the firing grew heavier, and it was clear to Caprioli, that discretion must thenceforth be the better part of valour, and that a dexterous escape would be worth his entire consideration. A rush of a small party of Guerillas, which had wound its way under cover of a cork grove, into the very centre of the column, and fallen fiercely upon the platoon which surrounded himself and his staff, quickened this determination. The party had been repulsed, but not without leaving evidence of themselves in the death of one of the general's aides-de-camp, the wounds of some others, and the seizure of the led horses of the staff. And from the suddenness of the attack, they had effected this without loss, except in the instance of their leader, who had been stunned by a chance blow, and falling, had been left behind in the hurry of their retreat. Caprioli, indignant at the affront to his generalship, ordered the prisoner to be shot. But this was overruled by the calmer judgment of some of his officers, who observed that he might serve as a guide during the night, "while it would be equally easy to shoot him in the morning." The prisoner was then brought forward, examined as to his knowledge of the country, of which he admitted that he knew every goat-track, and ordered to put himself at the head of the column, in the care

of a couple of troopers; the slightest treachery, of course, being instant death. The Spaniard exhibited no fondness for the service, and complained of fatigue, thirst, and wounds; but all his eloquence on these subjects was useless; he was mounted on one of the troop-horses, and the march commenced. The firing which commenced with it showed that it had its usual unwelcome escort, and that the native sharpshooters had determined to attend it at least to the frontier.

The question in the French battalions was now, whether it would be wiser to halt on the spot where they were; to push forward through the main body of the enemy; or make an attempt to turn them by some of the mountain gorges. The losses of their numbers which were occurring every moment, and which they could neither repel nor retaliate against an almost invisible assailant, decided for the last proposal. The prisoner was now called for, but neither he nor the two troopers could be found. This was an unlucky contingency; but 'Fortune de la guerre,' provides for every thing in the vocabulary of the Gaul, and the wrath of the battalions was vented in a shower of *sacres*, and a promise to hang every prisoner without delay in all time to come. In the meanwhile a halt was ordered, and the staff gathered round their angry commandant, to settle what new steps were to be taken. While they were deliberating, and only the more perplexed, Caprioli saw the young Spaniard standing at his horse's head. His story was simply, that the troopers had quarrelled about some booty which they had taken a few days before, and that

one of them having run the other through the body, the survivor had put spurs to his horse and fled through the forest, while he, after remaining to see whether he would return, had come back to show the fidelity of Spanish honour even to an enemy. This was delivered with a good deal of native grace, and the sentiment was too congenial to the French taste for the heroic, to fail of being received with applause. What was more to the purpose, their chance of escape from a harassing night depended on their guide. Strict silence was now commanded; fires were lighted on their halting ground, to deceive their pursuers, and, exactly at midnight, three thousand of the veteran cavalry and infantry of Napoleon, making a rapid movement off the great road, plunged into the ravine leading in rear of the forest of the Roncio. The aspect of the night favoured the manœuvre. The moon had gone down an hour before. The darkness was excessive, and even the rising wind which heaved the forest above, assisted the concealment of the march. They had thus moved for two hours, without any other obstruction than the natural ruggedness of the mountain road. They seemed to have completely evaded the proverbial activity of the natives. Not a shot was to be heard in any quarter.

"In an hour it will be daybreak," said Caprioli, "and then ——"

"And what then, general?" asked one of his officers.

"Why then I shall pay my young spy his wages. You are not to suppose, mon cher, that I believed a

syllable of his tale about the dragoons; doubtless he gave their throats to be cut by his butchers of countrymen."

"But his own return," observed the officer.

"Oh, a common *ruse*, the regular trick of his craft. He came back to pick up a few doubloons, a few of our secrets, and take to his heels on the first opportunity. By daylight he bids adieu to his profession."

A shot, which struck him in the mouth, put a stop to his speech; and a general roar, mingled with all the fierce appellations in which the Spaniards were accustomed to pour forth their voluminous wrath on the invaders, told that the whole mountain swarm were upon their path. The attack and defence were alike desperate; the whole column were assailed at once. Rocks, trees, and bullets, made frightful chasms in the ranks of the unlucky soldiery. The tempest too increased the horrors of the night. The wind swelled to a hurricane, lightning poured in a perpetual blaze from the heavens, smiting the summits of the hills, and sending down huge fragments and splinters of rock into the ravines; the sheets of rain too began rapidly to fill the gullies, and the road of the French was soon the bed of a torrent that swept away every man disabled by a wound. The carnage was frightful during the darkness, and when the light at last made its slow way through the double depth of the tempest and the firing, it was evident, that if a single Frenchman escaped, it must be by the weariness of the conquerors. The column was totally destroyed; the horses of the cavalry

lay heaped in the bottom of the gulf, while its sides were covered with the corpses of the flying infantry, whom the Spaniards continued to slaughter without mercy. Caprioli was still seen with a few officers trying to rally the fugitives, his face streaming with blood, his head bare, and all his gestures exhibiting the fury of his nation in disaster. But a new object seemed to have suddenly caught his eye; and, spurring his jaded horse across a chasm where an ammunition wagon had broken down, he gave a loud cry, and aimed a heavy blow at a Guerilla, who, unseeing his approach, was firing down the valley. The blow must have put an end to the Spaniard's hopes and fears in this world; but, at the instant, a figure leaped from the wagon, darted on the general, and buried a dagger in his side. The Frenchman grappled his antagonist, and after a brief struggle, where both seemed weak alike, they rolled to the bottom of the ravine together.

Three months afterwards, the memorable night of the Roncio produced its effects, in the movement of Suchet's whole force from the east of Spain; and in another event, more important still, to the individuals concerned. Signs of feasting and dancing, sounds of music, and a tide of all the prettiest donzellas, and most showy caballeros of the province, pouring, without ebb, towards the Castillo de Mercadante, gave promise of some pleasant deeds and hours there. The bells of the convent tolled longer and louder than they had ever done, since the entry of the French; and the exhibition of about two hundred of the gay and hand-

some peasantry, who marched up with French musquets in their hands, French helmets on their heads, and, in not a few instances, French orders at their button-holes, and French aiguillettes at their shoulders, showed, satisfactorily enough, that the fear of their late tyrants had been taken from before their eyes. Spain was herself again, and in the great saloon of the castle stood, with the family altar before them, and the family chaplain between them, a pair, who might have made as fitting representatives of her youth, as any two that ever figured in the richest fancy piece of Velasquez himself.

Their history was told in so many ballads, and sung to so many guitars of the land, that it would be scarcely less than a work of supererogation to say more, than that there stood Don Alonzo, and the Donna Mercadante. The rumour of her lover's death had awoke the excitable heroism of the Spanish woman in love. She resolved to live but for one object, the destruction of his destroyers. In this spirit, she had assumed the costume of the Guerillas, and had led her countrymen in hot pursuit of the French. But on Caprioli, as the author of the outrage against the dead, she vowed especial vengeance. A rumour, that the corpse was carrying, to hang on a gibbet in Perpignan, sent her hurrying, with all speed, to the attack of the division which had marched for that fortress. Its surprise was complete. The escort, surrounded by the mass of armed peasantry, in the midst of ways imperfectly known, and wearied by a

long day's march, through the scorching and sandy soil, had fallen almost wholly into slumber, and hundreds perished by the Guerilla bullets, without ever having risen from the ground. The wagons were then searched for the body of the unfortunate warrior. It was not to be found. The plunder was next taken out, among whose packages was discovered a large portion of the plate and jewels carried off from the mansion of the new captain. But this was no time for lingering over a dead enemy, or useless wealth. The French column, under the hated spoiler of the castle, was still on its way to France: twenty-four hours more, and it would be beyond the passes. La Mercadante instantly made up her mind. With the decision of one born for war, leaving a handful of her rustic heroes to consume the relics and baggage of the fallen, she set out, without a moment's delay, at the head of a crowd of her daring and well-armed tenantry, to make the column pay dear for its cruelties. Her capture, in a desperate effort to carry off the general from the midst of his troops, suggested to her quick spirit and absorbing zeal of vengeance, the thought of beguiling him into a snare, from which escape was impossible. The quarrel of the two dragoons had turned upon their several right to a cross of the order of St. Ferdinand, which they had purloined from a wounded officer, then a prisoner with the regiment. From their description of his person, the surmise grew that he was her lover, still living, though publicly reserved for death on the frontier, as an example to his countrymen. On this

knowledge, she again threw herself into the way of the general, led him into intricacies insurmountable by regular troops, and leaving the meaner objects to her men, resolved that by her rifle, and hers alone, the blood of the tyrant should fall in expiation. The wild resolve was half effected; Caprioli never passed the mountains, though her hand had not the honour of shedding it on the Spanish soil. Alonzo had been carried along with the column, and carried for the purpose of striking terror into the partizans of the national cause. His gibbet was to have been erected on the summit of the frontier hill; an expressive emblem to all patriotic passers by. But it was otherwise decreed. Faint as he was, and bound in his wagon, his quick eye marked the motions of Caprioli; an unaccountable impulse told him that the young Guerilla was his love; he sprang on the murderer, and, with one blow, closed his earthly career.

The rest is a highway of flowers. The explanations between a victorious heroine, and a rescued lover, are naturally divested of all difficulty. The head of the Guerilla band was joyfully bent to the Valencian hills and streams, and Don Alonzo Ercilla is, at this hour, the lord, lover, husband, and humblest of slaves, to the loveliest wife that ever presided over a service of Indian plate, a huge old castle, and half a province, in Spain.

COLONNA.

THE PRAYER OF THE CONTRITE!

BY RICHARD JOHNS.

God of the contrite, and Lord of the trembling,
Kind Father of Mercies, attend to my prayer!
My sorrow and sin no longer dissembling,
I bow at thy footstool,—oh! save from despair!
Ties that I clung to, undoubting, are riven;
And earth has no balm to soothe misery's tear;
Let then my soul make its Gilead in Heaven;—
Oh! be not far from me, for trouble is near.

God! I neglected, forsook thee, denied thee,
Forgot thee, 'mid blessings thy bounty made mine;
The soul thou didst breathe in thy creature, defied thee,
And fled from thine altar to Vanity's shrine.
Blessed for ever that hand which defended
The sinner from death, in his impious career!
Still let that merciful hand be extended,—
Oh! be not far from me, for trouble is near.

Father, forgive me! Whilst youth brought its pleasures,
And health, and enjoyments of sense were mine own,
I asked not, I sought not those heavenly treasures,
Laid open to all, at the foot of thy throne.
Saviour! Redeemer! thy gospel, long spoken
To one who had turned from instruction his ear,
Now proves the stay of a heart that lies broken;---
Oh! be not far from me, for trouble is near.

Sorrow has touched me, has bowed me so lowly,
Thy call can alone reach the depths of my woe;
Grace, strong to save from a bondage unholy,
Can only redemption from sorrow bestow.
Come, then, Great God of the penitent! hastening,
In love, to a soul thou hast schooled in thy fear;
Staff of my comfort, though rod of my chastening,
Oh! be not far from me, for trouble is near.

THE WIDOW.

A Sketch.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PROVOST OF BRUGES."

Dear reader, are you fanciful? Do you ever sit lost in what, though musing, is not thought; and looking at the clouds, or the fire, or the marble chimney-piece, see, in a state of dreamy half-consciousness, a thousand groups of men and horses, heroes and maidens fair, woods and castles, where, to the matter-of-fact eye of the unimaginative, nothing is visible but a chaos of vapours, scratches, or sea coal? If you have never done this, I fear we may as well part company at once, for we shall not understand each other: — but if, as I would fain believe, you have "many a time, and oft," enjoyed this indolent bliss, you will easily appreciate a favourite amusement of mine, very nearly akin to it: I mean a trick of speculating, if I may so term it, on the faces of strangers; of forming a little history for every man who attracts my attention for a moment; — surrounding him with a web of fancy, woven, indeed, out of thin air, but still appearing to fit him so

nicely, that I can at last hardly persuade myself it is a "baseless fabric." Perhaps the practice is not over wise, but it is entertaining, and does no injury to the heart; which is, indeed, I think, rather a gainer by thus establishing a fellowship with all its kind, and recognising every man as a brother. It individualizes the crowd; and of all the thousands we daily pass, tells how each is the centre of some little knot of affections; a wheel in the great machinery of the world, imparting and receiving impulses as the mighty engine whirls around, and with it; and implicating, in all its movements, the well-being of many a surrounding portion. I have had this foible from a child, and am now too old to mend. Many a vexatious rebuff has it drawn upon me; many a recommendation to attend to my own business, when I fondly fancied I was giving assistance to some interesting sufferer;—but all to no purpose:—a dreamer I was born, and a dreamer, I suppose, I shall remain, till I pass away, and am as a dream myself!

A few Sundays since, I entered a small village church. It was situated in a sweet lonely spot, where Imagination might spread her pinions unrestrained, and soar, without a fear of chimney-pots. I am very fond of the sober stillness of a village sabbath, very fond of an old village church, and particularly fond of the afternoon service there. The pomp of the great men of the neighbourhood has passed with the morning; the feathers of the great ladies have vanished too; the flowers of rhetoric have left the sermon, and the holy man admonishes, instructs, entreats, and warns,

in homely and unadorned language, that makes its quiet passage to the hearts of the humble and unfastidious congregation. A few sober, genteel, — that is an expressive word, — families still fill their pews. They go for the service, not the company; and do not feel the place desecrated by the presence of their servants, who, having completed the needful business that deprived them of the first half of the day of rest, now in clean and modest apparel, come hither to join their earthly masters, in the worship of that heavenly Master, to whom the offerings of both rise together, with no other difference than is conferred by the heart from which they spring.

I was early. The monotonous tinkling of the little bell fell soothingly on the ear, like the murmur of running water: the straggling villagers dropped in, by ones and twos, and noiselessly seated themselves in the plain wainscoted pews, or on the humbler seats in the aisle. Their grave unaffected decorum, the holy quiet of the place, combined to calm the troubled spirit, and prepare it for the purest and most sacred impressions. And are there troubled spirits even here? — thought I. — I looked round, — my attention was caught, by a widow, seated in the aisle. She was close to me, yet I had not perceived her entrance. I do not know, in all the varieties of human interest, the one that takes so strong a hold upon my heart as the widow's weeds. How much has preceded them :—how the imagination runs through all the earlier paths that led to this sad bourne; from the moment when the girlish bosom first

throbbed with the new joy of love, to that hour of deadly agony, when, over the yet warm clay, the wife felt that she was alone in the world, — that she was a wife no longer! I never could see a widow without emotion, nor did I now; yet she was not young, nor do I think she had ever been pretty. She must then have had other claims on a husband's affection; and that mild eye, and that open brow,—albeit many a care has left its trace on it,—discredit physiognomy, if she did not deserve his love.

A widow! — was she childless, too? Perhaps not. There is a vacant seat by her side, which looks as if reserved for some one expected to fill it. It may be she has a child, — a daughter, — in service, perhaps, who will meet her here. And where could the widowed parent, and the orphan child meet more fitly, than in the house of that Protector, that Parent who never dies, and of whom no time, no chance can rob them? Ha! I was right. It must be her daughter, — and a daughter to be proud of! — What comfort may be gleaned from those eyes! How they look into her parent's! Her father must have been a handsome man. And yet, perhaps, it is only the expression: for what expression can be so touching, as that of a gentle, smiling orphan?

But the service has begun, and worldly affections are forgotten in the higher duties of the hour; and they are now as strangers, except when an occasional exchanging of books shows that the young eyes and nimble fingers of the child have outstripped the slower

movements of her parent, yet move only for her service. I like to see her so familiar with her prayer-book; it is a good sign, — I am sure she is a good girl!

I watched them as they left the church. I expected now to have seen the buoyant spirits of childhood bear all before them; to have heard the rattling tongue loosed, and all the little adventures since last they met, —so interesting to those concerned, so insignificant to all beside—gone through with the minutest particularity. But I was disappointed. There was an evident restraint; — a pause, when the church door was passed. The widow's head turned for a moment towards a remote corner of the church-yard. The child felt the meaning; her eyes filled with tears, her lips were raised to her mother's, but still she did not move. Children have an instinctive dread of graves, and shrink from those memorials of the departed, over which the elder heart indulges all the luxury of grief. The widow yielded, and passed on. Why should she dull her poor girl's holiday?—she can return here, and weep alone.

I could not resist my desire of following them, and was soon lost in a train of fancy. In ten minutes I had their whole history. The father had been a plain industrious man, the best of husbands and of parents. How proudly his heart throbbed, the first time that now orphan girl was put into his arms, and they called him — father! With what delight had the happy pair watched her growth,—what plans they had laid for her well-doing,—what anticipations of the period when she

should be the prop of their declining age! How many a time was every new proof of her opening intellect related, by him now gone, with that pride a parent only knows! — yet here she shrinks from his grave! — Alas, for the realization of human projects!

The last severe winter wrecked all their little visions of happiness. He was ever delicate, and his business took him, for a time, from home. There was no affectionate wife to watch over him; and men, left to themselves, are either the most careless or the most helpless of all Heaven's creatures, — it little matters which. He took cold, — but what of that? he should soon be well again. Yet he was not soon well again. The same exposure to the weather must be repeated, and he grew worse, — till, when he returned to his home, his dear, beloved home, that expected him so anxiously, that was so set out to receive him, a short dry cough and a hectic spot told of the enemy within, from whose deadly tooth there is no escape, when once it wounds. Oh! who shall tell the sickening of the heart in its first fear, the deadly agony of its assured despair? The raving of fever, the distraction of wounds, almost the very plague-spot itself leaves yet a hope; — but consumption, — the calm smiling fiend, however it may mock its victim, is, to those who surround him, and helplessly look on, but another name for despair; — its touch is doom, — its fang, the sting of death.

Poor Thomas! — he grew weaker and weaker, yet still he laboured; and still the hectic spot, the seal of the tyrant, grew clearer and more distinct, and the eye

glowed with increasing light, as though the spirit of life, driven from its central fastness, gathered its strength for a while, at the last wall, before it fled for ever. He talked of hope, of ease, of feeling better;—and the words fell like a mockery upon the ear of her who knew the foe, and had before witnessed his attacks. The child, too, with those ever-blooming hopes, that spring in childhood's breast like flowers on virgin soil,—one knows not whence,—she too had every day some symptom to communicate, which she was sure showed her father was better; and the mother listened with but a deeper agony, as every effort shook the barbed shaft it could not draw, and gave but an acuter pang.

Still he grew weaker, and, at last, could follow his employment no longer. To crawl an hour in the sun was all his strength permitted, and even this was labour. But he should be better, he said, when the warm summer came. She could restrain her tears no longer. She knew that summer's sun would shine upon his grave! She wept, — bitterly, bitterly she wept, for her heart would else have burst. He did not appear shocked, but suffered the passionate flood to have vent; and then, with his thin fingers clasping hers, he drew her to him and placed her by his side. There was a moment's silence, and then they talked — of death. Yes, and it was a relief to talk so. A weight was removed that had long pressed on the heart of each,—the weight of uncommunicated thought. The gauzy screen, with which each had striven to conceal

from the other the bitter truth, was now rent asunder, and they spoke freely. They spoke of their parting, of their child, and, of their hopes — for still they spoke of hopes; but these now no longer floated on the billows of Time, they were anchored on the rock of Eternity.

Nearer and more near drew the closing scene, — weaker and more faint grew the failing voice. Yet he bore all with a calm patience that half disarmed affliction; and when sometimes, as his little daughter was employed in domestic offices about the house, the buoyancy of childhood, whose elasticity no weight can crush, still thoughtlessly poured the accustomed song, he would lie listening to the much-loved voice, and breathe a fervent prayer that grief nor sin might never crush that happy spirit. At last they told her that he must die. O, how she clung around him, as though Affection would wrestle with Death for the prize — would by force hold back the loved one from the tomb! How she kissed those hollow cheeks — how she sobbed upon that shoulder where so many times her infant head had nestled in love and in play! His tears mingled with hers, for who could resist their earnestness? Who could feel the warm bands of affection pressing so closely round him, and not shrink from the cold hand that was to loose them? This, surely this is the bitterness of death!

She saw the pain she gave, and, child as she was, mastered her sorrow. She listened to his parting exhortations — promised, in love at least, to be as he had

been to her poor mother — and O how truly she has kept that promise! — and then they knelt down by the dying man's bed, and prayed; and he took a hand of each in his, while their silent petitions rose together to the throne of mercy. Gently he withdrew one hand, and pointed with it where his eye was fixed, above. What saw he there? Mortal sense shall never know! He smiled — O what a smile! He half raised his body as he would reach the vision, whatever it was, that hovered over him. Slowly the body sank again— slowly the pointed finger descended on the bed; but the eye, the smile, remained fixed as before — fixed for ever! Come hither, thou Infidel — come hither thou scoffer at the Christian's hope, and look at this! Where is the equivalent thy philosophy can offer? Is this delusion? Thou art fond of proofs, prove it to be such! but till thou canst do so, my prayer shall be, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

And now, where are the widow and orphan? Weeks have gone by, and they are left to struggle for themselves; but they have that strength without which all other is vain. Heaven smiles upon them, and the world reflects its smile — for who could frown upon the gentle, the desolate, and afflicted? The anguish of grief is past, and each feels how much is still left for gratitude: while, in their morning and evening prayer, in the occupations of the day, and when, its business being over, they walk together under the smiling light of heaven's stars, still there is

a spirit, and they feel it, that hovers over them. It is the spirit of the departed, still permitted smilingly to watch over what it so loved on earth.

And I —— I am far on my way homeward, and, ere this, the orphan's head is pillowed on the widow's breast, and the sweet sleep of the innocent strengthens them for the morrow's labour. Peaceful be your slumbers! Lonely though ye seem, ye are much, ye are all to each other; poor though ye seem, ye have each that which passeth riches in the holy, the undivided love of a virtuous heart. — Farewell!

THE SECRET DISCOVERED.

BY L. E. L.

Of all the things that angels see,
  Who look from heaven above,
There cannot be a sweeter thing
  Than is a sister's love.

It groweth in our early years,
  It shareth in their light;
It blendeth fancies, fears and hopes,
  With a sweet sense of right.

Count Herman had two daughters fair,
And very fair were they ;
The one was like a summer night,
One like a summer day.

Though three or four brief years were all
They measured to each other,
Yet Elinore had always been
To Minna, like a mother.

A pale and thoughtful girl was she,
And with a statue's grace
Upon the tall and perfect form,
And on the pensive face.

But Minna was a fairy thing,
With sunshine in her eyes ;
And such a blush as the red rose
To welcome June supplies.

The song with which she woke the morn,
At night was scarcely done ;
Her spirits, to her sister, were
Like walking in the sun.

Of late the blush had been less bright,
The eyes of deeper blue ;
As if the just awakening heart
Its own soft shadow threw.

Her sister watched her anxiously,
She saw that she was changed ;
And felt, although she would not own,
Somewhat they were estranged.

For sudden and unnatural
Was often Minna's glee ;
And her fond sister saw the tears
She was not meant to see.

One day she watched her steal away
Towards a little wood ;
Ah ! what could Minna's young glad heart
Desire of solitude ?

She saw her bend above a scroll,
She saw her bend and weep ;
" My own sweet sister, why should'st thou
Such weary secret keep ?"

Unseen she reached the reader's side :
Ah ! doth she see aright ?
There is a name upon the scroll,—
Her own betrothed knight.

She had, herself, when but a child,
Been named Count Rodolph's bride ;
Alas ! now for her woman's love,
And for her woman's pride.

She felt it was their fathers' act,
In which he had no part,
Though they may give the hand away,
They cannot give the heart.

A moment, and her cheek was pale
Beyond its natural hue;
A moment, and a deeper breath
The struggling bosom drew.

Her sister turned, and saw her there;
She only met a smile;
And Elinore, to calm her tears,
Forgot her own the while.

She drew the maiden to her side,
And soothed her with fond words,
And sympathy, whose music comes
From the heart's own fine chords.

She said that she was glad to know
Her sister's heart was given,
For that her own had only room
For their own hearth, and heaven.

A few weeks, and the hills around
Caught lute and trumpet's call;
For stately was the wedding feast
Within Count Herman's hall.

And Elinore arrayed the bride,
And bound her golden hair ;
And if her cheek was pale, it seemed
But a fond sister's care.

Years passed ; beside their lonely hearth,
She cheered her father's age,
And made, for him, life's last dark leaf
A sweet and sunny page.

Did never other lovers come ?
They did — but came in vain ;
A heart like hers, when given once,
Is given not again.

Drawn by H. Fisher

Engraved by F. Easton

A LETTER FROM HOME.

BY ANNE S. BUSHBY.

In the bright sunny days of halcyon youth,
When life is happiness, and love is truth;
When, like the first fair flowerets of the year,
Affections bud and blossom, — O! how dear
To the young exiles from their happy home,
(Be that the rural cot, or lordly dome,)
Is the page, traced by some beloved hand,
With tidings fraught, perchance, from some far land.
The welcome missive, with a joyous smile,
Is greeted,—kissed,—perused;—and oft, the while,
Soft exclamations of delight are heard.
It tells of all so loved;—the favourite bird,—
How, in its gilded prison, still it sings:
How the geranium blows,—the myrtle springs:
How the pet squirrel gambols. It describes
How some loved cherub brother, won by bribes

Of glittering play-things, first essays to walk,
And of his absent sisters learns to talk.
And O! in after hours,—life's hey-day past,
And early feelings fled,—when Time has cast
His cold dark shadow round,—"Letters from home!"
Have still their magic: witness ye, who roam
In distant climes! Though other ties may bind,
And busy projects fill the aspiring mind;
Though eyes are dimmed, and cheerful voices hushed,
And the light step is gone, and cheeks that blushed
In beauty's bloom, are wan; say, do not still
Tidings from home the wanderer's bosom thrill;
Refreshing memory's faded pictures? — Home!
O! at that spell, what mingled feelings come
Thick on the heart, with overwhelming force,—
Love, tenderness, regret,—perchance remorse.
Alas! how few look back upon their youth,
Who glean not from the past the unwelcome truth,
That Time, of stealthy step and pinion gray,
Brings no new joy like that he takes away!

HASSAN EBN SABAH,

THE FIRST OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS, AND FOUNDER OF THE ORDER OF ASSASSINS.

A Historical Sketch.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D.

When the ancient throne of the Khaliphs was virtually subverted by the Seljukian Turks, and the princes of the house of Abbas became crowned slaves, subject to the will of barbarous chiefs, who ruled as masters, though they had only the title of servants, a system of ferocious bigotry was introduced into the Mohammedan faith, far more violent than the Saracens had known, even in the first burst of their enthusiasm. As has frequently happened, the rage for orthodoxy only multiplied the causes of dissent; more sects sprang up when sectarianism was a capital crime, than had appeared during the centuries when no check was placed on opinion, and secret societies were formed, in which not only heterodox doctrines, but tenets, utterly subversive of religion and morality, were eagerly propagated. To counteract these evils, the Turks were unsparing in the use of the sword, the bastinado, and

the horrible pale; while the Arabs applied themselves, with equal zeal, to collecting the traditions of the prophet, and the decisions of the most celebrated doctors that had flourished in the Saracenic schools.

The public teachers of the day were men distinguished for more logical skill, and metaphysical research, than have since appeared in the East; but far the most celebrated was the sheikh Mowafék of Nishabúr, whose lessons are to the present hour deemed nearly as sacred as the Koran. One day, after he had concluded his lecture, he called three persons, from the vast crowd of his disciples, to follow him to his residence, an unusual honour that excited the envy of all the others.

The young men thus selected were known in Nishabúr by the name of the "inseparable friends," and it puzzled the entire city to discover what was the bond of union that held together persons so essentially different in character, manner, and conduct. The three played such important parts in the great theatre of the world, that we may venture on a brief sketch of their peculiarities.

Omar Kiam, the eldest of the three, was a plump jolly looking youth, with a bright laughing eye, dimpled cheeks, and lips wreathed with perpetual smiles. He sung lively songs of his own composition, was the best story-teller in Persia, danced to his own music, and, unless greatly misrepresented, paid little attention to those precepts of the Koran which prohibit the use of strong liquors.

Nezam-al-Mulk was not so animated as Omar; study and thought had traced deep marks on his ample forehead, and his prominent blue eyes were rendered very conspicuous by the sinking-in of his cheek-bones, and the thinness of his face. There was an appearance of frankness and candour in his countenance, a bold challenging of investigation in his fearless look, that won him universal confidence. He was distinguished in the school both for the great extent of his learning, and the readiness with which he brought vast and varied lore to illustrate any argument that he was called upon to support.

Hassan, the son of Ali Sabah, was the most remarkable of his companions. At one moment he seemed more gay than Omar, the next he became graver than Nezam. Possessing a Herculean frame, he was nevertheless noted for the patience with which he endured injuries. He was generally deemed frank and communicative, but many observed that there was always something mysterious in this apparent candour. He seemed to have said every thing, and yet the hearer instinctively waited for something more, he knew not what, but he felt that the whole truth had not been told. Hassan was also noted for his love of solitude, and for his acquaintance with certain foreign merchants that visited the annual fair at Nishabúr, though he never had been out of Persia, and had no apparent means of procuring an introduction.

When the young men entered the humble dwelling of Mowaféḳ, they seated themselves on a mat, in

silence, at the lower end of the apartment. The sheikh went higher up in the room, sat down, and drawing a parchment from his bosom, began to peruse it, apparently unconscious of the presence of the guests he had just invited. Omar bore this taciturnity with great impatience; he was fidgetty and restless, and endeavoured to draw his companions into a conversation on the fingers. Nezam preserved the polite bearing of a Persian nobleman, who always waits with patience the pleasure of his superiors. Over Hassan's countenance a deep shade of melancholy was cast; his brows hung heavily over his sunken but fiery eyes, and his lips were pressed firmly together. More than an hour elapsed, before Mowafék laid down the parchment, and addressed his pupils:

"Children of Islám," said he, "destiny announces great things to you. Last night, as you walked in the palm-grove, I saw the mystic light of fate ascend from your heads, and wing its way to the celestial luminaries that presided at your birth. I raised my eyes to the stars, and read, in their bright pages, fame, dominion, unequalled power; but age has impaired my vision; I could not follow the lights of the heads in their separate careers, and I know not to which of you the fearful additions that I have to make belong. There was one light that burned with the bright flame of Heaven's own fire, such as the Prophet,—blessed be his name!—saw on the night of power; but at the moment it blazed most brilliantly, and sent to earth its most healthy influences, it was quenched suddenly in

utter darkness, and the celestial luminaries shrouded themselves in grief for its loss. There was another light,—kindled, alas! my children, in the regions of eternal torment,—which shone with a lurid glare, streaming forth like a fearful comet, until the whole sky confessed its power, and those bright lamps, which God hath kindled, grew pale, and withered away under its blasting rays. I read in the omen boundless power, immeasurable impiety, unnatural hatred to mankind. O! my children, search your inmost souls: a Satan is within one bosom. The stain of the worst heresy is already deeply fixed in one heart; the mantle of hypocrisy so close as to be penetrated by the eye of God alone, wraps one form. Evil is coming upon Islám, and I, in this, the close of my long life, feel my gray hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave, by a secret warning that my instructions will be perverted to the ruin of our Holy Faith. There may be a chance of safety. Bind yourselves together by an oath of friendship, and so may the light of Heaven obscure, counteract, and perhaps destroy that flame of hell. Swear, that whichever of you first attains a high dignity will share his fortune with his companions, and let your blood mingle, to cement the charm." The sheikh then arose, and, with trembling hands, brought a bowl, over which he read the first chapter of the Koran: each opened a vein in his left arm, and allowed some blood to flow into the basin; after which, the oath of friendship was sworn.

Ten years elapsed: the sheikh had long slept with

his fathers, and his disciples were dispersed over Asia. Our story takes no note of the interval, and we pass, at once, over space and time to witness a wedding in the city of Rhè. The rites are unusual: all that the public law requires has been performed; the hour of retirement has arrived, but the bride does not seek her chamber, and the bridegroom has a stern and gloomy look as if some scene of strong excitement, and even danger, was near; the guests, too, draw forth concealed weapons, and arm themselves as for battle; and see the aged Ali rises to speak, he who is known through Rhè as Ali the father of silence.

"Hassan Ebn Sabah," said the old man, addressing the bridegroom, in that low impressive tone that marks unswerving resolution,—"Hassan Ebn Sabah, son of my soul, you are about to receive, at my hands, the daughter of my martyred friend Horeira. He died for the true faith in the invisible Imám, the Mahdi* who shall come, in his own good time, to direct the world in the way of true happiness, and to redeem the faithful from the bondage of the law. You have loved long and well; but ere you receive your reward, swear the hereditary oath of our race,—eternal enmity to the followers of Omar, unceasing vengeance on the impugners of Ali and the seven Imáms. Swear that you will exact the same oath from your children, and that they shall be dedicated from their cradle to the kingdom of the invisible Imám."

Hassan rose, lifted up his hand, and said, "I swear

* Director.

by the memory of him* who fell at Kerbela, that I never will spare a dog of Omar; that I will destroy the accursed race to the utmost of my power, without pity for sex or age; and that, if a child of mine feels compassion for one of these hated foes, he shall die by my hand."

As if hurried forward by resistless impulse, the bride sprung to her husband's side, and, breaking through the ordinary forms of oriental life, cast aside her veil, revealing charms such as Mohammed ascribes to the virgins of Paradise.

"Hear me, too," she exclaimed; "hear Fatima, the daughter of Horeira, whose death by tortures you have lately witnessed. I know the firmness of the noble Hassan; he will not swerve from his oath. But should he waver, I, even I, who love him more than life, will tear the heart from his bosom, and trample it beneath my feet."

The guests murmured applause, and the impious ceremonies were concluded by the repetition of the Kannatian oath of eternal enmity to the holders of the Sonnite creed. But vengeance was near at hand; the dangerous practices of the heretical rebels at Rhè had not escaped the vigilance of Nezam-al-Mulk, who had been raised to the office of vizier by Alp-Arslan, and continued in his post by that monarch's successor, the renowned Melek Shah. Little did Nezam dream that his old school-fellow, Hassan, was the chief of the secret society of the Ismaelians, whose name was

* Hossein, grandson of Mohammed.

dreaded throughout the empire, though no one knew the nature of their constitution. In fact, the vizier believed that Hassan was dead ; soon after his elevation he had been visited by Omar Kiam, to whom he offered the highest dignities of the empire ; but literature had absorbed Omar's attention, hopes, and wishes ; he preferred astronomy and poetry to the turmoil of politics, and the only favours he would accept from the vizier, were a small pension, and some bottles of the best vintage of Shiraz.

The dread of the Ismaelians, who were known to have formed secret lodges, similar to those of the European freemasons, had been greatly increased by the accidental discovery, that they were in secret communication with the Fatimite Khaliphs of Egypt. Their organization, indeed, extended from the remotest parts of Khorassan to the shores of Western Africa ; and they only waited the signal of some daring leader to raise the standard of revolt against the feeble Abassides of Bagdad, and the Turkish Sultans who usurped their power. Nezam knew the nature of the impending danger, but he was unable to discover its extent, or to conjecture from what quarter the storm would first burst forth. He had long known that Ismaelian lodges were held in the city of Rhè, and had secretly ordered the governor to watch the first suspicious assembly that should be held, break into the place of meeting with an armed force, secure all the persons and documents that could be found there, but, in no case, to injure any of the prisoners in life or limb.

Unfortunately, he was obliged to entrust the execution of his orders to an Emir, who understood nothing but violence. Sanjar, the governor of Rhè, had been long the head of a robbing tribe of Turcomans, and had sold the services of himself and his horde to Alp-Arslan, when that general was about to invade Syria. He was rewarded for his daring exploits with the government of Rhè, but he brought into the city the policy of the desert, and the people subject to his sway were treated as harshly as the slaves in a Turcoman encampment.

His spies brought Sanjar early information of the meeting in the house of Ali, and scarcely had the shades of evening fallen, when the Turkish troops blockaded all its avenues. The signal for attack was to be the appearance of the full moon between Ali's house and the minaret of a neighbouring mosque; but before the planet had attained half that height above the horizon, Sanjar impatiently hurried forward, and began to thunder at the doors.

The bride had just retired to her chamber, and Hassan was preparing to follow, when his attention was disagreeably directed to this unusual summons. He hurried to a grating that looked out over the entrance, and recognised the glitter of spears and swords. He saw, at a glance, that the Ismaelians were betrayed; he returned to his friends, and exhorted them to die like men, rather than fall into the hands of the merciless Sanjar. While he was yet speaking the outer door gave way, and the Turks rushing through the

court-yard, entered the narrow passage that led to the inner apartments. Here they encountered a desperate resistance; the Ismaelians were few in number, but they were familiar with all the doors and passages, while the assailants rushed against each other in the darkness, and blocked up the entrance. The defenders fought in silence, the Turks cheered each other with their customary war-cries, and thus showed the enemy in what direction to hurl their weapons. Hassan, having provided for the defence in front, hurried to secure means of retreat through the postern; but loud shrieks, mingled with cries of war, arose from the women's apartment, and showed him that his purpose had been anticipated. He flew to the harem, and found Fatima wielding the weapons of a warrior with the courage worthy of the daughter of Horeira. The faint light that beamed through a lattice window guided him to her side, and after he had hurled back the foremost invaders, he said, "Fatima, we have yet time to fly;" she replied not, but grasped his arm, as if waiting for something more. "Descend," he continued, "to the secret chamber, seize the lamp that burns there; fire the house, and then haste to the cellar, where I will meet you; my sword will guard the passage until your task is done."

While Sanjar still stormed at the front entrance, the other division of Turks had forced the postern, but were unable to thread the labyrinth of the numerous chambers and dark passages. Suddenly, the crackling of flames was heard; the bold Fatima had not only fired

the tapestry in the principal room, but had spilled the oil vessels on the floor, which, of course, kindled rapidly. Hassan, finding that his orders had been executed, hastened to the cellar, from which an arched passage led to the stables. It was the work of only a few moments to drag Fatima through this cavern, to place her on a fleet steed, and to dash with her, through the confused lines of the Turkish guards, towards a breach that time and neglect had formed in the city walls. Sanjar's followers, confused by the fire and the struggle still maintained by the Ismaelians, did not, at first, notice the fugitives, and when they at length perceived their flight, the opportunity for effective pursuit was lost.

Space and time must again be passed over. Our readers resume the story five years after the burning of Ali's house, and the scene is changed to the city of Bagdad, then graced by the presence of Melek Sháh. The metropolis of the Khaliphs was ringing with the fame of an enchantress, who, by prayers and penances, had acquired more knowledge of the secrets of futurity than any one had possessed since the days of the prophet. Though apparently in the extreme of old age, she still retained the vigour of youth; her teeth were undecayed, and her hair unblanched. Thousands consulted her, and returned home astonished at the extent of her wisdom, and her minute acquaintance with the private history of individuals. Her fame reached the ears of the vizier, and though Nezam was far from being superstitious, he felt some curiosity

to see so famous a person, especially as he hoped that she might assist him to decipher a manuscript found in the ruins of Ali's house at Rhè, and which had hitherto baffled all investigation. He sought her late in the evening, and was admitted by a deaf and dumb attendant, whose naturally fine form seemed to have been disfigured by some strange accident. When admitted into the presence of the holy woman, — for such she was deemed, and not a witch, by the natives of Bagdad,—Nezam was, for a moment, confused; he did not know how to begin the conversation, and he felt perhaps more embarrassed by observing that he was keenly and suspiciously watched by the deformed attendant of the prophetess, who, at the same time, was making a series of rapid signs to his mistress. Silence was broken by the prophetess.

"Hail!" she said, "to the light of the empire, the brightest treasure possessed by kings. Hail to the luminary that *burns with the bright flame of Heaven's own fire, such as the Prophet, blessed be his name! saw on the night of power.*"

This address, in the exact words of Mowafék, awoke a startling echo in Nezam's bosom: unwilling that the enchantress should perceive the effect of her words, he hastily laid before her the mysterious parchment, and, in brief words, asked her to aid him to an explanation of its contents. The woman gazed at it for a few moments, and then replied, "Pillar of the state, I know but of one person that can read this manuscript; he dwells in the distant mountains of Mazenderán,

where his days are spent in solitude and prayer. He is named Hassan Ebn Sabah."

The vizier eagerly inquired how Hassan could be found.

"It is difficult to tell," replied the prophetess; "from the hour that he quitted the school of Mowafék he has lived alone in his mountain fastness, rarely holding communication with mankind; but I will send him a summons, by an agent whom it would be a crime to name, and, if he be so pleased, he will stand in your presence before to-morrow's sun causes the shade of the minaret to decline towards the west." Nezam urged the prophetess to speed, and quitted her apartment.

Scarcely had the vizier departed, when the attendant, flinging off her robes and removing artificial protuberances, became a young man in the very prime of life; he burst out in a derisive laugh, and exclaimed, "So, Nezam, the paragon of wisdom can yet be made the dupe of Hassan; the promised day is not far distant when his light shall be quenched in darkness, but as yet, I cannot afford to give him death. He must be yet farther my dupe, and he must taste all the bitter tortures of mental agony."

"He cannot bear worse tortures than his presence inflicts on me," replied Fatima, — for it was she who had enacted the part of the sorceress, — "the slayer of my father and my kindred, the deadly enemy of my faith, blasted me with his presence, and I spoke to him in words of honey, when I should have stabbed him where

he stood. Hassan, I like not this masquerading; give me instant vengeance, or let me sleep with my family in a bloody grave."

"Patience, patience, Fatima; your thirst of revenge must indeed be weak, when it could be slaked with the blood of a single victim. I strike not until I can destroy the shepherd and flock together."

Nezam held his levee at an earlier hour than usual; but rumour already told that the holy sorceress, with her attendant, had disappeared during the night, and that the doors of her tenantless dwelling had been found open. The vizier knew not in what light to view her disappearance; but anxiety to see Hassan was the predominant feeling of his mind, and when the hour of noon approached, he was unable to conceal his impatience. Just as he was about to resign all hopes, the tramp of an approaching steed was heard, and, soon after, Hassan appeared in the circle, apparently little altered from what he had been while a pupil of Mowafék. After the usual complimentary salutations had been interchanged, Nezam reproached his old schoolfellow for having neglected to claim the performance of their ancient agreement. Hassan, with the affected humility of an ascetic, declared that ambition was long since dead within him; that his whole soul was devoted to study and the practice of piety; and that he would not have quitted his beloved solitude, had he not been anxious to prove to his old friend Nezam, that the affection for which they had been remarkable in their youth continued unabated. The vizier now

produced the mysterious parchment, which Hassan interpreted without hesitation. It was a bond signed by certain chiefs of the Ismaelians, pledging themselves to raise the standard of revolt in Mazenderán as soon as the Fatimite khaliphs appeared in Syria; but the names subscribed were those of the men who had fallen when Ali's house was stormed, and the vizier concluded that all danger was passed. He earnestly besought Hassan to enter into the service of the Sultan, and when a reluctant assent was wrung from the hypocrite, introduced him, on that very day, to Melek Sháh, with the highest eulogy on his learning and abilities. Yet Nezam was not without some misgivings: he remembered the warning of Mowafék, and the vague suspicions he had entertained, even in the days of their friendship, respecting the secrecy and craftiness of Hassan; he therefore recommended that he should be entrusted with the government of a distant province. The Sultan, pleased with something in Hassan's aspect, rejected this arrangement, and appointed him his confidential secretary.

Melek Sháh was soon won by the apparent devoted attachment of his new servant. He learned to say that Nezam was the friend of the monarchy, and Hassan of the monarch. The secretary knew his private attachments and weaknesses, and by constantly seeking means of gratifying the royal inclinations, gained hourly on his confidence. Melek was a slave to the pleasures of the harem, and Hassan persuaded Fatima,

in order to render revenge certain, to allow herself to be sold as a slave and sent to the palace.

Nezam soon perceived that his influence was declining, and, at the same time, his sister, who had been long the favourite Sultana, sent him word that a new beauty had usurped her place in Melek's affections. He met Hassan's wiles with equal duplicity, affecting to be wholly engrossed by the cares of state, and to be insensible to his loss of the Sultan's confidence. An accident saved him from ruin; Hassan had bribed a eunuch to favour his secret interviews with Fatima, and he was discovered by one of Nezam's creatures within the sacred precincts of the women's apartments. The information was immediately conveyed to Melek Sháh, and orders were issued for Hassan's arrest. He received warning of his danger from the friendly eunuch, and escaped with his life; but his papers, containing full proof of his connection with the Ismaelians, and of a treasonable correspondence with the khaliphs of Egypt, fell into the hands of the vizier. Nothing, however, was found that compromised Fatima, but her influence over the fickle Sultan was shaken by the charms of a new and younger favourite.

Hassan, after long lurking among the Ismaelians in Persia, fled to Egypt, where he was enthusiastically received by the Fatimite khaliph Mostanzar. He was driven from this retreat for intermeddling in the politics of a disputed succession; but he had, in the mean time, formed the plan of the most wonderful sovereignty that ever yet was established; it is known to the

eastern and western world as the dynasty of Assassins.

The religious doctrines of this extraordinary sect and order were founded on the belief in the sovereignty of the invisible Imám, whose spirit was supposed to animate his chosen vicar. Traces of a similar belief may be found in many Asiatic creeds, and dogmas not very unlike it have been propounded by some of the most enthusiastic advocates of the papacy. It was held that the whole of moral obligation consisted in faith; a firm belief in the divine sovereignty of the Imám, and of the incarnation of his spirit in the person of his vicar, was the beginning and end of the Assassin code. All actions were declared indifferent in their nature; they were virtuous if commanded by the vicarious sovereign, vicious if he had prohibited them. Blind, unreasoning obedience to the orders of the grand master was the single rule of conduct.

Hassan's doctrines spread rapidly through Syria and Northern Persia; the indifference of actions is a dogma that has many charms for the ignorant and the depraved; it removes all the moral restraints that impede the gratification of the passions. Hassan forbade no indulgence, however extravagant or criminal, and commanded nothing but secrecy and readiness to obey a future summons. He was aided by several Daïs or missionaries, who roved disguised through the kingdom, and even found admission into the councils of the sovereign.

Nezam obtained some obscure information respect-

ing Hassan and his designs; but all his efforts to seize the person of his enemy were baffled by Fatima. Though the decay of her charms had deprived her of the Sultan's love, she still retained great influence over his mind, by her learning, skill, and address. Even Nezam respected her, and consented to have affairs of state discussed in her presence. The consequence may easily be guessed: every resolution of government was communicated to Hassan, and he suggested alterations that made the sultan and his vizier frequently mere instruments to forward his designs. Through the influence of Fatima, many who had been secretly initiated into the Ismaelian doctrines were appointed provincial governors, and at length, Hassan, venturing to act publicly, seized on a strong mountain fortress called the castle of Alamút, or the Eagle's nest.

This celebrated fastness stood in one of the few breaks in the stony chain that skirts the west and south of the Caspian Sea. It was raised on the extreme of a projecting cliff that jutted into an open valley, sharp to a point in front, but gradually widening as it receded to the north, until its base rested on the inaccessible cliffs of the mountains of Ghilán. It could only be approached by a narrow path that wound up from the valley to the verge of the precipice on which the castle stood. The fortifications were massive, most of them being cut out of the solid rock; the table-land behind, up to the foot of the mountain, bore the appearance of having been, at one time, a lake, drained by some natural convulsion; it was covered

with a rich mould, which produced, in beautiful harmony, the soft verdure of temperate climes and the gaudy colours of oriental flowers. Hassan was thus enabled to make the impious Paradise, so celebrated in the annals of the Assassins, where his followers were deluded into a belief that they had obtained a foretaste of the joys of heaven.

Nezam-al-Mulk made the most vigorous preparations to destroy the rising power of Hassan, but he was counteracted by the vigilance of Fatima. The Assassins, as the new order began to be designated, not only retained Alamút, but gained possession of several other fortresses in the mountains. About the same time the dangerous nature of the Ismaelian confederacy began to be made manifest, by the development of the system which rendered it a terror to the world. Emissaries of the Lord of the Mountains, as Hassan was called, from his possession of Alamút, were to be found in every city and every court, ready to murder, at all hazards, any person who had incurred their master's hatred. The sultan himself trembled at the name of the Sheikh-al-Jebal; his fame travelled even into Europe, where, from the equivocal signification of the word sheikh, he was called the Old Man, instead of the Lord of the Mountain. A doctor of the laws at Rhè pronounced the doctrines of the Ismaelians detestable, and the morrow's sun beheld his mangled carcass exposed in the market-place, without any trace being left, by which the murderers could be discovered: an Imám preached at Bagdad on the duty of

extirpating heresy, and, as he descended from the pulpit, was struck to the heart by a dagger on which the Ismaelian symbols were engraved: an emir at Ispahan jested on the mean birth of the sheikh, as he was going out to hunt; he never returned home; his body was found suspended to a tree, and a scroll attached declared him an Ismaelian victim. It would be tedious to mention all the brave, noble, and learned men who were sacrificed by the Ismaelians in the first three years of Hassan's reign. Nezam himself was the chief agent in pronouncing sentence of death; no sooner did he name, in the presence of Fatima, any person as one on whose fidelity he could rely, than an express was sent to Alamút, and a Fedaví, or minister of vengeance, was commissioned to strike a fatal blow.

A minister of Nezam's talents was not slow in discovering that treason was around him. Unfortunately, he breathed his suspicions to a secretary that had been several years in his service, and whom, he fondly believed, he had attached to him by the strongest bonds of friendship. That very confidential servant, with several other domestics of the vizier, had been enrolled in the Ismaelian confederacy, and gave notice of danger to Fatima. Imminent as was the peril, nothing could be done until orders were received from Alamút; but, in the mean time, Nezam was deceived by false information, and led to believe that a renegade Ismaelian would be found to reveal the secrets of the order. The answer from Alamút was brought by the pretended renegade; he informed Nezam that Hassan

placed great reliance on the old prophecy of a Mowafék; he mentioned to him several minute circumstances to prove how accurate was the information possessed at Alamút; and he told him the means by which many faithful officers might be saved from the daggers of the Assassins. On inquiry, it was ascertained that these officers had intended to visit the places where danger had been specified, and Nezam, thus persuaded of the fidelity of the emissary, led him to the presence of the Sultan.

Melek Sháh received his vizier and the false spy in a private room of the palace; Fatima alone being permitted to witness the interview. The emissary repeated his tale. The Sultan was struck by the anecdote respecting Mowafék's prophecy, and closely questioned his vizier on the subject. "And what," said the Sultan, "did the Holy Man mean by saying that the Light should suddenly be extinguished?"

"This!" thundered the Fedaví, raising a poisoned dagger, and striking it deep into Nezam's back, as he bowed before his master. The unfortunate vizier fell forward, and was a dead man ere his head touched the earth. Melek had not time to breathe, before the Fedaví had pierced his own heart, and fallen upon his victim.

Ten days after this event, it was announced that the Sultan was dying of poison, administered to him in the harem, but by which of his Sultanas it was impossible to discover. Barkiarok, his son and heir, proposed to put them all to the torture, but Melek forbade such

cruelty, and his last request, when dying, was that they should all be dismissed with a small sum of money for their immediate support.

Fatima found her way to Alamút, and was installed Queen of the Order, by her husband. She was introduced to her two sons, now approaching the age of manhood; but she soon discovered that they both viewed her with horror and disgust, on account of her long residence in the harem of the Sultan. This was a high treason against the Ismaelian code, and, rage mingling with bigotry, she resolved to procure the death of both. To effect this infamous design, she informed Hassan that Barkiarok was likely to be a worse enemy of the Order than his father, and far more diligent in guarding against Fedavís; she, therefore, recommended that her eldest son Ali should be brought, by some means, under the Sultan's notice, declaring that he was just the person likely to gain the affections of the young monarch.

When this proposal was made to Ali, he indignantly refused to undertake such an office: he was instantly arrested, and a public assembly called to witness his trial in the great court of the castle. Hassan himself, in the fragments of his singular autobiography, tells us that he was anxious to spare his eldest son, but Fatima reminded him of the oath that he had sworn on the night that his kinsmen perished, and insisted on the good effect that such an example would have on the Fedavís.

The trial was brief; Hassan, clothed in his white

robes of office descended into the court, where his son was bound to a pillar, and surrounded by the whole Ismaelian garrison. The young man cast one look at his father's fixed features, and saw that an appeal for mercy would be in vain. "Hast thou refused to be a Fedaví?" said the stern judge.

"I have, and I do," was the reply. It had scarce passed his lips, when a signal was given by Hassan, and a dozen daggers clashed together in Ali's bosom. The blood that gushed from the wound was sprinkled on the face of Hossein, the brother of the victim, and Hassan added the emphatic admonition; "Be warned!"

Ere a month elapsed, the court of Alamút had to see a repetition of the scene. Fatima, incautiously boasting of her vengeance on Ali, was murdered by Hossein, and he was brought to hear his sentence from the lips of his inexorable father. On this occasion, Hassan addressed his followers in a long harangue, part of which he has himself transmitted to posterity. He informed them that Hossein committed no crime in murdering his mother; the action by itself was neither good nor evil; but he had raised a dagger without the consent of Heaven's delegated vicar, and that was an offence which death alone would expiate. He directed the attention of his hearers to his own bright example of fidelity to the Ismaelian cause; Fedavís only perilled a single life, he had sacrificed two lives, each more dear to him than his own. He then burst forth into a rapturous and mystic description of the joys reserved for the faithful in Paradise,

and gave the fatal signal in the midst of a sentence, without pausing: neither did the fall of his son's body cause the slightest interruption in his harangue.

The childless Hassan lived to a very advanced age, continuing, during his whole life, the terrific system which he had established. The oriental annalists close their account of every year's transactions, during this period, with a list of the illustrious victims that had fallen under the daggers of Hassan's emissaries, in the course of each twelve months. He attained to the age of seventy years, during half of which he reigned in Alamút. Finding death approach, he summoned Kia-Buzurgoméd, the most able and unscrupulous of his lieutenants, whom he invested with the dignity of Grand Master. Like Mohammed and Cromwell, he met death, fully persuaded that his eternal salvation was insured. His latest words were that, through life, he had been faithful to the invisible Imám, and that his spirit was about to be absorbed in the divine essence.

The fragments of Hassan's writings that have been preserved, consist of extracts from his autobiography, and from some lectures or sermons, explaining the Ismaelian faith to his disciples. They display very considerable learning, and very acute metaphysical subtleties; above all, they bear the stamp and impress of sincerity. The fundamental error of his system was the same that produced the horrors perpetrated by the Anabaptists in Germany: a belief in the indifference of human actions, and the omnipotence of faith. We find traces of many of his most singular opinions

in the early Christian heresies, such as the doctrine of divine vicarial authority, the absorption of the pure soul after death into the essence of the Deity, and the superior efficacy of ascetic contemplation. We do not pretend to say that these errors were all derived from the same source; we only call attention to the singular fact, that there exists great community of doctrine, as well as of practice, in all the creeds that have sanctioned murder as a means of propagating the faith.

THE OLD BRIDGE.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

Oft when a boy I wandered all alone,
  By a wide stream far from the busy town;
And, on a bank with willows overgrown,
  And water-flags, and wild-flowers, laid me down:—
The tide left a long land-tract brown and clear,
But water-fowl alone dare make their foot-mark there.

I loved the spot—for there, old men did say,
  A rough-hewn bridge for many an age had stood;
And that two thousand years had swept away,
  Since first its arches spanned the rapid flood;
And there, they say, the Roman troops passed o'er,
And drove the ancient Britons from the opposing shore.

And still, mishapen blocks, all quaintly wrought
With uncouth characters, the banks surround;
And battle-weapons old, with which they fought,
Within the river's channel have been found,—
Bucklers, and swords, and bows, and dead men's bones,
And huge beams black as death — hard as the fallen stones.

And I have lain upon that lonely bank,
And deeds of other days rose on my eye:
The curlew screamed above the willows dank,
Roused by the Roman cohorts that swept by;
And gilded galleys through the white waves tore,
Whose purple sails, outspread, the imperial Cæsar bore.

And that old bridge rose up before my sight:
The architecture rude which it displayed,
Were scythes and clubs, and spears for savage fight,
And giant wolves—all of hard granite made;
Huge Druid heads, whose stony beards were long,
O'er shaggy arches bent to list the river's song.

And o'er it, hurrying legions passed in mail,
Their wild loud music rolling on the breeze;
While on their banners did Rome's eagles sail,
Or bent their heads as if in act to seize;
And on the expanding shore for war arrayed,
The impatient Britons stood, naked and undismayed.

Where the hoar wood stretched far along the hill,
Above the sandy rocks and black-mouthed caves,
There stood the Druids, and, with voices shrill,
Sent their deep curses o'er the sounding waves ;
Their long white locks streamed on the whistling blast,
As on the aged oaks their eyes for help they cast.

While on the fight looked anxious eyes of love,
Peeping, in fear, the leafy trees between ;
Wild though they were as forest-roving dove,
Still there was grace and beauty in their mien ;
And many a fair-haired girl stood there and sighed,
And breathed her heathen prayer across that river wide.

It might be all a dream—but oh ! to me,
It brought a sweet, a melancholy joy : —
And still that river flows on murmuringly,
Clear as it did when I lay there a boy ;
And those gray stones — I saw bright visions then,
And am a dreamer yet unfit for keen-eyed men.

THE SOUL'S DISQUIETUDE.

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

"Why art thou so heavy, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?"—PSALMS.

A SOLEMN thought, beyond control,
Midst gayest scenes will steal o'er me:—
When lightly Pleasure's moments roll,
Why art thou heavy, O my soul!
And what should thus disquiet thee?

The Lord doth earthly blessings dole,
Profuse—unmerited by me;
My hopes have ever reached their goal,—
Then why so heavy, O my soul!
And what should thus disquiet thee?

In suffering,—hearts with me condole;
In health—their fondness beams on me;
Since love unchanged I thus enroll,
Why art thou heavy, O my soul!
And what should thus disquiet thee?

'Tis the approach to Death's stern goal:—
Yet, all unworthy though I be,
ONE died a ransom for the *whole!*
Then hope, while trembling, O my soul!
And Faith shall soothe and quiet thee.

AN ADVENTURE WITH AN AMERICAN.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

I HAD been disappointed in love. As sings an old rhyme, which I remember to have met with :

"My heart was sad,
For the maid was married whom I should have had."

When I say that it was not my first love, nor my first disappointment in an affair of the heart, I would not that the reader should infer either that I was fickle in my attachments, or that I made love to more than one damsel at a time. On the contrary, I was the most constant and devoted of swains. What Captain Dalgetty was in war, I was in love; that is to say, true to my colours for the time being; but it was not my fault if the object of my adoration married another; and he must have odd notions of propriety who could expect me to love her afterwards.

But, although it was not my first love, I see not why I was less to be pitied on that account; since, in love, as in the gout, every fresh attack may be more severe

than the last; and thus it was in my case. The man who hangs, drowns, or shoots himself, under such circumstances, is precluded from another chance in the lottery of matrimony; and, therefore, I did neither. "There are," says Winifred Jenkins, or some other classical authority, "as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

However, I had no special temptation to remain in a circle where I was continually exposed to the mortification of meeting the "happy pair," as all newly married persons are styled, and doubtless are, until their first quarrel; so I resolved to visit the Continent. It is true, I might have attained my object without stirring from my own country. Like my friend S., I might have buried myself in the heart of the Glamorganshire mountains, and the smoke of forty furnaces; or I might have been equally invisible in the eternal drizzle of the Devonshire hills; but I had a fancy for drinking hock, a favourite wine with me, "in its native purity," and therefore embarked for the Rhine.

Having no notion of travelling *à l'Anglaise*, that is, as if the object were to get over the greatest quantity of ground in the shortest possible space of time, I went up the river, and down the river, and ascended it again; sojourning a day at one spot, and two days at another, and saw all the lions from every point at which they could be viewed.

I had been tarrying a short time at Schaffhausen, when I encountered an old friend, who, like myself,

had gone thither to see the falls of the Rhine; but who, on the second day after our meeting, received a summons to join his man of business at Paris. He had with him a light calêche, and a pair of English bays, which, being compelled to pursue his journey with all despatch, he could not take with him, and therefore committed to my care; I undertaking to bring them home with me to England. He likewise left with me his postilion, who, a German by birth, was acquainted also with the English language; and whom, independently of his *professional* services, and perfect knowledge of the localities, I found useful as an interpreter, my own Teutonic lore being rather theoretical than practical.

A friend of mine being resident at Stuttgard, I resolved on paying him a visit, which, proceeding by easy stages, with occasional halts of a day, for the purpose of resting my horses, I could well accomplish with the travelling equipage placed at my disposal.

It was on the afternoon of a remarkably fine day, towards the end of the autumn, that, in the prosecution of this plan, I was travelling through the Schwartzwald, or Black Forest. The roads were heavier than I expected to find them, and, accustomed as I had been to the admirable highways of England, I began to find the journey tedious. It wanted but two hours of sunset, and there were yet some miles between me and the solitary inn in the forest, at which I proposed to halt.

Being naturally anxious to reach my quarters before

night-fall, I put my head out of the window, for the purpose of urging on my postilion the expediency of quickening his pace, when my attention was attracted by the sight of a travelling-carriage, nearly overturned, by the road-side. It had, apparently, been drawn by two horses, one only of which was visible, and that, disengaged from the vehicle, was grazing on a little patch of greensward beneath the trees.

The only human being on the spot was a young man, probably not more than four or five-and-twenty. He was somewhat above the middle height; athletically, yet not inelegantly formed. His hair was light, and slightly curled; his complexion remarkably fair, but ruddy; and his face, although too round to be deemed strictly handsome, had a pleasing and good-humoured expression; and, combined with his laughing light-blue eyes, formed a striking contrast to those Werter-visages with which romantic young ladies are wont to fall in love, as prompt paymasters draw their bills, at sight. He was attired in a blue frock-coat and foraging cap, and had altogether the look and air of a gentleman.

When I first descried him, he was, with a flint in his hand, endeavouring to coax a reluctant spark, from the tyer of one of the wheels, into a piece of German tinder, for the purpose, I presumed, of lighting his cigar. On my addressing him, he desisted from his occupation. I had formerly, at the house of a merchant in London, been thrown into the society of some American gentlemen, and I thought I could de-

tect, in the first sentence of his reply to my expressions of condolence in his misfortune, that he was an American, which, it afterwards appeared, he really was.

In answer to my inquiry as to the cause of the accident, he pointed to one of the fore-wheels, which was lying a few yards in the rear of the carriage.

"But where," I inquired, "is your postilion?"

"He has proceeded on the other horse to an inn which, he informs me, is a few miles further, in quest of assistance," was the answer.

"Do you expect him back soon?" I asked.

"His return," replied he, "depends, I imagine, upon the quality of the landlord's wine, and the charms of his daughter, if he have any; for the knave, I find, was born on the frontier, and with the true Teutonic taste for the wine flask, has all a Frenchman's devotedness to the fair sex. The fellow has been gone long enough to have been back an hour since."

"I marvel," said I, "that you did not mount the other horse, and follow him."

"I made the experiment," was the reply, "but it did not answer."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed; "would not the beast let you get on his back?"

"O, yes!" said he; "but he had an objection to my remaining there; for, no sooner did I venture to suggest to him the propriety of quitting the greensward for the road, than the brute flung his heels up in the air, and threw me over his ears, with as little ceremony as if I had been a sack of sawdust!"

"But what do you propose to do?" I asked.

"Do?" he echoed; "what can I do, but pass the night in the forest, here, with the chance of being devoured! — whether by the wolves, or the wild boars, the morning will probably determine."

"Nay," said I, "there is surely an alternative."

"And what may that be?" he inquired.

"The vacant seat in my carriage: — you could not suppose," I continued, "that I, or any other man, could leave you in this plight."

"I know not," was the rejoinder, "what the *men* of your country are wont to do in such a case, but your women have marvellously little sympathy for a traveller in my condition. The only carriage that has passed the spot, since the accident, contained one of the sex, who, with a chevaux-de-frise of beard and moustache, which would have defied the most determined assault upon her lips, popped her head out of the window, and inquired minutely into the particulars of my misfortune; but as she could not offer me a seat in her vehicle without incommoding her maid or her marmozet, she left me, with many expressions of condolence, and the consolatory assurance that the wolves invariably devour the horse, before they attack the traveller."

As time was precious with us, I leaped from the carriage, and assisted the American in the transfer of his luggage from his vehicle to my own; when, with a few, but earnest acknowledgments, he took a seat beside me, and we pursued our journey. His name, I

perceived by the brass plate on his portmanteau, was Woodley.

My fellow traveller was frank and communicative, and, by the time we arrived at the inn, I gathered from his conversation that he had been brought up to the profession of physic, which, however, finding himself, at the age of one-and-twenty, the inheritor of an ample fortune, he had abandoned, and was, at that time, in the course of a tour through Europe.

The inn at which we were destined to sojourn, was an old and dilapidated building, which, although of considerable size, contained but two rooms, independently of sleeping apartments, into which a guest could be introduced; namely, the kitchen, and a parlour on the opposite side of the entrance-hall. The parlour being already occupied by an English gentleman and lady, we were asked into the kitchen, where the first object which encountered the gaze of my new acquaintance, was his Gallo-teutonic postilion, with a glass in one hand, and the rosy fingers of the "maid of the inn" in the other.

The manifestation of the American's justly excited choler would, in all probability, not have been restricted to words, had not the offender vanished, with his inamorata, leaving to us their places by the side of the blazing fire, which, with such homely, yet substantial, and, to us, acceptable refreshment, as the house afforded, had soon the effect of restoring my companion's wonted good humour.

Our repast was seasoned by a flask of Rhenish,

which our host pronounced to be of the vintage of 1789. Whatever might have been its age, the wine was passable, and, under its influence, the American and myself, being left alone in the apartment, grew mutually communicative, and discussed "things in general," with as little reserve as if we had been friends of some years' standing. Among other topics, the respective merits of a monarchical and republican form of government became the subject of conversation; each of us, of course, advocating the system under which he lived, and, it may be added, had prospered. Insensibly the debate assumed that warmth which is, unfortunately, too characteristic of political discussions, and it not unfrequently required an effort, on both sides, to restrain the discussion within the boundary of good breeding and courtesy.

In the mean time, we had called for another bottle, from which we each filled a glass, when, in reply to what I deemed a reflection on my country, I hazarded a remark which was probably more creditable to my patriotism than my judgment. My glass, at the moment, was applied to my lips, and the American's was within an inch of his, when he hastily replaced it on the table, and dashed mine upon the floor.

"What mean you, sir?" inquired I, starting up, under the influence of mingled feelings of wrath and surprise.

"Simply," replied he, in a tone of calmness approaching to seriousness, and contrasting greatly with his former animated strain, "that there is that in the

wine which belongs not to the vintage of 1789, so much lauded by our host. In other words, it is drugged, and that so potently, that one glass of the liquor before you would despatch us upon a journey which we have little contemplated, and for which, — God help us! — we are, perhaps, as little prepared."

"My dear sir," I exclaimed, "forgive the rash expressions which escaped my lips!"

"Nay," said he, "the occasion appeared to warrant them; but it was no time for ceremony."

"But," returned I, "are you well advised of what you assert?"

"Sure of it," he replied; "I cannot be mistaken as to the poison: I know it too well, and could detect a drop of it in a hogshead."

"But what," I asked, "can be the object of thus drugging the wine?"

"Plunder," was the answer; "and the means, murder. These German road-side inns have an indifferent reputation. I like not the looks of that same landlord of ours, and I have more than doubts of the good faith of my postilion; I begin to suspect that the breaking down of the carriage was less the result of accident, than of design, on his part, to leave me at the mercy, not of the wolves and wild boars, but of a gang of robbers, with whom gentry of my driver's complexion have not unfrequently been found in league. However, we will summon him to our presence, on some pretext connected with my journey to-morrow, and, by a little dexterous cross-questioning, may

elicit something to confirm or remove our suspicions. In the meantime, whatever be our apprehensions, it will not be wise to betray them; so, I pray you, gather up the fragments of your glass, and cast them into the ashes: — you may replace it, from the side-board, yonder, while I summon my varlet."

Our call, however, for the postilion of the broken vehicle, was fruitless. He had, we were informed by the damsel already alluded to, quitted the inn, in quest, it was alleged, of the post-horse, which Woodley had left grazing by the carriage. Our worst fears were now confirmed, inasmuch as there could be little doubt that the knave had absconded, for the purpose of putting his accomplices on the right scent for the quarry which they would have missed in the forest.

We remained, for a few seconds, gazing at each other in perplexed silence, which I was the first to break, by exclaiming: "Our position is any thing but an agreeable one; what is to be done?"

"Nothing," was my companion's reply, "but stand by each other; for if I mistake not, we shall have fearful odds against us."

"Shall I send for my servant?" I inquired; meaning the functionary whom my friend had left with the carriage, and who officiated for me in the treble capacity of valet, postilion, and interpreter.

"By no manner of means," was the rejoinder of Woodley, who exhibited a forethought and presence of mind, rarely witnessed on such trying occasions. "Much," he added, "as we are in need of his pre-

sence to reduce the odds, which, I fear, are opposed to us, we cannot, after your strict injunctions that he should not be disturbed until the morning, send for him, without awakening suspicions which may precipitate the catastrophe we seek to avert."

The fact is, that the poor fellow, naturally of a drowsy habit, had been so overcome by the fatigue of his journey and the subsequent attention to his cattle, that I had dismissed him to his chamber, which was in a remote part of the rambling old building, as soon as he had despatched his meal.

"Nevertheless," resumed Woodley, "we may as well open a communication with the English gentleman in the opposite apartment; for, although, to judge of the glimpse I caught of him when the door opened just now, he will help us little if it come to hard knocks, it is but fair to apprize him of the danger to which, I doubt not, he is exposed in common with ourselves."

I assumed the office of ambassador, and, on being admitted to the room, I found myself in the presence of a portly gentleman upon whose head some threescore winters had cast their snows, and whose full and rather rubicund countenance gave evidence of "a contented mind," and somewhat of the "continual feast," which forms the other section of the proverb. In fact, "John Bull" was written upon his face in a good round hand, which was not to be mistaken.

At the opposite end of the little table on which the

dinner was spread, was a young lady, apparently about nineteen, in whose features a "general resemblance," as it is called, to her companion was softened down into an expression of surpassing loveliness, and left no doubt that the twain before me were father and daughter.

I believe there are few persons who care to be interrupted at their dinner, unless it be by an old friend to give them an excuse for drinking an extra glass afterwards; and thus it was, that, although of an easy temper, the venerable gentleman's philosophy was scarcely proof against my intrusion at that particular juncture.

However, Alderman C * * * the worshipful and *enlightened* magistrate of the ward of *Candlewick*, — for such was the august individual in whose presence I stood, — received me with an encouraging nod, and obligingly pointed to a chair at his right hand.

The reader will readily believe that I wasted few words in the way of preface, but, plunging at once "in medias res," informed him of our discovery in the matter of the wine.

"Obliged to you all the same, sir," said the worthy senior; "but I never touch a drop of their wishy-washy wines, and my daughter never drinks wine at all. This is my tipple," he continued, lifting a glass of brandy and water to his lips, and adding, "Your health, sir."

A small travelling spirit case, which stood open on the table, showed that he did not trust to the cellar of

a German inn even for a supply of his favourite beverage; but, for the "good of the house," as he expressed himself, he had ordered a bottle of wine, which, although the cork had been drawn, remained untouched on the table.

When, however, I communicated to him my suspicions that the adulteration of our Hochheimer was the result, not of accident, but of a design on our lives and purses, the alderman dropped his knife and fork, and, in a tone rather of vexation than alarm, exclaimed, "Well, this comes of foreign travel! Catch me beyond the limits of old England again, and they may plunder me and cut my throat into the bargain! I should have been forty miles further on my road by this time," he continued, "but for the unlucky chance of my driver falling sick, and I much doubt if he will be well enough to proceed with us to-morrow morning; but that will not be of much consequence if we are to be assassinated to-night. However," he added, "they shall not have it all their own way."

With the love of good living, and bluntness of John Bull, the alderman possessed no small portion of John Bull's courage; and starting up, he hurried across the room to his portmanteau, and drawing thence a pair of holster pistols, which he assured me were "Tower proof," and had formed part of his equipment when a private in that distinguished corps, the City Light Horse, he said, "My limbs, young gentleman, — thanks to old age and the gout, — are not quite so nimble as yours, but I can yet pull a trigger, and

if there is virtue in gunpowder, the rogues, if they will have our gold, shall have an ounce of lead with it."

After a brief consultation, it was agreed that I and my transatlantic companion should shift our quarters from the kitchen to the apartment occupied by the citizen and his daughter, in order that we might concentrate our forces. On returning to Mr. Woodley to communicate the result of my embassy, I found that, in order that our suspicions of treachery might not be betrayed, he had emptied the bottle upon the ashes so as to make it appear that we had drunk the wine.

Previously to our joining the alderman, we took our pistols from our portmanteaus, and, having bestowed them in our pockets, summoned the attendant, and ordered a fresh bottle and glasses into the next room; alleging my countryman's invitation as the cause of our removal.

We had scarcely effected this coalition with the alderman, and closed the door of the apartment, when we heard the tramp of many feet advancing from the stables through the court-yard of the inn, and, shortly afterwards, in the passage which divided us from the kitchen we had just quitted. Having waited until the noise thus occasioned had subsided, I applied my eye to the key-hole, and saw, through the open doorway on the opposite side of the passage, a group of rough looking men gathered round the kitchen fire, apparently in earnest conversation, while among them, not a little to my uneasiness, tending as it did to strengthen

my fears, I could plainly distinguish the postilion of the American's carriage.

Unwilling to augment the alarm of our fair companion by communicating the result of my examination, I turned a significant glance on Woodley, who, without making any remark, rose and reconnoitred the enemy as I had done, and then resumed his seat. The alderman and his daughter, however, had observed our movements, and, I suppose, gleaned, from the expression of our faces, that the aspect of affairs was not improving. A few minutes of entire silence succeeded, and anxious as I naturally enough felt on my own account, I could not help stealing a glance at the countenances of my companions, in order to ascertain the effect produced upon them by the more than doubtful circumstances in which we were placed.

The alderman betrayed no emotion, except by the restlessness of his eye, which wandered from the door to his daughter, and showed that the father was busy at his heart; while the compressed lips and varying colour of the lovely girl at once indicated her apprehensions, and her endeavours to conceal them from her anxious parent.

I next scrutinized the American; but his look blenched not; nay, even the perilous position in which he stood, could not quite quell the vivacious expression of his laughing blue eye. His face was a study for an artist; calm, not from contempt of danger, but from the habitual fortitude and self-possession which mark a brave man, who, having made up his mind to

the worst, is resolved to sell his life as dearly as he can.

In the mean time, the conversation in the kitchen, though audible, was carried on in so low a tone, that it was impossible for us to gather its import without throwing open the door of our apartment, which it did not seem expedient to do. Few words passed among ourselves, for although Woodley and I essayed, by starting indifferent subjects of conversation, to turn the thoughts of our companions from the unpleasant channel into which our precarious circumstances had forced them, our endeavours were utterly abortive.

The American, observing the alderman and his daughter conversing in a low whisper, availed himself of the opportunity to examine the locks of his pistols, unperceived by them; an example which, of course, I did not fail to follow. An inspection of the citizen's weapons, was not, however, so easily to be accomplished without increasing the alarm of his daughter; but Woodley, whose tact was equal to his self-possession, after making a few turns across the room, took up the pistols of the veteran light-horseman, with a careless air, as if for the purpose of examining their fashion. Turning his back upon their owner and his fair girl, he threw open the pans, and, with a smile, exhibited them to me without a grain of priming, it having entirely escaped. Having dexterously remedied the defect, unperceived by our companions, he quietly replaced them by the alderman's side.

He had scarcely performed this manœuvre when a loud crash of thunder, the distant muttering of which had, during the previous half hour, announced a storm, burst over the roof of the inn, with a vibration which shook every article of furniture in the apartment we occupied, and produced a corresponding effect upon the nerves of the young lady. Peal succeeded peal, and the rain began to descend in torrents, and with a violence as if every drop were a bullet.

We needed not this addition to the horrors of the evening to increase our discomforts. At last a terrific clap of thunder was followed by a crash which indicated that one of the monarchs of the forest had fallen a victim to the electric fluid. This appeared to be the climax of the storm, which gradually decreased; the thunder became less audible, and, at length, died away; the rain ceased, and Silence, "Darkness' solemn sister," resumed her reign.

We were not left long without a new subject for our speculation. The sound of a horse at full speed was heard upon the road, and, in a few seconds, the clattering of hoofs upon the paved court-yard announced a fresh arrival. The front door of the inn was then opened, and steps, as of a heavily booted horseman in the passage, were audible. The new comer passed into the kitchen, and we shortly afterwards heard a voice, differing from any which had previously emanated from that quarter, addressing, in a tone of authority, the party which had previously taken possession of that apartment.

It should be remarked that, although both the American and myself possessed a sufficient knowledge of German to enable us to read works in that language, our very imperfect acquaintance with the pronunciation rendered it extremely difficult for us to understand the natives, as well as to make ourselves intelligible to them. The inconvenience, as far as I was concerned, had, latterly, been mainly obviated by the kindness of my friend, who had left me an interpreter in his servant. Our fair companion was even less familiar with the language than ourselves; and, to use the worthy alderman's own words, it was all Greek to him.

The conclave in the kitchen appeared to have waited only for the arrival of the horseman to proceed to action, and we were not long left in doubt, as to whether the discussion had reference to ourselves, for the footsteps of the whole body — as we conceived — were heard advancing towards our apartment; at the door of which they halted, when the voice of the lately arrived guest, in a hurried and impatient tone, demanded admittance.

In anticipation of an assault, we had taken the precaution to fasten the door, as well as we could, with the single bolt on the inside; and had also disposed all the moveable furniture of the room so as to form a breast-work, behind which we could, at greater advantage, fire upon our opponents, in the very probable event of their forcing the door.

To the summons we returned a peremptory refusal,

and inquired what they meant by disturbing us. An animated conversation, or rather consultation, then took place among our assailants, during which the American, addressing the alderman and myself, said :

"My friends, if they burst the door, as no doubt they will, be not in too great haste to fire. We must not, if it be possible to avoid it, waste a shot. Let us, therefore, be cool, and let each mark his man; and, with our three brace of pistols, we may make six of our enemies bite the dust before they can close with us."

The words had scarcely passed his lips when the demand for admittance was reiterated with more energy, and was, of course, met by a repeated refusal.

From the rejoinder of the spokesman without, all that we could understand was, "You are trifling with your lives! Open the door, or you are all dead men!"

"You will enter at your peril!" responded the American.

"Fools! madmen!" we collected from the reply, "you know not what you do. Here, Wilhelm,—Rudolph,—Schwartz!"—and, the next moment, we discovered that preparations were making for forcing the door.

A few heavy blows were struck upon the panels, which, however, not being of modern manufacture, resisted the assault. A lever was next resorted to, apparently with a view of breaking the bolt, or forcing it from the socket; but the iron and the door-post were obstinate, and our assailants were again foiled.

During these operations I stole a glance at my companions. The maiden whom, for better protection, we had placed behind the most substantial piece of furniture in the room, had sunk upon her knees, with her hands clasped, and her eyes upraised in prayer to Him, whom she had early been taught to believe was "a very present help in time of trouble."

The alderman, though much agitated, exhibited no lack of courage; but it was the courage of a tigress roused in defence of her young.

The American was wonderfully cool and self-possessed. Having accidentally dropped one of his pistols, he re-examined the lock, and replaced the percussion cap with as much apparent indifference as he would have wound up his watch. His anxiety for the safety of the young lady was second in intensity only to her father's. Woodley's glance was ever reverting to her, and, observing that she was not sufficiently covered by the piece of furniture behind which she had taken refuge, he took up such a position, that a shot, fired in that direction must have taken effect upon himself before it could reach the object of his solicitude. His generous consideration was not lost upon either the father or the daughter. I could perceive that they thanked him with their eyes.

For my own part, whether I betrayed any particular emotion on the occasion I cannot say; but this I know, that I heartily wished myself out of the scrape.

The crow-bar, — for such was the implement of which our besiegers, in the last attempt, availed them-

selves, — was then inserted between the door and the door-post, where they were united by the hinges, which, being rusted and crazy, finally gave way. The door fell inwards with a loud crash, and discovered a group of rough-looking persons, headed by our landlord, and a tall swarthy man, booted to the thighs, whom the tone of his voice identified with the horseman that had last arrived at the inn.

Each of them was formidably armed; the booted hero presenting at us a phial — apparently of physic; while the landlord supported him with a jug of hot water!!!

Not being exactly prepared to combat with enemies armed after such a fashion, Woodley and myself, each having a cocked pistol in our hands, reserved our fire. The military ardour of the alderman was not however so easily repressed; for, no sooner was the door forced, than he discharged his pistol at the round target-like visage of the landlord, and, I regret to say, with fatal effect upon one of his followers, — an unlucky cur who had attended his master to the assault.

Boniface, regardless of the fate of his faithful dog, fell instantly upon his knees before us, spilling, in the action, half a pint of scalding water over the shins of the man of physic, who, thereupon, executed a caper worthy of Oscar Byrne.

All that we could gather from the nearly unintelligible jargon which he poured forth, were supplications for mercy and forgiveness. Luckily, at this juncture, we were joined by my interpreter, who had

been roused by the uproar and report of the pistol, and had hurried, half dressed, to the scene of action.

Then followed an explanation by which the mysterious events of the evening were cleared up to the satisfaction of all parties. The landlord, it appeared, not being particularly rich in the article of bottles, was in the habit of drawing from the cask such wine as was called for by his guests; and, in the case of our second supply of the "Vintage of 1789," had used a bottle which had contained a mixture for poisoning vermin, and had not been quite cleansed from its deleterious contents. On discovering the fatal error which he had committed, he sent off instantly for the nearest Æsculapius; fearing however, in the mean time, to acquaint his guests with a disaster for which he had no remedy at hand.

The postilion of Woodley's carriage, had, as he alleged, gone into the forest, in search of his horse by moonlight; but, on his way, met some peasants, who had found the animal, and were conducting it to the inn; and whom, in acknowledgment of their good offices in the recovery of his steed, he had treated to some liquor in the kitchen, where they were subsequently detained by the violence of the storm. The clatter of hoofs, which had added to our alarm, proceeded from the horse of the man of medicine, who came, in all haste, to apply an antidote to the poison which we were supposed to have imbibed.

The landlord, who had laid his account with little short of being hanged for poisoning his guests, was

overjoyed on hearing that we had so providentially discovered the presence of the poison in the wine, before tasting it; nor had the doctor reason to regret his being called out, at that unseasonable hour, inasmuch as he received from each of us an acknowledgment of his zeal in hastening to offer that aid of which we were happily not in need.

Ridiculous as was the termination of the affair, we were none of us in a tone of mind to laugh at it. Two of our party had escaped a horrible and untimely death; while the alderman had, by the interposition of the same Providence, been saved from shedding the blood of an innocent man. Every other feeling was merged in thankfulness for our deliverance, and, with mutual congratulations, we separated for our respective chambers.

A night of tempest was succeeded by a glorious morning. The sun shone brightly upon the leaves of the forest, yet dripping with the recent rain. The birds were singing merrily, and they were not alone in their gladness; for, when we assembled in the little room which had been the scene of so much alarm, there could scarcely have been found four more cheerful countenances than those exhibited by the alderman, his daughter, the American, and myself.

On my repeating my acknowledgments to Mr. Woodley for his prompt interference in saving me from the deadly potion, he replied, "Nay — we are quits: if I prevented your swallowing poison, I am equally indebted to you for saving me from the wolves and the

wild boars, and from exposure to a tempest scarcely less to have been dreaded than either."

"And for my part," said the alderman, "if I escape poison, assassination, and drowning, and return to Old England, I shall be glad to thank you, young gentlemen, in Finsbury Square, for your gallant behaviour."

"Nay," rejoined the American, "you are pleased to take our valour upon trust; and yet the affair was not altogether a bloodless one."

"Witness the unlucky cur," returned the other; "however, it is well that it was no worse."

It appearing from an examination of the crazy vehicle which had broken down with Mr. Woodley, that the necessary repairs would occupy some time, he discharged it, and, as my route was different from that of the alderman and the American, the old gentleman offered him a seat in his carriage, which was, of course, thankfully accepted. We parted with many expressions of regard, and of our desire to meet again, and I pursued my way to Stuttgard.

If the interest taken by my readers in the young republican be equal to what he excited in me, they will perhaps expect some further account of him. His fate, I regret to say, was a melancholy one, for he had not proceeded many stages with his new acquaintances, when he was shot through the heart by a brace of balls — eye-balls I should have said — from under the silken lashes of the alderman's fair daughter.

It was nearly a year after this adventure, and some

months after my return from my continental tour, that I found on my table the card of Mr. Woodley, who had called during my temporary absence on a visit to a friend a short distance from town. On returning his call, I found him established in an excellent house in one of the squares. After some conversation on our respective adventures since we parted, he suddenly interrupted me by exclaiming, "By the way, I must introduce you to a mutual friend who happens to be with me at this time." He quitted the room and, in a few minutes, returned with our fair companion of the Schwartzwald, whom he introduced to me as Mrs. Woodley.

He was justly proud of his wife, as was the worthy alderman of his son-in-law.

For myself, the bitterness of the disappointment which had driven me to seek "consolation in travel," was considerably mitigated by the fact that the gentle Julia who jilted me — she who was wont to be all smiles and sweetness — had turned out a Tartar — in other words, a domestic legislator — a very *Draco*. She finally drove her husband to that splendid refuge for the henpecked, a seat in the House of Commons, which gave him an excuse for dining at Bellamy's and staying out till twelve o'clock, five nights in the week during session. He dared not have the toothache without asking his wife's permission.

I have little to add. My friend Woodley had taken a cottage at Box Hill, and asked me to spend a month

with them. The town was empty, and the club heavier than Magog's; so I gladly accepted the invitation.

Mrs. Woodley had a cousin, pretty, accomplished, good-humoured, and who did not waltz. Fanny and I walked together, talked together, and sang together; but still I should have escaped the fatal *noose*—a word which is applied literally to hanging, and figuratively to marrying—both go by destiny. Many a man has been driven to hang himself by a dull day—I was driven to matrimony by the same cause. Fanny and I were shut up in the library for three hours—it rained cats and dogs—the day was dull, and our conversation grew duller;—we had exhausted every topic, and for the pure dearth of a new subject, I proposed matrimony, and was accepted. We were, as the world says, made for each other; she was just emancipated from the thraldom of the gravest of guardians, the Lord Chancellor, and I was yet on the sunny side of thirty. Let the Times tell the rest; "A set of chambers in the Albany to be let," and—"Married at St. George's Hanover Square," &c. One word more: I have been married three whole weeks, and, not having repented my bargain, may justly be termed a happy man.

THE TWO STREAMS.

BY HENRY W. CHALLIS.

Down from a mountain's misty height,
  A torrent rushed, with foam and roar;
Above its track, in circling flight,
  The whirling eagle loved to soar,
Whose upturned eye flashed back the beam
That glittered upon bird and stream!

And, hurrying, with resistless force,
  The waters swept rude wilds among;
While all that strove to stay their course,
  Rock, branch, and root were borne along,
On many a furious eddy tost,
Till in the ocean wrecked, — and lost!

Near to the mountain's shadowy side,
  O'erhung with trees of varied hue,
A playful brook was wont to glide,
  'Mid flowers that on the margin grew,
Too wildly sweet, and simply fair,
To tempt the rifler's footstep there.

The blaze of sunshine never made
  The streamlet's waves like liquid gold;
But, darkening in the verdant shade,
  To distant vales they gently rolled,
With murmurings to lull the dove,
That nestled in the boughs above.

The rustic bard would thither stray,
  Enwrapt in spells that Fancy weaves;
And children in its nooks would play,
  Launching their fairy-fleets of leaves,—
Which, as they sunk or sailed, might be
Their fates upon Life's changing sea!

And many a year beheld it flow,
  Clear, calm, and undisturbed,—save when
Old Time a withered branch would throw
  Across the happy streamlet; then,
So pure a spray the ripple spread,
It seemed to weep some lover dead!

O might I, like that lowly rill,
  Peaceful, and calm, Life's course pursue!
Though Time's cold withering influence will
  Some blighted hopes around me strew;—
I would not court Ambition's dream,
Nor tempt, for Fame, the mountain stream.

SPRING.

Infant Spirit of the Spring!
On thy fresh-plumed pinion, bring
Snow-drops like thy stainless brow,—
Violet, primrose, — cull them now, —
With the cup of daffodil,
Which the Fairies love to fill,
Ere each moon-dance they renew,—
With the fragrant honey dew;
Bring them, Spirit!—bring them hither,
Ere the wind have time to wither;
Or the sun to steal their dyes,
To paint, at eve, the western skies.
Bring them for the wreath of one—
Fairest,—best,—that Time hath known.

Infant Spirit! dreams have told
Of thy golden hours of old,
When the amaranth was flung
O'er Creation bright and young;
When the wind had sweeter sound
Than holiest lute-string since hath found;
When the sigh of angels sent
Fragrance through the firmament:

Then thy glorious gifts were shed
O'er full many a virgin head :
Of those forms of beauty, none
Gladden now this earth, save one!
Hither, then, thy blossoms bring,
Infant Spirit of the Spring !

R.

TO SOLITUDE.

BY C. WEBBE, AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT LIFE."

Oh, Solitude ! once cherished solitude,
(In happier days, when thought was not a pain,)
World-tired, with weary heart, I come again
To thy dumb haunts and wildernesses rude,
Where, through the day, the sudden shadows brood,
And hope to lose my griefs, but hope in vain ;
For still my miseries, a murderous train,
Follow, and in thy sanctuaries intrude.
Thou serious counsellor, and silent friend,
Oh, teach me, then—since I can neither fly,
Nor resolute stand, and foot by foot defend
My vantage ground,—these blood-hounds to defy,
That, hungry, hunt my heart ;—teach me to bear
The torture of their fangs, and martyr-like despair.

Printed by Stewart and Co., 15, Old Bailey.

Ap 29 '05

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING